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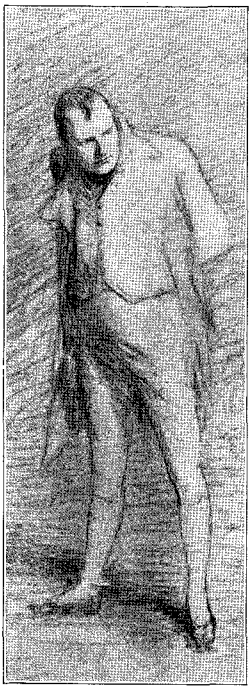
WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

MR. ORCHARDSON holds a very distinct position among modern painters of the British School. He is not only a born artist but he possesses all, or nearly all, the special faculties of a painter. The list of them I shall not here attempt to exhaust, but he certainly has the gift of color in a remarkable degree, and what is even rarer, a power of inward vision which presents to his mind pictures so clear and strong, almost to their details, that he can transfer them to his canvas with little hesitation or trial. This is a faculty denied to many artists —to Mr. Watts, for instance, whose designs have to be worked out by degrees, and with labor; it is possessed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, who informed me that even when he began to draw he saw his design on the paper, and practically "traced" it with his pencil; Mr. Alma-Tadema has, no doubt, a fertile pictorial imagination, but a great deal of thought and tentative effort go to the construction of his pictures, the last aspect of which is often very different from the first. No one could see more distinctly what was present to his eyes than Sir John Millais, but it is doubtful whether he often, or even ever, saw his whole picture clearly before he began. Of artists generally it may be said that their compositions are literally "puttings together," and probably there have not been many at any time whose conceptions were so complete as Mr. Orchardson's—sentiment, color, action, all fused together in one impulse of creation. It is no doubt to this rare faculty that is to be attributed the unity of his designs, and the force and directness of their appeal; for the centre of interest is never doubtful, and the focus of the mind is always identical with that of the eye. There is, perhaps, no living painter whose claims to be considered as a true artist will meet with less opposition than Mr. Orchardson's. As a colorist his light and delicate schemes may not suit all tastes, but few will dispute that he is one of the few men who possess a fine and original gift of color, or that he employs it to produce harmonies which are exquisite and subtle. Nor will it be easy, even for the captious, to find much fault with his draughtsmanship, which is at once careful and free, essentially true, and thoroughly vital, extremely delicate, and yet



Sketch for the Figure of Napoleon in Orchardson's Picture of "Napoleon on Board H.M.S. Bellerophon, July 23, 1815." By permission of the artist.

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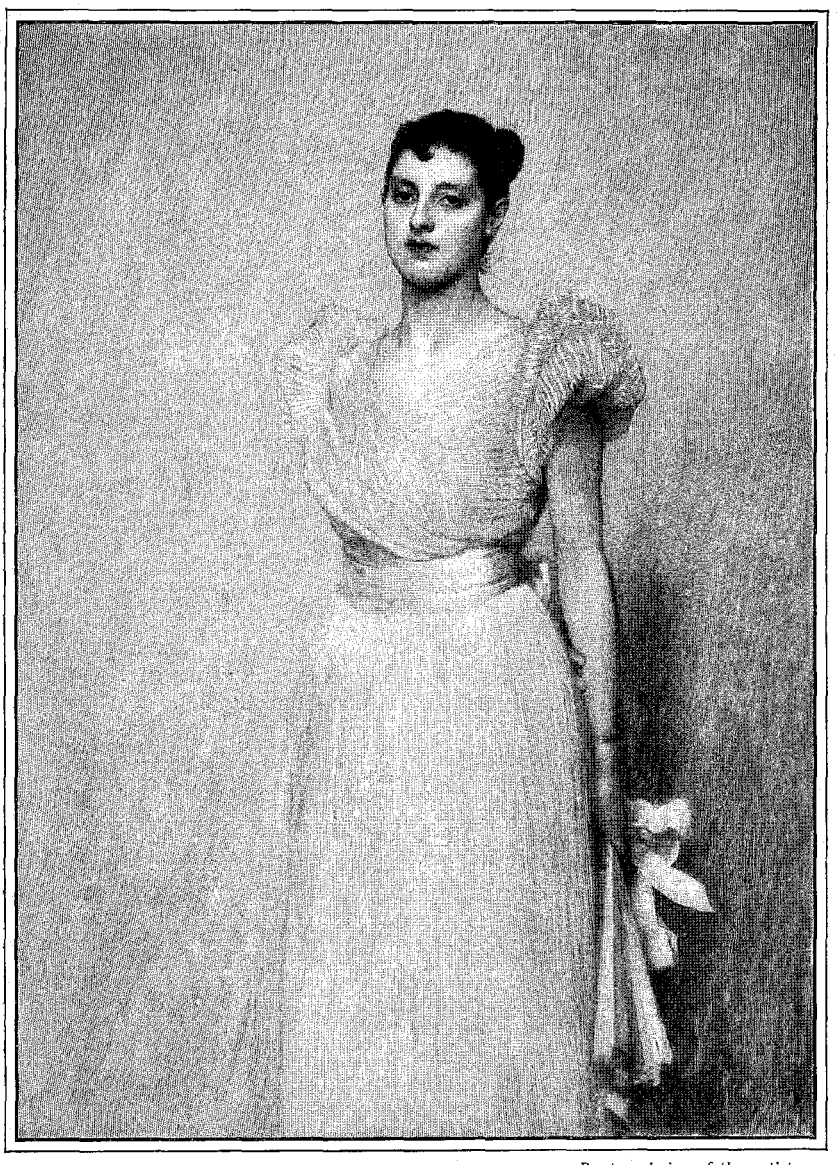

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HILDA, DAUGHTER OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

full of emphasis. His arrangements of form, and balance of light and shade, while anything but conventional, satisfy the sense of symmetry, while their art is so concealed as to appear unforced and even accidental. Technically he may be said to form a link between the older and more modern art, holding out a hand to each, which neither will refuse to take; and it is the same with his subjects and his treatment of them. He has not, indeed, that carelessness of subject which marks the most "advanced" of modern painters, but his choice of it is regulated by a purely artistic instinct. He does not give the cold shoulder to sentiment, or exclude what is termed the "literary idea," but if he tells a story, or touches our feelings, it is always by the eloquence of form and color.

Mr. Orchardson's work is so personal throughout that it is difficult to select its

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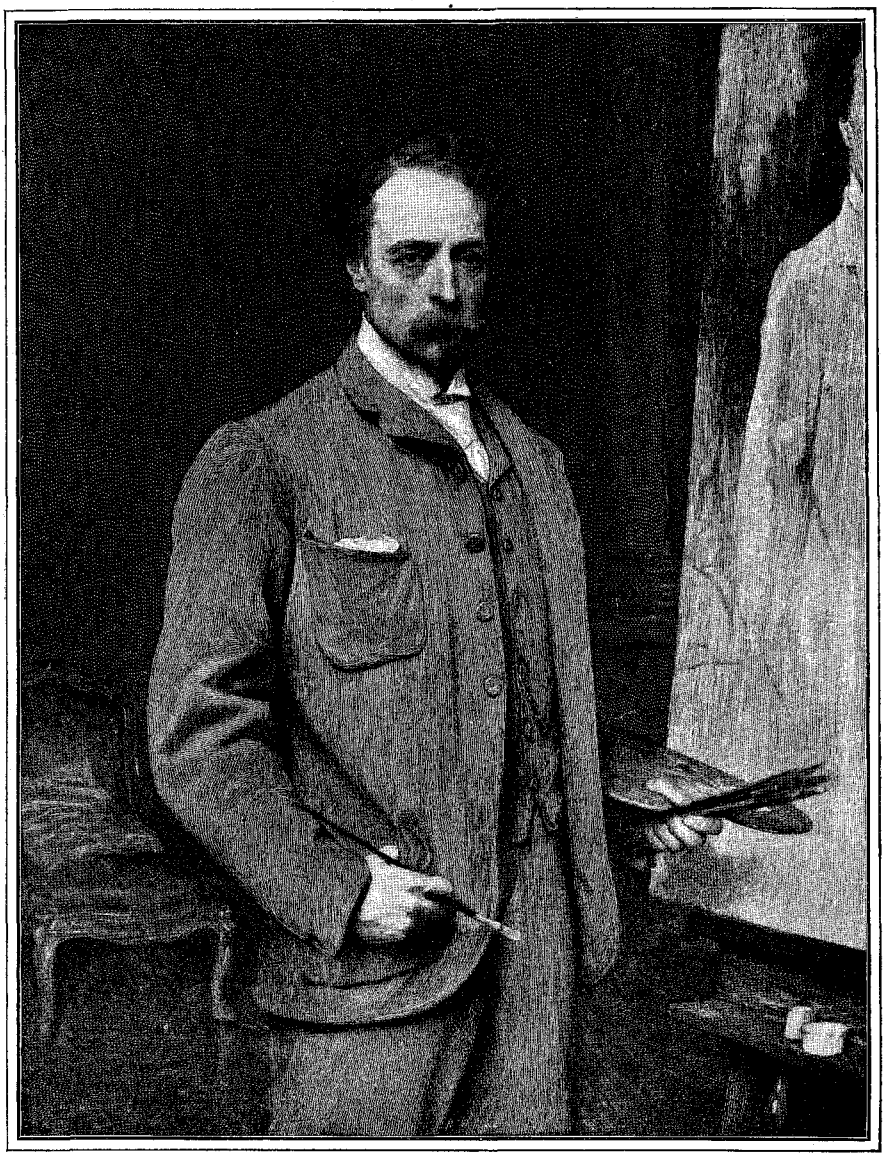

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

PORTRAIT OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

most distinctive qualities, but high among them must be placed his taste, a quality which is growing somewhat old-fashioned. Although he seeks rather for character than for beauty of type, he has a limit of elegance and refinement which he never oversteps. He is, I think, since Stothard, our best painter of what would once have been called "genteel comedy," but he observes a certain measure in expression and a certain reticence in gesture, which give repose and dignity to his figures, of whatever rank or however employed. This reserve is a sign not of weakness but of strength, suggesting more than could be expressed with greater violence. His dramatic tact is of the finest; he never overcrowds his scenes, and he is a master of gesture or "pantomime." He will make two figures fill a space which would look

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empty under another's treatment, an effect due not only to the wonderful (sometimes almost magical) painting of accessories, but also to the large style of the figures themselves, which seem to demand space in which to feel and breathe and think; and he will put more expression into a turn of the wrist than many another into a whole body. Someone once remarked to me of Millais that the very clothes of his figures were alive, and this remark might be extended in the case of Orchardson to his chairs and his tables, his floors and his walls, in which respect, as in others, he reminds one of his great forerunner, Hogarth. With all his elegance he is always manly, and his refinement never degenerates into weakness. If he paints a "Farmer's Daughter" petting her beautiful pigeons, or Madame Récamier as the queen of a brilliant society, you will find both equally healthy, and, in their different ways, equally attractive. If he cannot be vulgar, neither can he be affected; his taste forbids the one, his nature the other. He will paint you affected people certainly, but most unaffectedly, like the magnificent buck who is displaying his fine figure in "Her First Dance." He will give the humors of Poins and Falstaff, but without any stage trick of expression or gait. His *dramatis personæ* are not actors but real men and women. For him art is a selection from Nature, concentrated and emphasized to produce a particular impression, in isolation and completeness, and few artists have such a just sense of the various compromises of which all fine art is composed. Fewer still have such command of all the elements of a picture that their creative faculty can employ all at once to produce a complex design which has the effect of an impromptu.

Orchardson was twenty-seven years old when he came to London in 1862. He had already won a reputation in Edinburgh as the most brilliant of the pupils of Robert Scouler, the master of the Trustees' Academy, who, since his appointment in 1856 (which was also the year when Orchardson entered this Academy), had infused new life and vigor into Scottish painting. Among Orchardson's most intimate associates were the late John Pettie, R.A., and C. E. Johnson, the landscape-painter, and all three of these came up to London about the same time, and after a little while took up their residence together for a few years at 37 Fitzroy Square, a house afterward inhabited by the late Ford Madox Brown. No one of the three was long in making his way, and though Mr. Johnson, unlike his more fortunate comrades, failed to gain the honors of the Academy, he achieved, and still maintains, a considerable reputation as a landscape-painter. The other two may almost be said to have taken the Academy by storm. Their free and painter-like handling, their original and effective color, "made holes," as the phrase has it, in the Academy walls, and compelled attention, soon followed by admiration. Pettie, by the greater robustness of his style, the greater richness of his color, the more powerful chiaroscuro, and the more vigorous animation of his figures, at first attracted most notice. These two friends painted so much in the same way, and their coloration was (in comparison with that of other painters) so similar, that it was impossible to avoid a certain rivalry. They appeared to the public like brothers, of which Orchardson was the weaker. Nor were the public altogether wrong, for Pettie, despite his age (he was some years younger than Orchardson), was the more mature artist of the two. There was an apparently careless sketchiness which gave a thin and flimsy character to Orchardson's work at this time. The lightness and luminous quality of his paint was there, the love of delicate gradations also, and those subtle harmonies of faint tints, which we recognize now as his distinction as a colorist, but he had not yet got sufficient mastery over them to make his light backgrounds recede quite so far as they should, or to unite the more positive local colors of his foreground with the paleness of the grays behind them. But in considering the reasons which made not only the public but the Academy of the day set a higher value on the work of the younger man, we must remember three things. 1. That Pettie had exhibited at the Royal Academy three years before Orchardson began to do so. 2. That his election, as Associate, preceded that of Orchardson by one year only. 3. That neither had long to wait for this important event in an ar-

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By permission of Mr. Arthur Sanderson.

SKETCH FOR "THE QUEEN OF THE SWORDS."

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Sketch for "The Salon of Madame Récamier."

tist's career. It is indeed rather astonishing that Orchardson made his way so quickly as he did, as we were not accustomed to work of this style at all. The conservative portion of the public liked good clear outlines, as if cut by the knife, rich brown shadows, and plenty of them, cheeks like waxwork, with vermilion lips and nostrils, and everything neatly rounded and tangible. The more advanced spirits clove still to the Preraphaelite style of workmanship, with any quantity (the more the better) of elaborate detail, and the brightest of bright colors peppered all over the canvas. Pictures like Orchardson's, in which there was no brown deeper than a light toast, figures in light dresses, scarcely relieved against walls almost as white, or a little whiter, and all things represented by a series of streaks and dabs in a happy-go-lucky sort of way, were daring novelties indeed. But the note of the new colorist was heard, and his grace and dexterity won their way by their own merit, and his pictures were welcomed everywhere—at the Royal Academy, where his charming "Hamlet and Ophelia" made an impression in 1865, at the old British Institution, where he sent "Peggy" (from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd") in 1864, and at Mr. Wallis's French Gallery in Piccadilly, where his spirited "Challenge" (a Cavalier presenting a note to a Roundhead on the tip of his sword) carried off the prize of £100. The refinement of his humor was again displayed in his pictures of "Christopher Sly" at the French gallery in 1866, and his second subject from Shakespeare, "Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne," at the Royal Academy in 1867, probably assured his election as Associate in the winter of that year. At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 he was awarded a medal for the "Challenge" and the "Christopher Sly," and his later pictures—"The Queen of the Swords," "The Ante-Chamber" and "Hard Hit."

Another excellent scene from Shakespeare (now belonging to the artist's mother-in-law, Mrs. Moxon) made its appearance in 1868. There we are introduced to a room in the Palace, one side of which is hung with tapestry, the delicate faded colors of which form a delightful relief for the merry figures of Prince Henry and Poins. The latter has just asked Falstaff to leave them alone that he may persuade the Prince to take part in the famous adventure at Gadshill. Sir John's back is turned to us, but it is almost as eloquent as the animated faces of the others. In 1870 the sources of Mr. Orchardson's inspirations were enlarged by a visit to Venice. Hitherto they had been, to a great extent, literary, his most telling pictures being suggested by Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott. Good as works of art, they were also excellent "illustrations," showing remarkable sympathy with the imagination of the writers, and thorough realization of character. In this matter he again shows a balance of qualities seldom possessed by painters in such just proportions. An illustrator generally sacrifices himself to the author, or the author to himself, producing designs which are either deficient in artistic quality, or fail to assist in realizing the text. But Orchardson always steered between this Scylla and Charybdis.

In Venice he was in a world of pictorial suggestiveness, a treasure-house of both art and nature, which has stimulated painters in the present no less than in the past. It

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"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."—SHELLEY.

is here that were bred and nurtured the mighty powers of Giorgione and Titian; here where Turner's genius found its fullest satisfaction and ultimate home, and in our own days it has become the happy hunting-ground of the genre painter, from Orchardson and Van Haanen to a hundred others. There is scarcely any kind of art that has not at one time or another budded and blossomed there. Although Mr. Orchardson did but little work at Venice, making only a few sketches, his pictures for the next four years showed that it had made a great impression on him.

In 1870, among other works, he exhibited at the Academy: "The Market Girl

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from the Lido," and in 1871, "On the Grand Canal, Venice," and "In St. Mark's, Venice." After this he reverted to his old class of subject for two years, which produced "Casus Belli," "The Protector," "Oscar and Brin" (two dogs), and "Cinderella;" but in 1874 came "A Venetian Fruit-Seller," together with two scenes from "Hamlet" and another picture of dogs called "Escaped," now belonging to Mr. Humphrey Roberts, in which we see two blood-hounds stopping with their scent checked by a stream on which the cap of their quarry is sailing. In 1875 appeared two more Venetian subjects, "Too Good to be True" (in which a fruit-seller is offering some of his dainties to two shy children), and "Moonlight on the Lagoons."

In 1876 he sent "Flotsam and Jetsam," "The Bill of Sale," "The Old Soldier," and "A Portrait." The next year he exhibited a picture which marks a new departure and the end of the Venetian wave. This, though suggested by a scene from a novel, may be regarded as the first bold exercise of his personality. In the "Queen of Swords" he "let himself go." The subject was taken from the dance-scene in "The Pirate," where Minna Troil, "whom Halcro had long since entitled 'The Queen of the Swords,' . . . moved amidst the swordsmen with an air which seemed to hold all the drawn blades as the proper accompaniments of her person and the implements of her pleasure." But Scott was only the fire from which the artist lit his own candle.*

It is, in the true sense of the word, a picture—a spectacle created for delight by a pictorial imagination — complete in its organization and self-sufficient. The oblong of the canvas is broken by a waving, broad band of light, of elegant shape, composed of sweeping, sympathetic curves. In this band, and striking diagonally across the picture, stand two ranks of gallant beaux, full of grace, style, and movement, who, with swords crossed above their heads, form an arcade through which the ladies of the dance are passing in single file. One (Minna Troil), the Queen of the Swords, in a maize-colored dress, is just emerging, with much grace and dignity, from the human avenue. Behind are musicians and groups of "sitters (or, rather, "standers") out," watching and talking. The whole is wrought in a light key, and the costumes are arranged to present delicate alternations of warm and cool color.

A picture of the same year, "Jessica," from the "Merchant of Venice," was, I think, his last scene from Shakespeare, and with it ended his career as an Associate. He was elected to the full honors of the Academy in December, 1877. From this time may be said to date his period of full maturity, which was accompanied by a change in the choice of his subjects. Henceforth no more Scott, or Shakespeare, or Venice; instead, scenes of his own imagination from more or less modern society, dramas mostly of the drawing-room, and a few (the most highly wrought and elaborately designed) from the France of the later Louis and Napoleon the Great. Not exactly to be placed in either of these categories, and perhaps the most dramatic of all his works, was the celebrated "Hard Hit" of 1879, now in the possession of Mr. Humphrey Roberts. A handsome youth, gayly dressed in Mr. Orchardson's favorite costume of the end of the last century, with natural hair *en queue*, swallow-tail coat, ruffles, and knee-breeches, is leaving the room where he has just been plucked by three hard-faced scoundrels. These "hawks" are eying their "pigeon," as he goes, with half-concealed contempt and cynical politeness. He has overturned a chair in his anger, and the floor is strewn with innumerable cards.† The different characters of the "hawks" are finely distinguished. The oldest scoundrel shuffles the cards and looks at his victim out of the corners of his eyes, one of the others leans back in his chair with impudent nonchalance, and the other stands and stares with brazen indifference. To some modern critics all these dramatic qualities will seem inconsiderable in comparison with others of a more technical kind, but these are there also—tone, illumination, atmosphere, the

* The original picture is in the possession of Mr. James Keiller, but an admirable sketch of it belongs to Mr. Arthur Sanderson, of Glasgow.

† "For this part of the picture Orchardson used fifty packs of cards, throwing them down successively at each corner of the table, so that the actual pattern we see represents two hundred packs."—*The Portfolio*, February, 1895 (Walter Armstrong).

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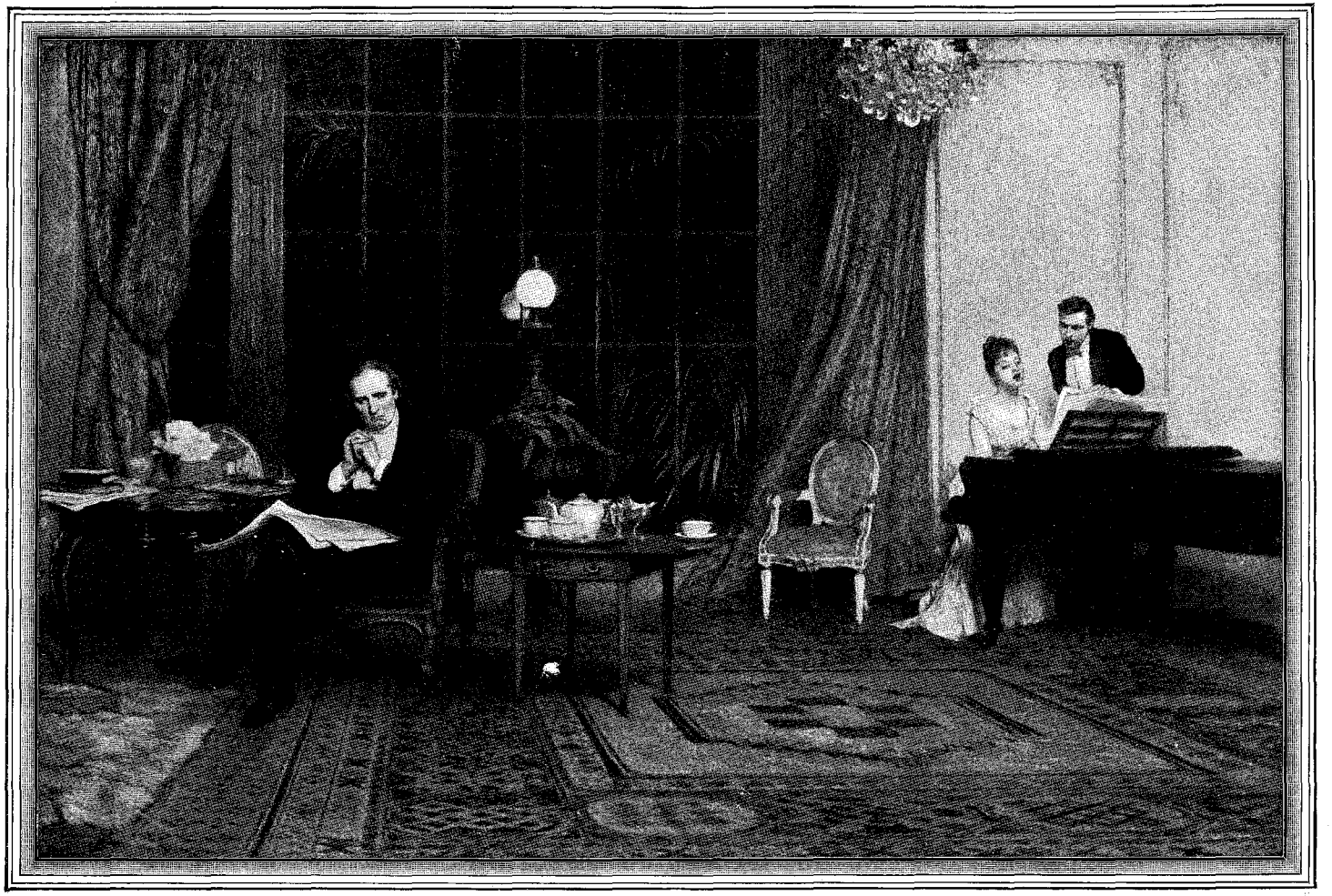

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HER MOTHER'S VOICE.

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painter's touch, personality, and temperament, and all of a sufficiently high order to conciliate, if not to satisfy, the most exacting pedant.

The first important picture of the French series was "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1880. Its remarkable merit was recognized at once, and it was purchased by the Royal Academy as trustees of the Chantrey bequest. The Emperor, in long gray coat and cocked hat, is standing in the right foreground of the picture, his small form firmly planted on his parted feet, as he takes his last long look at France. The figure is the embodiment of energy, imprisoned but indomitable. Behind, at some little distance, stand his personal suite and the officers of the ship, chatting and watching the solitary figure which seems already in exile. The only person unconcerned (and this is a true touch of Nature) is the young Las Cases, who, with his back turned to the rest, looks over the poop-rail on to the quarter-deck. The largest and most elaborate of all Mr. Orchardson's compositions is the scene in the "Salon of Madame Récamier," which he painted on commission from Mr. John Aird. It appeared at the Royal Academy in 1885. The arrangement is a sort of converse of that of the "Napoleon." All lines equally tend to the principal character which is the focus of the composition, but this social Empress is in the background. Nevertheless she dominates the canvas. Her elegant sofa is a throne on which she sits alone, and, although she is the centre of a most brilliant circle, she is isolated (pictorially) almost as completely as the captive on the Bellerophon. The picture is a masterpiece of design, the figures (about thirty) are massed without crowding, and the large light spaces of wall and carpet (treated with the artist's singular dexterity) give a sense of amplitude and freedom, besides aiding greatly in the brilliant illumination. Among the company there is scarcely one that is not well known. Fouché talks to Madame from a respectful distance, and near them are Delille, Cuvier, Metternich. At the other side of the room are Madame de Stäel, Talleyrand, Lucien Bonaparte, Brillat-Savarin, Talma, Bernadotte, and others. Yet, notwithstanding the abundance and variety of fact, there is no sense of difficulty in arranging and controlling it. Each figure is placed on the canvas with as much ease and vitality as if he had been painted from the life. The artist's power of fusing heterogeneous material into one living spectacle has never been shown more triumphantly than in this picture.

Two other French pictures of great elaboration and skill are the "Voltaire" of 1883, and the "Young Duke" of 1889. Both are alike in rendering a convivial scene under the "old Régime," both are rich in accessories of costume and furniture, and bathed in the mellow glow of many candles. Both are splendid with the sheen of napery, the glitter of plate, and the variegated colors of flowers. But all this magnificent display of material is still accessory to the life and animation, the spirit and character of the human actors. In one we see Voltaire nettled beyond description, making his futile complaint to the Duke of Sully of the drubbing he has received at the hands of the Chevalier de Rohan's footmen. Cold comfort he gets from his host and his boon companions. In the other we have what appears to be a grand banquet to celebrate the coming of age of a young nobleman. Very select and aristocratic and dissipated is this assembly of young nobles in wigs and laced coats pledging their host. Here there is no particular history, no complicated passion, no moral intended or suggested, unless, indeed, the picture may be taken to symbolize the reckless self-indulgence of the French aristocracy which preceded the Revolution.

In his pictures of social life of the present day, or of nearly the present day, Mr. Orchardson strikes a note quite as personal, while appealing more directly to the feeling of his generation. He sometimes approaches tragedy, as in the two scenes of "Mariage de Convenance;" sometimes he is pathetic, as in "Her Mother's Voice;" sometimes gently humorous, as in "Her First Dance;" at others, as in the "Farmer's Daughter," or the "Young Housewife," he is content with a charming vision, appealing simply to our sense of beauty, with just sufficient sentiment to set some gentle chord of human sympathy vibrating. He never leaves us alone with

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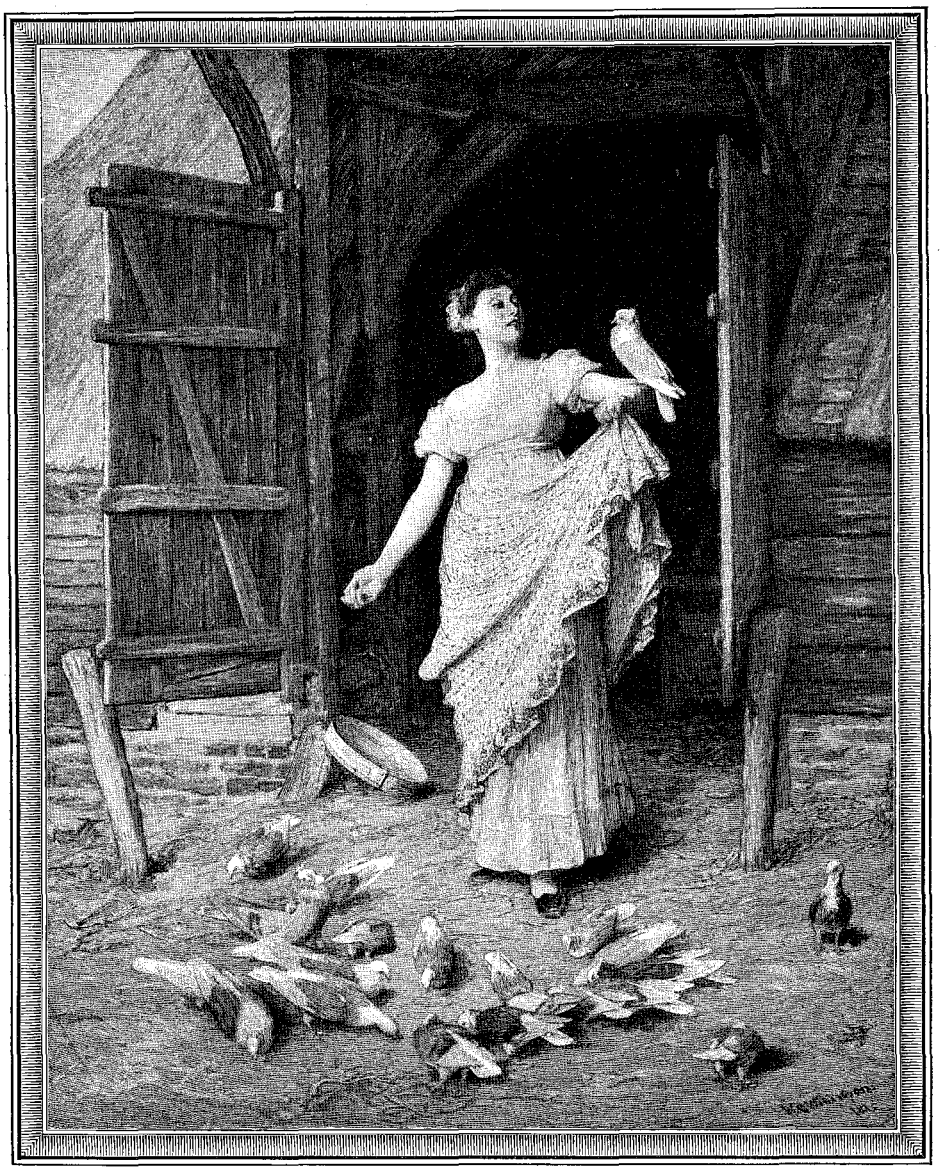

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THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

a bare transcript of fact. In the least emotional of his pictures, as "The Tender Chord," or "Music when Sweet Voices Die, Vibrates in the Memory" (both in the possession of Mr. Humphrey Roberts), there is scarcely need for any attraction beyond those of exquisite design and perfect painting. In the "Tender Chord" the delicate shimmer of the girl's dress relieved as by magic against the wall, which is of almost the same tone, the marvellous painting of the piano, with its rich wood suggested in color of the finest "quality," are technical triumphs which the artist has never excelled; in the "Music, etc.," while the manipulation is nearly, if not quite, as fine, the motive is even more exclusively pictorial. The lines of the curious harp-shaped piano are reflected in the form and gown of the performer, and all together

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complete a shape of beauty which is a picture in itself. The remarkable instruments which have had so much to do with the creation of these charming pictures are both in the possession of the artist. The lightness and elasticity with which Mr. Orchardson touches every subject is one of his most peculiar characteristics, especially on this side of the Channel, where we are apt to be a little heavy and over-anxious, even when engaged upon the slightest themes. His elegance, his daintiness, his *esprit*, have seldom been approached by any English artist, and even when his imagination is engaged on such serious matters as the "Napoleon," or the "Mariage de Convenance" he is never ponderous. At such times he reminds us of Hogarth, though "with a difference."

In the "Mariage de Convenance," as in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," the artist is concerned with an old story, which it is to be feared will go on repeating itself till love and money cease to be. It was Hogarth's business in the first place to lash the follies and vices of his own age. With these Orchardson has no particular concern. He is, in the first place, a painter, not a satirist. But he is not only a painter, but a man of good sense and right feeling, and he has sedulously kept his great gifts to give pleasure of a pure kind, while such moral influence as his pictures have is always on the right side. A recorder rather than a censor, it is the tragedy rather than the turpitude of mercenary alliances that he places before our eyes. He tells the essence of the story in the tersest manner. He cuts his tales "down to the bone." Two scenes of three persons suffice for him, instead of Hogarth's six comparatively crowded stages. In one we see the middle-aged Crœsus and his young wife at opposite ends of a long luxurious dinner-table, which acts as a symbol of the spiritual distance between them. The old butler, who pours out his wine, is nearer to him in person and in sympathy. In the second scene he is in the same room brooding alone before the fire. In both pictures the space is large, the figures few; but there is no "room to let" in the compositions, for the emptiness is full of meaning, and is made pictorially interesting by its masterly treatment. Another admirable scene of the same order is "The First Cloud." Here the husband is younger, and stands choking with anger on the hearth-rug, while the wife is slowly sailing from the room with contemptuous dignity in every line of her lithe and graceful figure. Seldom so much dramatic effect has been achieved by such slight means as in these pictures. They would furnish the germ of a three-volume novel, for such pictures as these breed literature, as a fine story will suggest pictures. So closely does the literary entwine with the pictorial, that any work of imagination in one kind suggests an echo in the other.

When Mr. Orchardson touches a purer pathos, as in "Her Mother's Voice," or "Trouble" (the last of all his completed works), he strikes his note no less surely and simply. Other painters may shoot at higher marks (for he does not attempt the grand or the ideal), but within his own domain of light comedy he is supreme. In this respect, as in others, he has much affinity with Mr. Austin Dobson among poets. They both love the modes of the eighteenth century in England and in France, they both study style and elegance, they both see life through the eyes of the artist. Moreover, each of them chooses with unfailing taste those themes which are specially suitable to their means of expression; and, finally, both, with all their art, are thoroughly human, touching the lighter emotions with incomparable verve and vivacity, and approaching those that are graver with more caution, indeed, but with equal truth and taste.

It remains to say a word about his portraits, which are as fine and characteristic as any of his work. No one has a greater power of transferring to his canvas the very life and character of his sitter, and it is doubtful whether any painter of the present day, so prolific and distinguished in this branch of art, can equal the spirit and refinement of his portraits of gentlewomen. Among these may be mentioned those of Mrs. Keiller, Mrs. Joseph, Mrs. Winchester Clowes, and Mrs. Ralli. Nor is he less successful with his own sex, as is testified by his portraits of Sir Walter Gilbey, Professor Dewar, Sir Andrew Walker, and Sir David Stewart, late Lord Provost of Aberdeen. On his easel at the present moment is an unfinished portrait of a

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HER FIRST DANCE.

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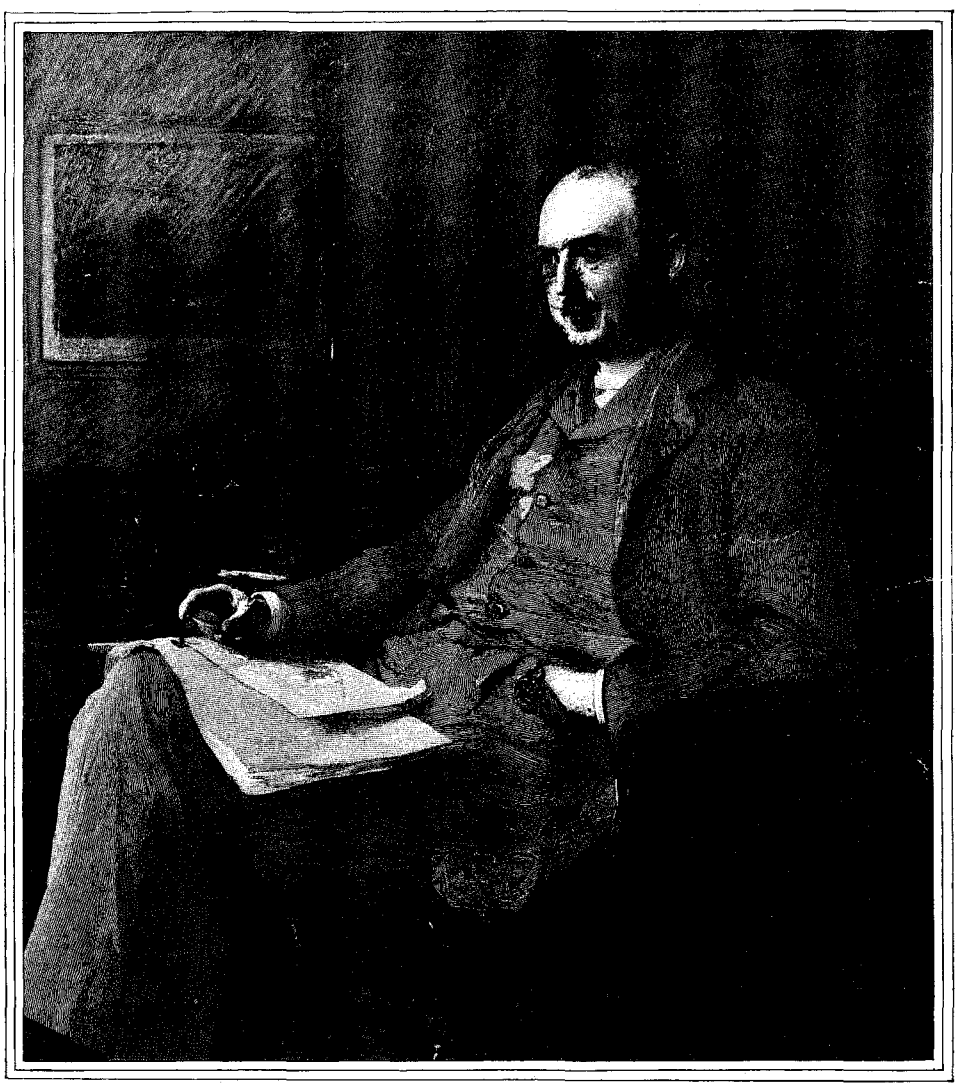
learned Scotsman, which promises to rank among his very best works of this kind.

Respecting Mr. Orchardson's career, there is little to add. Since his election as a Royal Academician, as before, he has lived a painter's life, and has won a wide reputation at home and abroad. Among the higher honors that have fallen to his share should be mentioned the invitation to paint his portrait for the famous gallery of the Uffizi, and his election as a Member of the Institute of France. All his painting, with the exception of a few sketches at Venice, has been done in England, and save an occasional holiday on the Continent and elsewhere, his life has been spent in his English home and studio. He is one of those who are either hard at work or hard at play, and is as devoted to his family as to his art. He was a keen huntsman before his marriage, and an ardent player at tennis for long after. By his old house at Westgate-on-Sea, where he lived for seventeen years, he built a private tennis-court (the only open one in England); but now



By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

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the saddle has given place to the fishing-rod, and tennis to golf. His changes of residence in London have been numerous, but for the last nine years he has lived at No. 13 Portland Place. There he has built himself a noble studio of large and fine proportions, specially proportioned to suit several grand pieces of Spanish and Flemish tapestry with which the walls are hung. He has lately taken a country house near Dartford, where he is building a new studio, but he does not intend to give up his London studio, and will retain his London house, at least for the present. That he should ever give it up is the fear of his large circle of friends, who rightly appreciate his society no less than his art.

There is indeed a wonderful likeness between them, for of him it may be said that the style is truly the man; good sense, good taste, good feeling, combined with unusual humor, spirit, and sincerity, are as distinctive of his conversation as of his work.

YO ESPERO

By Robert W. Chambers

I

"GOOD-MORNING!" said the young fellow, lifting his cap.

"Good-morning!" said the girl.

It was the third time they had met; they had never before spoken. The young fellow buttoned his tweed jacket to the throat, glanced over the wooden railing of the foot-bridge, and then looked up at the sky. The sky was pale blue, fleckless and untroubled, save for a shred of filmy vapor suspended in the zenith; that was all, except the gilt incandescent disk of the sun—all, except a speck, high in the scintillating vault, that circled slowly, slowly southward, and vanished in mid-air.

The speck was a buzzard.

The young fellow turned from the glimmering water and looked diffidently at the girl. She bent her gray eyes upon the stream.

"Would you mind telling me whether there are trout in this river?" he asked, moving a step toward her.

She raised her head instantly, smiling.

"Gay Brook was a famous trout-stream—once," she answered.

"Then I suppose there are still a few left in it?" he asked, also smiling.

"But," continued the girl, "that was very, very long ago." She was looking again at the water, pensively.

"How long ago?" he persisted, drawing a little nearer.

"About seventy-five years ago," she replied, without raising her head. "Buck Gordon says so. Do you know Buck Gordon? His boys are the telegraph agents at the station above. I don't know the Gordon boys; I have spoken twice with old man Gordon. I do not suppose," she continued, reflectively, "that there has been a trout in Gay Brook for fifty years. Do you know why?"

"No," he said; "but I should be glad to know."

He had drawn a little nearer, and now leaned on the wooden railing of the bridge, his back to the water, his hands in his pockets. A leather rod-case was slung over his shoulders. The Southern sun crisped the edges of his short hair and shorter mustache.

"The reason," said the girl, gazing dreamily into the stream again—"the reason is because they cut off so much timber in the mountain notch yonder that now the freshets come every spring and last for weeks, and the water is nothing but yellow mud. Trout can't live in mud."

After a silence he said: "And so there are no more trout."

She shook her head. The sun burnished her dark hair and tinged the delicate contour of cheek and throat with a warmer

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flush. Her white cambric sun-bonnet swung from her wrist by both strings. Presently she put it on and turned toward him, holding the tips of the strings between the forefinger and thumb of her left hand. Her right hand lay indolently along the gray railing of the bridge. It was dimpled and tanned to a creamy tint.

"I have seen you three times here at the bridge," she observed.

"And I have seen you," he said. "I wish I had spoken before."

She tore a tiny splinter from the sun-bleached railing and dropped it into the water.

"I wondered why you came to fish in Gay Brook," she went on. "I might have told you that there are nothing but minnows here. I nearly did tell you."

"I wish I had asked the first time we—I saw you," he said; "it would have saved me no end of disappointment. Why did you not tell me?"

"Because—you didn't ask me. I might have, anyway, if I had not seen that you were from the North."

"You dislike Northern people?"

"I? Oh, no—I don't know any."

"But you say that if——"

"I mean that I do not understand Northern strangers."

The young fellow looked at her curiously.

"Why I thought you also were from the North," he said; "you do not speak with a Southern accent."

"I am from Texas; but I have lived here in North Carolina nearly all of my life. The season that I do not speak with a Southern accent is because my uncle is from the North and I have lived alone with him ever since I can remember."

"Here?"

"Yes. I am very glad you spoke to me. When do you go away to the North again?"

The young fellow touched his short mustache and gave her a sharp glance. His sunburnt cheeks were tinged with a faint color.

"I am very glad, too," he said; "I find it a bit lonely at the hotel."

"The hotel," she repeated; "there are two hundred people there!"

"And I am lonely," he said, simply.

"You can't be—how can you be?" she persisted, raising her gray eyes to his.

"Because," he replied, "I haven't anything in common with any of them."

"I don't understand," she insisted. "It seems to me that if I had the happiness of being with a great many people, I should have all in the world that I long for. I have nobody—except my uncle."

"You have your friends," he said.

"No, nobody except my uncle. I do not count Zeke and the boys."

"Zeke?"

"Zeke Chace."

"Oh," he said. "I've heard of him. He runs the blockade, doesn't he?"

"Does he?" she asked, demurely.

He laughed and rested his head on his wrist, looking into her face. Her face was half hidden in the shadow of her sun-bonnet, so she met his gaze placidly.

"Doesn't Zeke Chace run the blockade?" he repeated.

"What blockade?" she asked. Her gray eyes were very round and innocent.

"Have you never heard of blockade whiskey?" he demanded.

She had to laugh.

"I might have heard something about it," she admitted.

His pleasant, serious face questioned hers, and her lips parted in the merriest laugh again.

"How silly!" she cried; "everybody has heard of blockade whiskey."

"Oh," he said. "I have often asked, but the people around here won't talk about it."

"Perhaps they take you for a revenue office," she ventured, gravely.

"Very probably," he answered.

At this she laughed outright. It occurred to him that she was making fun of him, and he glanced at her again sharply.

"How do you know that I am not a revenue officer?" he asked.

Her laughing eyes met his.

"Can you tell a coon from a 'possum?" she asked, in return.

"I? Of course."

"So can I," she said, trying hard to look serious. After a moment they both laughed outright.

"You have teased me unmercifully," he said; "don't you think you ought to tell me where I can catch a trout or two?"

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"Then I will," she answered, impulsively moving a step nearer. "But Zeke won't like it. There are trout in the Buzzard Run."

"The Buzzard Run?"

"It's yonder, behind Mist Mountain. Zeke won't like it," she repeated.

"Why? Does Zeke fish, too?"

"Zeke? H'm! Not exactly. Never mind—I shall tell Zeke about you and nobody will bother you. But you must be a little careful; there are snakes on Mist Mountain."

"Not dangerous snakes—are there?"

"I don't know what kind you are used to," she said; "there are rattlers in the rocks on Mist Mountain."

After a pause he asked her if there were many rattlesnakes there.

"Sometimes one sees two or three, sometimes none at all," she answered. "They give you warning; they run if you let them. It might be better if you kept to the path. There is a path all the way."

"Then I'll stick to it," he said, lightly. "I suppose it's too late to go to-day?" He looked at his watch and raised his eyebrows. "Why, it's twelve o'clock!" he exclaimed.

She refused to believe it and bent her dainty head over his shoulder to see.

"Dear me," she cried. "Uncle will question me!"

They stood looking at each other with new-born awkwardness. She took one short step backward.

"Are you going?" he asked, scarcely conscious of what he said.

"Why, yes—I must."

He leaned over the bridge railing and looked at ripples. After awhile she also bent over, resting her elbows on the railing. A brilliant green tiger-beetle ran across the bleached board, halted, spread its burnished wings and buzzed away across the stream. A small fluffy honey-wasp alighted between her elbows and crept quickly into a hole in the splintering plank.

She repeated: "I must go."

"I should like to see you again," he said.

"Really? Oh, I suppose I shall pass the bridge again before you go."

"How do you know? Suppose I should go to-morrow?"

"You said you were going fishing to-morrow—didn't you?"

"Why, no, I didn't say so," he said, eagerly; "I would rather talk with you."

"Why don't you go fishing?"

"I would rather talk to you," he repeated.

"What shall we talk of—blockade whiskey?"

They laughed. He had moved up beside her once more.

"I want to see you again," she said. "I think you know that I do. I could come to the bridge to-morrow. My uncle has forbidden me to speak to anybody except Zeke and the boys. When I was a child I did not feel very lonely; now I have the greatest longing to know people—girls of my own age. I dare not."

"Have you no girl friends at all?"

"No. I should like to know older women, too. At night, in bed, I often cry and cry—there! I should not tell you such things."

"Tell me," he said, soberly.

But she only smiled faintly and shook her head, saying: "It is lonely at Yo Espero."

He looked into her gray eyes; they troubled him.

"I dare not wait any longer," she said; "good-by, will you come to-morrow?"

"Here? Yes. Shall I come early?"

"Oh, yes."

"At seven?"

"Yes."

He offered her his hand, but she did not take it.

"Wait," she said. "I do not know your name—no, don't tell me now—let me think a little of what I have done. If I come to-morrow, then you may tell me."

He watched her hurry away up the woodland path that led to Yo Espero. When she was gone he stood still, idly tearing dried splinters from the bridge railing.

II

The piazzas of the Diamond Spring Hotel were empty; the guests came trooping through the wide square hall and into the big dining-room to be fed.

Young Edgeworth arrived late and silently took his seat, bowing civilly to his neighbors.

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There were fifteen people at his table—including the Reverend Dr. Beezeley, who presided, flanked by his wife, his progeny, and a bottle of Diamond Spring water. Near to the Reverend Orlando Beezeley sat another minister, a little pink gentleman with bulging eyes. His name was Samuel Meeke, and he looked it. But he wasn't.

Now the Reverend Orlando Beezeley and Dr. Samuel Meeke were both of a stripe, differing on one or two obscure questions. One reverend gentleman was a pillar of the "Pure People's League;" the other wore the badge of the "Charity Band." And they squabbled.

For their Leagues, their Bands, and their squabbles, Edgeworth cared nothing. He believed that all people should be allowed to worship God in their own fashion, even by squabbling, if they chose. He was disposed to be pleasant and courteous to the two ministers and their wives and young. It was difficult, however, partly because they were inquisitive, partly on account of the Reverend Orlando's personal habits, which were maddening. He put his fingers into everything, including his mouth; they were always greasy; and this, combined with cuffs that came too far over his knuckles, oppressed Edgeworth. The Reverend Orlando's fingers were obtrusive. When he walked they spread out—perhaps to stem the downward avalanche of cuff. He also twiddled them when he had no other use for them; and Heaven knows he put them to uses for which they were never intended.

All this interfered with Edgeworth's appetite, and he shunned the Reverend Orlando Beezeley when possible. Once, at the table, the minister asked him why he didn't go to the Sunday services which he, Dr. Beezeley, held in the hotel parlors; and when Edgeworth said it was because he didn't want to, the Reverend Orlando sniffed offensively. For a week the atmosphere was surcharged with unpleasantness; but one day Dr. Beezeley asked Edgeworth what he did for a living, and Edgeworth pleasantly told him that it was none of his business. The atmosphere at once cleared up and the Reverend Orlando became irksomely affable. This was because he was afraid of Edgeworth and disliked him.

Therefore, when Edgeworth entered the dining-room and slipped quietly into his chair, Dr. Beezeley said: "Hey! been a fishin'?"

"No," said Edgeworth.

"Where you been, then?" urged Mrs. Beezeley, devoured by curiosity. She had contracted this disease in the little Boston suburb where she lived, and she had inoculated her whole family.

"I have been out," said Edgeworth, pleasantly.

Dr. Samuel Meeke, who had pricked up his ears, relapsed into a dull contemplation of Mrs. Dill again.

But Mrs. Beezeley was not defeated. She turned to the pallid lady beside her, Mrs. Dill, and said, in a thin high voice, "Pass the trout to Mr. Edgeworth; he can't seem to catch any—even off the old foot-bridge."

Edgeworth was intensely annoyed, for it was plain that some of the Beezeley brood had been spying. He looked at Master Ballington Beezeley, who grinned at him impertinently.

His father was busy feeding himself with mashed potato, but he observed his heir's impudence and was not displeased.

"I seen you," cried the youthful Beezeley, writhing with the pressure of untold secrets; "you was mashin' a country girl, Mister Edgeworth; I seen you!"

"Te-he!" tittered Mrs. Dill.

"I *saw* you, would perhaps be more correct," said Edgeworth; "unless perhaps your parents have instructed you to the contrary."

"Ballington!" cried Mrs. Beezeley, turning red, "how dare you use such grammar?"

Edgeworth surveyed the defeat of the Beezeleys without any particular emotion.

Mrs. Dill attempted to save the day, but choked on an olive and was assisted from the room by Dr. Samuel Meeke. Then the Beezeleys made Mrs. Meeke wretched with significant looks and smiles and half-suppressed coughs, until she rose to find out why Mrs. Dill and her husband did not return. Poor little woman! Her bosom friend, Mrs. Beezeley, had long ago quenched for her what little comfort in life she ever knew.

When the Reverend Orlando Beezeley had fed to repletion, he removed the napkin from his chin, cleared his throat, picked

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his teeth, and finally took himself off to the piazza.

"I can't stand this tableful much longer," muttered Edgeworth to himself; and he called to the head-waiter, a majestic personage of color and also a Baptist deacon.

"Deacon," said he, "give me a place at another table to-night; can you?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, Mistuh Edgewurf," said the majestic one; "might you prefer to be seated at Mis' Weldon's table, Mistuh Edgewurf?"

Edgeworth looked across at Mrs. Weldon and then at her pretty daughter, Claire.

"Go over and ask Mrs. Weldon whether she objects," he said.

Mrs. Weldon did not object and neither did Claire, so Edgeworth walked over and said some polite things which he forgot a minute afterward. So did Mrs. Weldon. I am not sure about Claire.

When Edgeworth went out on the veranda to smoke his pipe, a young fellow in white flannels who was sitting astride the railing said, "Hello, Jim! it's all over the hotel that you're sweet on some country girl."

"Tommy," said Edgeworth, in a low, pleasant voice, "go to the deuce!"

Tommy O'Hara smiled serenely.

"I suppose it's that Beezeley whelp; eh, Jim?"

"I fancy it is. A fellow can't brush his hair but it's reported in Diamond Spring."

"Oh, there's truth in it, then," laughed O'Hara.

"That," observed Edgeworth, "is none of your business;" and they strolled off together, arm in arm, smoking furiously.

"These Beezeleys," said O'Hara, "are blights on the landscape. They ought to be exterminated with Paris green."

"Or drowned in tubs," said Edgeworth.

"Like diseased kittens," added O'Hara.

"Come," said Jim Edgeworth, "what was that yarn you wanted to spin for me this morning?"

"Yarn? 'Tis no yarn, my boy," said O'Hara; "it's the truth and it troubles me. Sit down here on the grass till I tell you. Look at the veranda, Jim; it's like a circus with the band playing."

"The girls' frocks are very pretty; I like lots of color," said Edgeworth.

"There's plenty in Claire Weldon's cheeks," observed O'Hara, gloomily.

"It's natural," said Jim.

"It was before you came. Now she puts more on in your honor; confound it, man, can't you see the lass is forever making eyes at you?—and, Jim, it's death to me!"

Edgeworth stared at him.

"Oh, you're blinder than the white bat of Drumgilt!" said O'Hara; "you've eyes in your head, but there're only there for ornament. Don't you know I am in love with Claire Weldon, now?"

"Why, no," said Edgeworth; "are you really, Tommy?"

"Am I really, Tommy? Faith, I thought even the fish in Gay Brook knew it."

"Well," laughed Edgeworth, "go in and win, old chap!"

"Do you mean it?" said Tommy, gravely.

"Mean it? My dear fellow, why shouldn't I?"

O'Hara beamed on him and grasped his hand. "There!" he cried, "I knew it! I've told her ye didn't care tuppence for any lass, and if she didn't take me she'd be doing herself but ill service."

Edgeworth burst into fits of laughter. "Is that the way you woo a girl, Tom O'Hara?"

"There are ways and ways," said O'Hara, doggedly.

"How about Sir Brian?" asked Jim, checking his mirth.

Sir Brian was Tommy's father. The several thousand miles that separated father and son did not lessen Tommy's uneasiness concerning his father's approval.

"I can't help it," said Tom; "if he disowns me I'll go to work. That I will! and Claire knows it."

"They say," said Edgeworth, "that the O'Hara's always get what they want."

"They do. My grandfather loved a lass who died, so he blew out his brains and caught her in heaven."

"H'm!" coughed Edgeworth.

"Do you know to the contrary?" demanded O'Hara.

"No," said Jim; "I'll have to wait a bit to verify this story. Have you any tobacco? Thanks—my pipe's out. Look at the sky, Tom; it's pretty, isn't it?"

They sprawled on their backs and

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kicked up their heels—two bronzed young athletes, as trim a pair as one might see anywhere betwixt the poles of this planet.

"Hark," said Edgeworth, "hear Beezeley and Meeke squabbling over their Maker. Do you suppose He hears them? He is so very far away. Hark how they wrangle over their future blessedness. I should think they would be ashamed to have God hear them."

"Beezeley says he believes in hell but doesn't want to go there," said O'Hara, lazily.

"There's no hell," said Edgeworth. He hadn't lived long enough to know; he was nineteen.

O'Hara raised himself on one elbow and looked at him.

"No hell?" he asked.

"No."

If he had seen the lines in O'Hara's face, the faint marks about the eyes and mouth, he might have answered differently.

The afternoon sunlight lay warm across the level meadow. The locust-trees were in full bloom, deep laden with heavy drooping clusters of white blossoms. Every wandering breeze bore the penetrating sweetness of the locusts and the delicate odor of hemlock and pine. Great scarlet trumpet-flowers swayed in the May wind; from the nearer forest came the scent of dogwood and azalia. Over the greensward butterflies fluttered—little white ones, chasing each other among the dandelions; great swallow-tailed butterflies, yellow and black, flopping around the phlox, or pursuing a capricious course along the river-bank. There were others, too; gay comma-butterflies, delicate violet or blue swallow-tailed butterflies, and now and then a rare shy comrade of theirs, pale sulphur and gray, striped like a zebra, that darted across the flower-beds and flitted away to its dusky haunts among the shrub-oak and holly of the mountain-sides. An oriole, gorgeous in orange and black, uttered a sweet call from the lower branches of an oak. A blue-bird dropped into the longer grass under the bushes. Then a cat-bird began to sing and trill and warble until the whole air rippled with melody.

"'Tis a nightingale, or I'm in Drumgilt!" said O'Hara, sitting up.

"It's a male cat-bird," said Edgeworth, rising; "come on, Tom!"

O'Hara picked himself up from the grass, scraped out his pipe, ran a grass-stem through it, and looked at the sun.

"We have loafed the whole afternoon away," he said.

"I was anxious to kill time," said Edgeworth. He was thinking of the girl at the bridge.

"Kill time! Kill time!" said O'Hara, impatiently, "why, man, 'tis time that kills us! I'm going to find Miss Weldon, and I'd be obliged to ye to stay away."

"Bosh!" said Edgeworth, "you're worth twenty like me."

"That I am!" said Tom; "but I'll be saying good-night, lad! And for the love of me, stay away from Claire Weldon. You don't want my curse?"

"Oh, no," laughed Edgeworth; "but I'm going to dine at their table. I asked the Deacon to fix it. I can't stand the holy alliance any longer."

"All right," said O'Hara; "when a girl has to see a man eat three times a day, she loses her illusions concerning him."

"What's that?" demanded Edgeworth.

But O'Hara swung off across the clover, whistling "Terry Bowen" and buttoning his cricket jacket with an irritating air of self-satisfaction.

"The mischief take Tom and his girls!" said Edgeworth to himself; but he looked after Tom and smiled, for he thought the world revolved about O'Hara. Still, he began to be lonely again, now that O'Hara had gone.

"Why the deuce can't he spend a half-hour now and then with me?" he muttered to himself; "what can he find to talk about all day to one girl?"

III

THAT night after dinner he found himself joining the procession upon the veranda, walking with a pretty girl whom he did not remember meeting, but from whose conversation he knew he must have danced attendance on somewhere or other.

In the half light of the mellow Japanese lanterns he caught glimpses of familiar faces in the throng. Dr. Beezeley, unctious and sticky-fingered; the faded Mrs. Dill with Dr. Samuel Meeke; poor little Mrs. Meeke, anxiously smiling when she caught the protruding eyes of her husband; Mrs. Weldon,

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gracious and serene, walking with some tall, heavy-whiskered Southerner; Tommy O'Hara conducting Miss Claire Weldon with something of the determination that one notices in troopers who convoy treasure-trains. In and out of the lights they passed him, vague impressions of filmy draperies and lantern-lit faces, with now and then a shadowy gesture or a sparkle of eyes in the twilight. Beyond, the dark foliage of sycamore and maple loomed, motionless, with never a wind to stir the tender leaves, but the locust-trees, where the grape-like bunches of white blossoms hung, were all hazy with the quivering wings of dusk-moths. Slender sphinx-moths darted and turned and hovered over the phlox, gray wraiths of dead humming-birds, poised above phantom flowers. Below the fountain spray, drifting fine as a veil of mist across the shadowy blossoms of white iris, a hidden tree-frog quavered a sweet treble, and on every twig-tip gauzy-winged creatures scraped resonant accompaniment.

"Of what are you thinking, Mr. Edgeworth?" asked the girl beside him.

He started slightly; he had quite forgotten her. He was thinking of the girl at the bridge and the tryst next morning, but he said: "I was listening to the tree-frog. It means rain to-morrow."

"I am very sorry," said the girl. "I was going to Painted Mountain on horseback. Shall we sit here a moment?" She shook out her skirts and seated herself, and he found a place on the veranda railing beside her.

"Painted Mountain?" he asked; "that is beyond Yo Espero, isn't it?"

"Yo Espero is on the southern slope. I heard such an interesting story about Yo Espero to-day; shall I tell you?"

He looked at her sharply, then nodded, saying: "Tell me first what Yo Espero means. It's Spanish, isn't it?"

"I don't know, I suppose so. The village—there's only one house, you know—was named Yo Espero by the only inhabitant. They say he took the name from the label on the lid of an old cigar-box that he found among the rocks."

"Very unromantic and intensely American," said Edgeworth, laughing.

"Ah, but wait; there's more to come. The man who lives at Yo Espero has a niece, a beauty they say, and would you believe it, the man, her uncle, named her also Yo Espero!"

"Oh," said Edgeworth, musingly.

"Poor girl, named from a cigar brand! It is wicked, don't you think so, Mr. Edgeworth?"

"Yo Espero," he repeated, softly. "I don't know—Yo Espero."

"Her uncle calls her Io for short when he does not call her Yo Espero. He must be a brute. They say he knows things about the blockade too."

Edgeworth became interested.

"I have never seen the girl," she continued, "but Mrs. Weldon has, and she says the girl is simply a raving beauty. Dr. Beezeley tried to call on the uncle, but was shown the door without ceremony. They say the man is well educated and from the North, but he won't allow anybody to enter his house or speak to his niece."

"Do you know his name?" asked Edgeworth.

"Mrs. Beezeley says it is Clyde. He is some broken-down Northern man of good family who has sunk low enough to mix himself up with the blockade. People say the revenue officers are after him and will get him, sooner or later. I wonder what the girl will do then?"

"I wonder," repeated Edgeworth, under his breath. "Hello! here's Tommy O'Hara, the pride of Drumgilt!"

"And the Pride has had a fall," said O'Hara, sentimentally. "Did—did you notice if Miss Weldon was passing this way, Jim? Ah, did you see her pass, Miss Marwood? With Colonel Scarborough? Oh, the mischief!"

"Come," laughed Miss Marwood, "we'll go and find them. Mr. Edgeworth doesn't care—he likes solitude——"

Edgeworth attempted to protest, but was bidden to go with them or stay, as he pleased. And he stayed—to smoke and muse and ponder on the long, dim porch, while the dew dripped from the perfumed vines, and the great stars spangled the sky, and the million voices of the night sang of summers past and summers to come. And the burden of the song was always the same—Yo Espero, Yo Espero.

At seven o'clock next morning Edgeworth stood on the little foot-bridge leaning both elbows upon the wooden railing. Between his elbows was a fresh white cut

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in the weather-stained plank, from which a shaving of wood had recently been planed, and on this white space was printed, in pencil:

"I shall not see you again."

He never doubted that the message was for him. He leaned idly upon the rail, reading and re-reading it. A fine warm rain, scarcely more than a mist, was falling through the calm air. The tiny globules powdered his cap and coat, shining like frost dust.

Presently he fumbled in his pocket, found a jack-knife, opened it, and deliberately shaved the writing from the plank. Then in his turn he wrote:

"If you will not see me I shall go to-morrow."

"Let the Beezeley whelp read that and make the most of it," he muttered, turning away with an unaccustomed feeling of wistfulness.

What he longed for he did not know; perhaps for a little of O'Hara's society, so he lighted his pipe and started toward the hotel, his hands deep in his pockets, his tanned cheeks glistening with the fine rain.

After a few moments it occurred to him that he had put it rather strongly; in fact it was an unwarranted and idiotic thing to write. Why in the world should he leave Diamond Spring because a girl, whom he had met three times and spoken to once, refused to meet him again? He hesitated, mused a little, and finally resumed his course. Let it stay as it was; it mattered nothing to him anyway. He would leave the hotel; he would leave the State, too, for that matter; for he was sick and weary of the Carolinas, and of the big hotels filled with invalids who sat in hot baths and drank nasty bottles full of "waters." Would O'Hara go with him? He thought of Claire Weldon and frowned.

"She's spoiled O'Hara, that's what she's done!" he thought, bitterly.

When he came in sight of the hotel he saw Dr. Beezeley pottering about the croquet-ground. When the reverend gentleman walked, his flat feet scraped the gravel and lapped over each other in front, like the toes of a Shanghai rooster.

"Hey," said Dr. Beezeley, "been a-walkin'?"

Edgeworth nodded.

"Want to play croquet?" asked Beezeley, looking at him over his glasses; "it ain't goin' to rain much more."

Edgeworth said he never played croquet.

Beezeley straightened a wicket, hammered a painted stake, and sniffed.

His face, with the bunchy chop-whiskers cut a little close, reminded Edgeworth of the countenance of some big rabbit. The reverend gentleman also had other peculiarities of the species, such as a perpetual appetite and a prehensile lip.

O'Hara hailed Edgeworth from the tennis-courts and he went over, puffing his pipe moodily. But when he found that Tommy intended to invite two girls to make up doubles, Edgeworth flatly refused to play.

"Confound it, Tommy," he said, "you are good enough company for me and I ought to be for you. What's the use of lugging in strangers every minute?"

"Ladies are never strangers," said Tom, airily. "One of them is Miss Weldon."

"That's all right," said Edgeworth, savagely, "but she can't play tennis. Is it a kindergarten you're setting up, Tom O'Hara?"

"Listen to the lad," said O'Hara. "Why, man, I'll go with you where you like, and I'll do what you like—only," he added, "I have an appointment to ride at ten with Miss Weldon."

"Ride then," said Edgeworth, with a scowl, and turned on his heel, leaving O'Hara a sadly puzzled man.

"What the mischief is the matter with me, anyhow?" muttered Edgeworth, striding wrathfully away across the meadow. "Why can't I let Tommy alone with his girl? I'm making a nuisance of myself, I fancy."

The restlessness which possessed him he did not even attempt to analyze. That it was caused by something or somebody outside of himself he was convinced.

"These people here," he thought, "are empty-headed, fashionable dolls — when they're not sanctimonious and vulgar. I'll be hanged if I'm going to spend the time talking platitudes to girls in golf-gowns."

Of course it was their fault that he felt irritable and bored. He thought of his book, "The Origin of the Cherokee Indian," but the prospect of shutting himself in

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his room to drive a pen over reams of foolscap, had small attraction for him. The rain had ceased, the heavy perfumed air, vague with vapor, oppressed him, and he looked up at the mountains half veiled in mist. But climbing was out of the question—he didn't know exactly why—but it was clearly out of the question. He would not go fishing either; neither would he read. What was there left to do? Nothing—except to go back to the foot-bridge.

So when at last, by the highways and byways of cogitation, he had completed the circle, and had arrived at the point from which he started, he found that his legs had secured the precedence of his brain, for already they were landing him at the foot-bridge.

He was really a little surprised when he found himself there. He stepped to the railing to find his inscription. Somebody had shaved it off with a knife, and in its place was written:

"Good-by."

It was then that Jim Edgeworth experienced a most amazing, not to say painful sensation. It started in the region of the heart, and, before he was aware, it began to affect his throat.

"Good-by."

He looked stupidly at the word, repeating it aloud once or twice. Presently he pulled out his knife and hacked away the writing with a misty idea that it might bother him less when it was obliterated. On the contrary it bothered him more than ever. A desire possessed him to go away; but when he pictured himself in a train rushing northward, the prospect was not as alluring as he felt it should be. Perhaps it was because he knew O'Hara would not go with him.

"The devil take Tom O'Hara!" he blurted out.

The effect of this outburst did not soothe him; it did, however, frighten a small hedge-sparrow nearly to death.

He looked up at the sun-warped signpost on the end of the bridge. It bore the following valuable information:

Hog Mountain..... 6 miles.
Buzzard Run..... 10 "

Red Rock..... 1 mile.
Yo Espero..... 3 miles.

"Yo Espero!" he repeated aloud.

There was a step on the creaking planks behind him—a light step—but he heard it.

They faced each other for a moment in silence. The sun shone out of the mist above and tinged the edges of his hair with a mellow radiance.

"Come," she said, "we can't stay here!"

"Where—then?"

Their eyes met. Her lips were slightly parted; perhaps she had walked fast, for her breast rose and fell irregularly. In that silent exchange of glances each read for one brief second a line in the book of fate; each read—but whether they understood or not God knows, for they smiled at each other and turned away, side by side, into the forest.

IV

"Yo Espero, Yo Espero!"

Asleep, awake, the words haunted him, night and day they rang in his ears; "Yo Espero, Yo Espero." The brooks sang it; in the hot mid-day the cadence of the meadow creatures took it up; the orioles repeated it across the fields, the thrushes hymn was for her alone—"Yo Espero, Yo Espero."

Days dawned and vanished, brief as the flash of a firefly wing—for him. The locust-trees powdered the greensward with white blossoms; the laurel, dainty and conventional, spread its flowered cambric out to dry, and the dogwood leaves drifted through the forest like snow-flakes.

O'Hara, the triumphant affianced of Claire, provoked the wrath of all unaffianced gods and men. He simply mooned. Guests arrived and guests left the Diamond Spring Hotel, but the Beezeley's stayed on forever. There were captains and colonels and generals from the South; the names of Fairfax and Marmaduke and Carter and Stuart were heard in corridor and card-room. There were Rittenhouses and Appletons and Van Burens, too, and the flat bleat of Philadelphia echoed the colorless jargon of Boston and the semi-civilized accent of New York.

It was the middle of May. The catbirds had ceased their music and now haunted the garden, mewing from every thicket. A blue-jay, ominous prophet of

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distant autumn, screamed viciously at the great belted kingfishers, but wisely avoided these dagger-billed birds, and also the occasional cock-of-the-woods that flew into the oak grove and tapped all day on the loose bark.

Edgeworth loved all these creatures. A few weeks previous he hadn't cared twopence for them. But now it was different; he felt at home with all the world; he smiled knowingly at the thrushes, he nodded gayly to the great blue heron, and laughed when that dignified but snobbish biped cut him dead. Flowers, too, he was on good terms with; he haunted the woods, now all ablaze with azalias, he sat among blue and violet larkspurs and felt that he was among friends. The little wood-violets peeped up at him fearlessly; they knew he would never pick them; the big orange lady-slippers arranged themselves neatly two by two as he passed, but he laughingly disregarded their offers. True, the girl at his side—for he never rambled alone—was worthy of such self-sacrifice on the part of any lady-slipper, orange or maroon.

The girl at his side was Yo Espero.

"Io," he said, as they lay in the forest on the heights above Diamond Spring, "can you realize it all? I scarcely can. Was it yesterday, was it last week—was it years ago that I said good-morning to you there on our bridge?"

"Jim, I don't know."

Her hair had fallen down and she flung it like a glistening veil from her face. She lay full length across the soft pine-needles, her scarlet lips parted, tearing bits of flame-colored azalia blossoms from a cluster at her belt.

"See the lizards," said Edgeworth, sitting up beside her, "see them race over the dry leaves! There! They've run up a tree! Look, Io."

"I see," she said. But she was looking up at him.

He bent over her and kissed her, both hands clasped in hers.

"You didn't look at all," he said.

"Didn't I?" whispered Yo Espero.

It was true that she had not looked. When her eyes were not fastened upon his face they were closed.

So he sat smiling down at her, with her slim fingers twisted in his; and that shadow of wistfulness that ever hovers close to happiness fell over his eyes. And he said: "Do you ever regret—anything—Io?"

She smiled faintly.

"No—nothing, dear."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are happy?"

"Yes."

What had she to regret? She loved him. To him she came, sick at heart for the companionship which she had never known. He had delivered her from her loneliness. First she listened to him with the fierce happiness of the lonely; then she idolized him; then she loved him. Love was all she had to give; and she gave it, even before he asked—gave it without thought or regret.

"Do you know," he said, "that you have the prettiest hands in the world?"

"Have I?"

"Don't you know it?"

She raised one hand indolently and placed the fingers across his lips.

"What do I care?" she said.

"But I care," he whispered; "to think that you—all, all of you, with your beautiful eyes and your neck and your lips and these two little hands, are mine—all mine!"

"And that brown hair above me—is mine—isn't it?" murmured the girl; "I never asked you before, but don't—don't I own some of you, too? I have given you all of myself."

It was little to ask; the question was a new one though, and he suddenly began to wonder how much of him she did own. He looked at her curiously as she lay there, her innocent face upturned, her young figure flung across the pine-needle matting of the forest. Her eyes told him she loved him; every line and curve of her sweet body solemnized the vow.

"Io," he said, "all of me that is worth owning you own."

"This hand?" she asked, locking her fingers in his.

"Both," he said.

"Everything? All—all?"

"All, Yo Espero."

"You never said so—before."

"I say it now; all! all! all!"

. . . . . .

"We will go to Silver Mine Creek," said Yo Espero, "and we will fish there for a

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little fish. There are bass in the French Broad, and you shall catch them from the rifts below Deepwater Bridge. We will gallop on horseback to Painted Sands, and we will go to Bubbling Spring. All this will take time, you know; but you are never going away, are you? Hush! I could not live until sunrise. Then, in the fall, we will go across to the little Hurricane, where there are deer. You shall shoot a great wild-turkey, also! Dear me! What can a man ask for more? And then there are teal and mallard on the French Broad before the ice has bridged the Little Red Horse. You will love the South."

"Yes, dear," he answered, soberly—but his eyes were turned to the North.

"I know lots of springs in the forest," she said, watching his face.

"And blockade stills?" he smiled.

She laughed outright and sat up, gathering her heavy hair into a twist.

"There is one within a few steps of where we sit; you could never find it," she said, tauntingly.

"Oho!" he exclaimed, "whose?"

"Zeke's," said the girl, "I could go to it in two minutes. Hark! was that a gunshot from the valley?"

"I think it was," he said; "it came from that way," and he pointed to the west.

"From Painted Mountain! Did it sound like a rifle, Jim?"

Her eyes were bright. Two red spots glowed on either cheek.

"I don't know, dear, why?"

As he spoke he rose and stepped back two paces. And as he took the second step there came a whirr, a girl's scream, and a rattlesnake struck him twice above the ankle.

For one second the forest swam before his eyes; then a cold sweat started from the roots of his hair, and he bent and picked up a stick, shaking in every limb. It was over in a moment; the snake lay dead, shuddering and twisting among the rocks, but it was Yo Espero who had crushed it, and now she turned to him a face as bloodless as his own.

"Wait!" she panted, "there's whiskey at Zeke's!" and she sprang across the mountain-side and vanished among the thickets.

He bent over and tore down his stocking; then his head whirled and he sank trembling upon the ground.

As he lay there great throbs of pain swept through him in waves, succeeded by momentary numbness; and through the mist of faintness, and the delirium of pain he heard the dead snake thumping among the leaves. Then all was one great thrill of agony; but, as his senses reeled again, a touch fell upon his arm and he heard her voice:

"Drink—quickly—all—all you can!"

And he did, blindly, guided by her arm. She held the demijohn until his head fell back.

The girl knelt, ripped her own sleeve from wrist to shoulder and stared at her round white arm. Two blue marks, close together, capped the summit of a terrible swelling, and she cried out once for help. Then with all the strength that remained she dragged the demijohn to her mouth and stretched out on the ground, the crystal clear liquor running between her teeth. She tried hard to swallow. Once she murmured: "I knew there was not enough for both—I guess there isn't much left; I guess—it's—too late——"

After a minute or two she wandered in her delirium, but still she swallowed desperately until the demijohn rolled away from her nerveless grasp and she seemed to lose consciousness. With the last spark of understanding left in her numbed brain, she turned over and stretched out, her lips against his face.

Zeke found them. Whether it was the smell of blockade whiskey, coupled with the absence of his demijohn, or whether it was Providence, cannot be successfully argued here. But he found them, and he carried them into his ramshackle cabin and laid them side by side across his mattress.

After he had looked at them for half an hour's absolute silence he spat the remains of a hard chewed quid into a corner, picked up his gun and wended his way down the mountain-side to the Diamond Spring Hotel.

Here he was promptly arrested by two pale-faced revenue officers, and here, for the first time, he learned that Clyde, the tenant of Yo Espero on Painted Mountain, had been shot dead, two hours before, for resisting arrest at the hands of United States officers.

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The hotel was in commotion, but when Zeke drawled out his story, panic reigned supreme, and the Beezeleys started in a body for Zeke's hut. How they got lost on the mountain and were frightened by snakes, and how Dr. Samuel Meeke headed a rescue party in their behalf, has no place in this story—nor, I imagine, in any story. O'Hara went on Zeke's bond, and Zeke, followed by O'Hara and the proprietor of the Diamond Spring Hotel, started for the blockader's burrow. The proprietor's name was Eph Doom, but, unlike his namesake, nothing about him was sealed, not even his lips, and he chattered continually until Zeke drawled out: "Shet up yew damfool mewl of misery!"

Once O'Hara spoke:

"You left them both lying across your bed, Zeke?"

"'Bout a foot apart," drawled Zeke.

But when O'Hara burst into the cabin, he cried: "Thank God!" For they were in each other's arms.

. . . . . .

And that is all there is to say.

Eph Doom recounts a great deal more; he tells how those two striplings, dazed by alcohol and numbed with poison, clung together blindly; he tells how he, personally, drove a shoal of Beezeleys and Meekes and Dills from the door of the cabin, and he relates with fire how young Edgeworth sat up—giddy, pale, trembling—and demanded that he, Ephraim Doom, should, as a Justice of the Peace, then and there instantly unite in holy wedlock James Edgeworth and Yo Espero Clyde. Which he did not do, because O'Hara whispered: "Wait till he's sober." How Zeke escaped the clutches of the law needs a story by itself.

How Dr. Samuel Meeke and Mrs. Dill—but that is scandal.

How Yo Espero and Edgeworth loved is all that concerns this story.

UNAWARE

By H. C. Bunner

I WOULD not have you so kindly
Thus early in friendship's year—
A little too gently, blindly,
You let me near.

So long as my voice is duly
Calm as a friend's should be,
In my eyes the hunger unruly
You will not see.

The eyes that you lift so brightly,
Frankly to welcome mine—
You bend them again as lightly
And note no sign.

I had rather your pale cheek reddened
With the flush of an angry pride—
That a look with disliking deadened
My gaze defied.

If so in the Spring's full season
Your glance should soften and fall,
When, reckless with fever's unreason,
I tell you all.

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Concert on Board an Atlantic Liner.

THE ART OF TRAVEL

OCEAN CROSSINGS

By Lewis Morris Iddings

THERE are more Atlantic crossings than the man of average information might think. Nearly thirty companies, big and little, send steam-ships which carry passengers from New York to Europe, but the guide-books mark only ten with a star. Other lines run from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston; perhaps fifty in all from the Eastern ports of the United States; and steamers ply also from Canadian cities. From England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, ships are sent regularly across the Atlantic to South America — fine ones, too. Not all of these companies make the carrying of travellers a regular business, yet on most steam-ships, wherever bound, it is possible to take passage in one way or another, although one must often be entered on the ship's papers as a member of the crew, and receive a shilling in wages at the end of the voyage. It is reasonably

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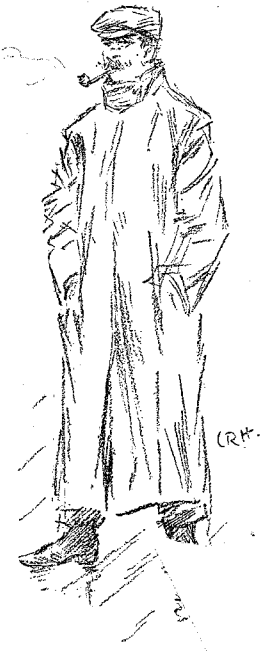
easy to secure quarters on many sailing vessels, if a slow voyage is required for the sake of health or escape from the law. But most people, when contemplating a trip to Europe, assume that they must cross in one of the big, fast ships belonging to one of the half-dozen great companies. Passage in them costs much money—from fifty dollars to several hundred dollars for a single berth; but the voyage is the shortest from land to land, and quick time has a wonderful attraction for the modern man. The boats on some of the less conspicuous and cheaper lines offer entirely comfortable quarters, good food, and sufficient service; but Fashion has large influence in one's choice of a ship, as in everything else. There is the feeling, too, that on the best and newest vessels one will find the latest and most approved appliances for safety which might be lacking on older and smaller ships. One likes also to be insured against dangerous freight, and perhaps against too many immigrants.



A Globe Trotter.

The North Atlantic is a rough ocean and has a bad reputation for wrecks and other accidents, although, perhaps, its casualties are not more numerous in proportion to the number of craft sailing over it than elsewhere. Indeed, when one takes into consideration the careful construction of the ships, the skill with which they are handled and navigated, and the absence on the route of reefs, currents, and other natural points of danger even in approaching harbor (save in the English Channel and the North Sea), a voyage from North America to Europe may be regarded as the safest in the world. Except in a fog there is almost no danger; and with real water-tight compartments, as now built, even collisions in fog with icebergs, derelicts, or other ships are not certain to be fatal. There was the Arizona, for instance, which struck an iceberg fairly as could be, in 1887, and yet was kept afloat by her water-tight compartments; and since that day the construction of these bulk-heads has been greatly improved. Now they have no doors to be found open when the accident comes. One cannot think without pain of the number of small fishing-boats on the Banks which are cut down and sunk by the great steamships in their rapid course, which the public never knows of because they are seldom reported; but the danger to the passengers on the big ships is certainly almost none at all.

As for comfort, ordinary quarters afloat now are better than the best of a few years ago, and cheaper; while the best that can be had for money simply amount to lying on beds of flowery ease, and getting there almost without effort; so that the only evil inherent in Atlantic voyages to-day is sea-sickness. Bad air, cramped spaces, and too little privacy are annoyances practically eliminated, and danger from fire nearly disappeared when electric lighting was introduced in ships built of iron and steel. There is less of danger and discomfort in an Atlantic voyage than in the railway journey between New York and San Francisco; this is true, although, taking the world over, three or four ships are lost at sea every week in the year.

Ocean routes from Europe to South America do not especially concern the American traveller; but if one wants to go to the southern hemisphere from the United States he will wisely sail to England first, and thence to Rio Janeiro or the ports of Argentina, or perhaps to the West Indies. The Royal Mail of England certainly sends out magnificent ships to these ports. They have comfortable cabins, large, airy state-rooms, much deck space, excellent table and service, and no great crowd. It is three weeks from Southampton to Buenos Ayres, sailing over summer seas all the way, except perhaps in crossing the Bay of Biscay,

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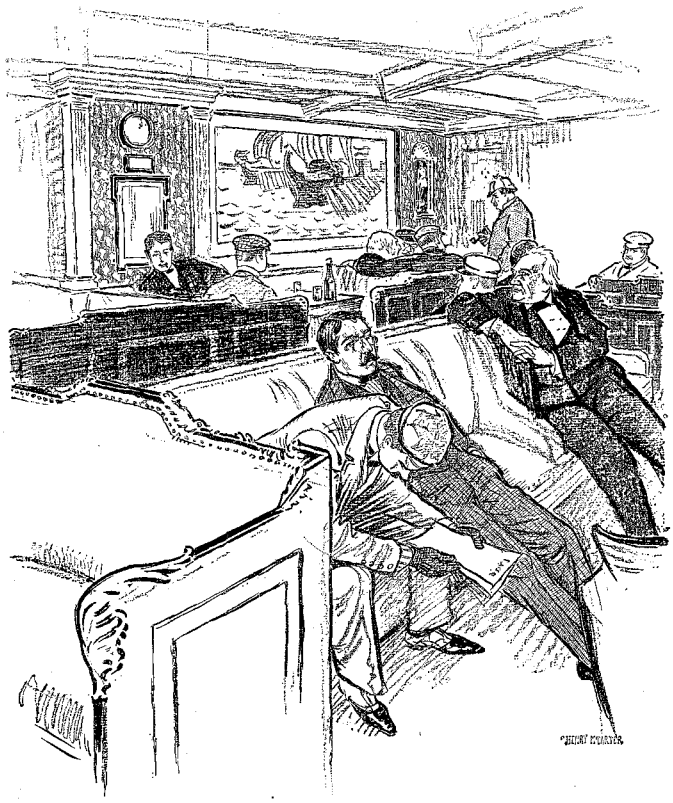
and the heat is seldom great even in crossing the equator. In these voyages, therefore, lies the opportunity of the traveller who is seeking a long, agreeable sea-passage. An objection is, that unless one can put up with the hardship of crossing South America to Chili (part of the way on mule-back), or going around Cape Horn, the voyage to Buenos Ayres or Rio leads nowhere beyond, and one must eventually return to the port of departure. From New York to Buenos Ayres *via* England, and return, would occupy about two months. Many islands of the West Indies are also best reached from the United States by the way of England.

The boats of the Allan Line, of Canada, for instance, are most acceptable, safe, and well patronized; but if the Dominion is ever to have a great line of fast ships, for which she is ambitious, it must start from some actual seaport like Halifax, and not from Montreal or Quebec. The part of the voyage which now must be made on the St. Lawrence River is sure to be foggy, so that to go safely the ships cannot steam fast at all. It is true that the farther north one goes on the Atlantic the narrower that ocean is east and west, and the shorter the voyage from land to land. But during most of the year it would be an awfully bad crossing.



The dull hours in the smoking-room.

The southern route, recently established by the German steamships from New York to Genoa and other Italian ports, has grown rapidly in public favor. It is not a quick trip, because the fast ships have agreed to keep their time down to that of the slow boats; but one may now, in two weeks, enjoy a stroll in America, Africa, and Europe. Twelve or thirteen

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days are required to reach Genoa, pretty generally over a comfortable sea. There is more sociability afloat on these voyages than farther north—but that would not be a point in their favor in the eyes of many; and an element of discomfort is the irrepressible brass band. Not only is it an advantage to be able to cross to Europe in the winter months with increased chances of better weather than may be expected between New York and England or France at that season, but the latter part of the trip offers some features of interest to a mind not entirely bored through. One sees, for instance, the islands of the Azores, which look barren enough, and which indeed are so incapable of furnishing subsistence for the 250,000 inhabitants that the Portuguese Government periodically compels some of them to remove to the main-land. It is also permitted to disembark at Gibraltar and remain until the next steamer of the line comes along. This suggests a trip into Spain, which would be agreeable if the climate were good in the winter season, and if Spanish railway trains did not, as a rule, start at four o'clock in the morning; and it allows a visit in Tangier, three hours away in Africa. A friend of mine who undertook last winter to remain in Tangier paid $1,000 to get away in a cattle-boat bound for Marseilles. It was that or the cholera. So far as I have heard no one has yet been drowned in trying to go ashore at Gibraltar in the tender, which is too often crowded, and sometimes swept by the waves; but this immunity is due to God's mercy and not to the company's care. By leaving the steam-ship at Naples the traveller can go for delightful days, south to Sorrento, Amalfi, or to Sicily, or north to Rome, Venice, Florence, and Vienna; then travel through Switzerland to France or Germany, and home again without retracing his footsteps. It seems to me that the opening of this route has added much to the value of life for Americans of leisure and wealth. They can now divide their time to an ideal schedule: spend the late fall and the early and mid-winter in New York; sail away late in January to Genoa; stay on the Riviera or in the south of France during February and March (the greatest swells and the greatest blacklegs of Europe are then in Monte Carlo); move on to Paris in May, to London in June, and return early in July to enjoy an American summer home in the mountains or by the sea, until it is time to go back to the city in the autumn. This arrangement allows the giddy devotee of fashion and pleasure to be constantly in a good climate, where the high season is continuously in full force, and to fulfil all the pressing duties of life in the right place and at the right time — except perhaps the purchase in Paris, in September, of the winter's wardrobe. This is, indeed, a serious objection to my scheme, for, as everyone knows, woman's summer clothes are not often so important as the winter's outfit.

Grandeur—Her Triumph.

There are really no steamships in the world comparable with the best of those plying between New York

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and Europe, not even on the lines of the Royal Mail already referred to; and if one's ideas of comfort afloat are founded upon what is offered on the Teutonic, for instance, he is sure to find travelling anywhere else a decided hardship. One hears much about the splendid ships steaming to the East Indies, to Australia, to China, and Japan. They are not splendid at all. A good place to form ideas on this point is at Marseilles in France. This is a great port of international travel, and ships from all parts of the world touch there. The visitor at Marseilles, therefore, may be much interested if, on steamer day, he goes down to see the people off to the British Colonies, to China, to Africa, or to South America. The ships are actually large and comfortable; but those which are referred to in the advertisements as splendid or magnificent will strike the Atlantic traveller as quite the reverse. Limited deck space and contracted public cabins, even when the state-rooms are of some size, will not look attractive after the quarters offered on the best North Atlantic ships. The Suez Canal is largely responsible for the comparative smallness of many of these vessels, because it will not take ships of more than a certain draught. Sometimes one may recognize a vessel which was once acceptable as an Atlantic liner, but now sails on distant seas under a new name. Such, for instance, is the Nuremberg, now afloat on the China Sea, but in 1874 a North German Lloyd steamship sailing between Baltimore and Southampton, and an excellent one, too. Like hers is the fate of many other once popular ships between New York and European ports, and possibly it is not remote today from the excellent Britannic and Germanic.

The main Atlantic crossing, after all is said for the others, is still between New York and the ports of England, northern France, and Germany. And since the early springtime in Europe is as agreeable as it unfortunately is otherwise in America, the rush of travel eastward is greatest at that season. The wise traveller therefore makes up his mind about a date early in the preceding winter. The announcements of sailings run so far ahead that it is possible to select the very steam-ship preferred long in advance. Not that one is most comfortable to go with the crowd. On the contrary, a leading principle in the art of travelling which an intelligent man evolves early in his experience, is to go ahead of the crowd, or behind it. If one must start in the spring or early summer, it is best de-

Decadence—a Day Later.

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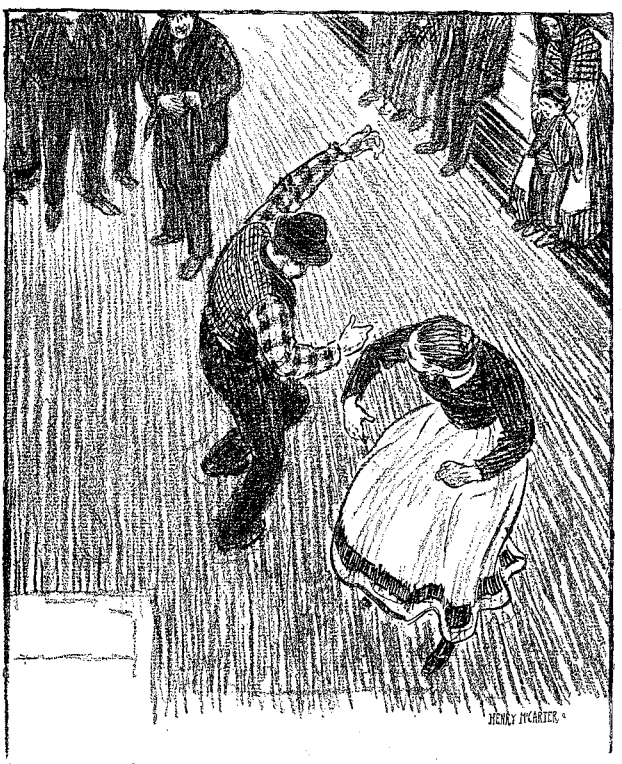
cided in December, and passage promptly engaged. Many berths are taken even in October or November. It requires strength of character to make plans so far in advance; but the pains of indecision are justly increased when the date of sailing is left undetermined long after the voyage is once decided upon. It is all very well to go abroad with the intention of drifting about as one is inclined; but for comfort it is essential that the date of sailing thither and hither shall be settled long in advance. He is a poor traveller who does not know his own mind on these points. The financial risk is small, because the agents are able easily to resell the privilege at the last moment. It has been said that there is occasionally speculation in berths on the best ships, to be sold at an advance just before the day of sailing, but the assertion is hardly true except of a few agents. Even more important is the early selection of a date for sailing home. Ships steaming westward are crowded in September and early October, and if one wishes to return comfortably in those months, passage must be engaged not later than March. It is often easy, however, to get one of the very expensive rooms just before the day of departure. If the traveller has a return ticket in his pocket, it is well enough to learn what berths are disengaged before mentioning the fact; otherwise the agent will be apt to offer him small choice, and keep the best rooms for those people who are in a position to decline passage if the state-rooms do not suit them.

It is quite impossible to say which is the best month for sailing. One is liable to suffer from an exceedingly bad passage at any time; and yet often when the worst is expected it does not come. The chances against good weather are greatest perhaps from the middle of September to the first of November, and in February and March. Yet I have crossed in October and December when it was like summer, and the worst storm I ever met was in July. It is a mistaken notion that the best time may be made on a perfectly smooth sea. What is wanted to allow the engines to do their best is a fair head-wind, which strengthens the draft in the furnaces and keeps the stokers from dying.



Steerage Diversions.

When the day of sailing from the home port arrives, the expert traveller goes on board certainly an hour before the scheduled time of departure. To borrow the style of Baedeker: His hand-baggage should consist of two rugs of the warmest possible kind—one to sit on, one to throw over him, done up in a canvas cover. This is now the improved form of shawl-strap; and holds besides the rugs, a greatcoat and a mackintosh, and overshoes, with very warm gloves in the outside pocket, together with a book or two. The North Atlantic is apt to be a boisterous, cold, and rainy place even in the warm-

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The Chaperones' Review of the Day; while their charges are safe on deck.

est months of the year, and one must be prepared to dress warmly to be comfortable. Some elaborate travellers now use a bag made of rugs into which they put themselves, feet foremost, before being deposited in their steamer-chairs. The trouble is in getting out again; but such a bag is good for children. Canes and umbrellas are strapped together; and rugs, hat-box, and sticks, three bundles in all, are not so heavy but that one may carry them on or off himself, if a porter cannot be found. Other necessaries for a week go in the steamer trunk, plainly marked "Cabin" or "Wanted," though access is now allowed on almost all ships to big baggage in the hold an hour each morning. No man can tell what the feminine traveller would consider as indispensable hand-baggage, but women need warmer wrappings than men, and an outside garment lined with fur must be the greatest possible comfort. A man with ladies in his travelling train may scorn, but he will occasionally enjoy a hot-water bag, and such advantages as a spirit-lamp offers; as, for instance, freshly boiled water for tea or toddy.

After seeing to it personally that his cabin baggage has been placed in the right state-room, and agreeing with the bath steward as to the hour for a morning bath, the old hand at travelling, whose ways we are now considering, returns to the pier to register his baggage for the hold, if that was not already done at his house. One checks his trunks at the steamer or at home now, just as if preparing for a railway journey; but instead of several ounces of brass tablets, one receives a paper receipt, a much more convenient article. Since we now have checks and labels showing the initial of the family name, furnished by the company, it is no longer so necessary as formerly to decorate the baggage fantastically with red, yellow, or blue stripes, or stars or crescents, or other device of a striking kind. It was a long time before this system of registration was adopted by the steamship companies, but even the English agents now admit its convenience. Yet the ocean traveller, all ready to sail, wisely ascertains, if he can, that the baggage has been received, or at least is not in sight on the pier. If he travels on a steamboat train from Paris or London, he should never lose sight of trunks or bags until they are all put in the van in his presence; and no one but the head of the party can be trusted to write or tie on tags. Leave it to the best of servants, and the steamer-trunk will surely be marked for the hold. On the way to his state-room to arrange his effects before the ship starts, so that he may have leisure on deck at that interesting moment, our expert may drop into the cabin to count any baskets of flowers, or read the telegrams which are awaiting him, and pause for a word with the chief steward about a seat at the table. This conversation is not likely to be satisfactory, for the rule with the steward appears to be, first come worst served, so that he may be able to arrange people better a little later, and thus, by seeming to favor them, establish his claim to a larger fee. At some offices in Europe a seat at the table may be engaged several days in advance, and it is worth while to

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try to do so both at home and abroad. There is less effort now to get a place at the captain's table than formerly; perhaps because the struggle therefor was once so fierce, and success therein so barren of real distinction that a reaction has set in. Atlantic captains have not grown in sociability of late years. Two or three of them, who once enjoyed great reputation for politeness to the ladies, suddenly found themselves relieved from their positions for mere nominal reasons, and perhaps the rest of them thought this was a hint to the wise to attend more exclusively to business. A great deal of solemnity of reputation doth hedge about the captain of an Atlantic liner, which often has no reason except mere tradition. These officers are supposed to be impressed, or even oppressed, by the sense of responsibility for human life which rests upon them; some of them certainly realize it, and some of them apparently do not. There is good authority for saying that, one day, on a great ship, in the early spring of 1896, when the doctor had a punch in his room to celebrate his birthday, the captain and most of the officers drank too much. Two passengers, who of all the ship's load, had been invited to the entertainment, soon left the state-room in indignation at the spectacle. The lax discipline which the captains of one line, at least, allow on board makes a passenger shudder at the thought of the scenes which would be enacted if an accident compelled crew and passengers to take to the boats. And what shall be said of the captains who race their ships or do not go slowly in foggy or rough weather? Are not the tidal waves we occasionally hear of merely one big wave followed quickly by another which the ship rushed forward to meet before the first one had passed over the vessel? If to sit at the captain's table binds one to defend the captain's reputation under all circumstances, it is an honor not to be ardently sought. The day will come, perhaps, when the captain and his principal officers will not trouble themselves to sit at the tables with the passengers, but will be served in their own dining-room, so that no social temptations may ever come in their way. The safe conduct of a great ship is enough for them to undertake.

Continental Tourists.

A real cabin advantage is a seat near the entrance facing with the ship, from which, or into which, one can slip in a hurry without disturbing anyone else. Another good position at table is on a sofa where one can lean back against the side of the vessel. The regular cabin seat is an uncomfortable pivotal affair, but the table steward will sometimes remove it, if requested, and give one an ordinary straight-backed chair. These little matters having been at least started toward arrangement, the shrewd voyager puts his state-room in complete order and gets into his sea clothes. His brushes, combs, slippers, bath-gown, and the like should now be so distributed that, sick or well, he can find everything without trouble upon returning below deck to sleep or suffer. These tasks are the business of valet or maid, when one commands the services of such a person, and then the master has nothing to do except to loiter on deck; but comparatively few Americans travel with body-servants. It is not with that class in mind that the big ships are arranged. A good maid, courier, or valet can easily be engaged upon arriving abroad, if a little inquiry is under-

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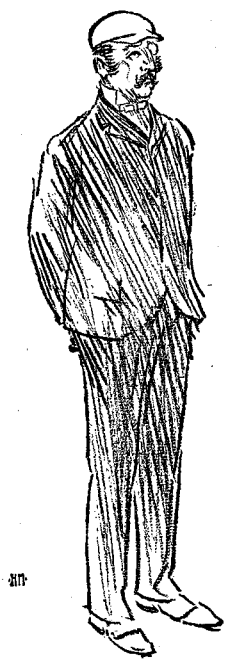
taken. Questions among one's friends who have recently returned from Europe generally will discover the addresses of such persons; or travellers' agencies will supply them; or the proprietors of hotels suggest means of finding them.

Being now all ready for actual departure, the expert mounts above again and points out to the deck steward his steamer-chair, perhaps with the remark that if it is found every morning in a nicely sheltered position, out of the wind, and in a sunny or shady spot, and if the rugs are properly looked after and dried, such service will be properly rewarded. A nominally separate company now supplies steamer-chairs at fifty cents or a dollar a voyage, to be hired from the deck steward on board, or at the steamship company's office previously. These are numbered, tied with a tag from which the rain quickly washes the renter's name, and should be immediately decorated by the owner with a piece of bright ribbon, so as to be found at a glance. To hire a chair is a distinct gain over carting one's own about, to and from the ship, and storing it abroad until the return voyage; but the steamship companies themselves ought to provide deck-chairs without extra cost; they are as essential to the passenger's comfort as seats anywhere else on the boat. This is a point of grave discussion at sea, and it is common to hear it often, and vehemently asserted, that no particular chair should belong to any particular person; but that when chairs are once placed on deck, any one should be at liberty to take the unoccupied seat which pleases him. Every passenger in such case would have to be taxed for his seat when buying his ticket, or the people who did not hire would be the first to drop into some one else's chair. It all returns, therefore, to the point that the company should supply free a chair for each passenger; then one could sit where he could find place, and worry nobody else. Under the present arrangements, even, a good many passengers are enabled to show their inexperience in travelling, not to say their innate lack of good breeding, by sitting in other people's places, or by moving other people's chairs without permission, when once they have been arranged for the day, thus forcing the owner to ask the usurper to rise. Such a request is not agreeable to make, but people who easily infringe on others' rights are not generally of the kind who are sensitive, or who suffer deeply when rebuked. Of course, if it is a big, fast ship, greatly crowded, one will probably have to take his chair as he finds it every day.



The man who speaks to no one.

Finally, the time has come for fond adieus, lingering farewells, or for writing another word of good-by to somebody in the interior, which may go ashore with the pilot; and as the kind attentions of one's friends are exceedingly grateful to the right-minded traveller, it is best for a popular man to be on shipboard even two hours before sailing. Pretty girls do not often travel alone, so that while the parent or chaperon is below struggling with the state-room's disorder, or superintending a maid, they are properly on deck, the centre of affectionate and admiring groups. It is customary for a certain class of Americans, who have crossed the ocean at least as often as twice, to say that they prefer that no one shall go to see them off; but there never can cease to be the feeling in every really human breast that, just before sailing out of the busy world, and away from all communication with it, for a week or more, it is cheering to hear affectionate words and kind wishes. The bunches of flowers are thrown overboard and the stewards may eat the choice fruit rather than see it rot, but the memories of affectionate good-byes will last until

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the voyage is well begun or nearly finished, nay, sometimes until one is safely landed on foreign soil.

When once the big ship has struck its regular gait on the regular ocean swell, the novice easily learns that he is at sea. Experienced travellers, women especially, often give up at this point, and lie quietly in their berths for twenty-four hours. There is no sure preventive of sea-sickness which I know, except to go to sea so often that finally the motion is not noticed. A strong will may hasten the cure, but it cannot greatly delay the inevitable nor hold the elements down; nor will champagne, nor brandy, nor a piece of writing-paper carefully put over the pit of the stomach, serve to this end. To be in good condition before sailing (to which a one-grain calomel pill swallowed two nights previous may contribute), and to eat a little plain food often when on board, so that the stomach is not empty, aid recovery. The most disconsolate, if they can be persuaded to it, often rally on hot gruel with a little salt in it. Most important of all, after a day below, is to get on deck; then a glass of champagne and ice may be acceptable. There can be no general rule applicable. Each man must work out his own cure for sea-sickness, but fresh air is essential. Seasickness lessens one's value of conventionalities. The Bishop once seeing a very miserably sick woman, sitting on a bench on deck, with the head of a much sicker-looking man, presumably her husband, lying in her lap, was touched to the heart, and felt that he must do something to relieve so much misery. Approaching, with sympathy in his face and manner, he asked the woman if he could do anything to relieve her discomfort. "No, thanks," she replied, without raising her eyes, "it's no use!" "But let me get something for your husband; he seems very wretched," continued the Bishop. At this the woman lifted her eyes, but spoke without emotion. "He isn't my husband," she said, "never saw him before." Then she resumed her indifferent attitude and expression, and the Bishop withdrew.

One may perhaps venture to refer to such clothes as are put on at sea because that certainly is not talking about the fashions. Formerly people wore their old things on shipboard, and presented the general appearance of guys. This is still done with impunity, but since the voyage has been cut down to six days, half of which may be spent in one's berth, less effort is made to get a little more wear out of well-worn garments. Knickerbockers and sweaters, short skirts and gaiters are rather smart on deck if the weather is fine. The aged female sticks to her hood, and sometimes the pretty ones as well. It is the most suitable head-gear for women at sea, for it defies the penetrating wind, and there certainly is no comfort on deck unless one is warm. Gloves which come up high on the wrist are indispensable. A black coat and fair linen on a man at dinner respond sufficiently to the very slight attempts at dressing which ladies deem in good taste. Unless one has a sturdy stomach, diving into a trunk and making a toilet have a disturbing effect. It is on the homeward voyage, when the ship is going to her pier, that gay hats and pretty dresses make the decks bright, and when normal man returns to tall hats and new gloves and a cane.

Perhaps the use of the incandescent electric light, next to larger cabins, is the greatest improvement on shipboard in behalf of the traveller's comfort. It is only a few years ago

Channel

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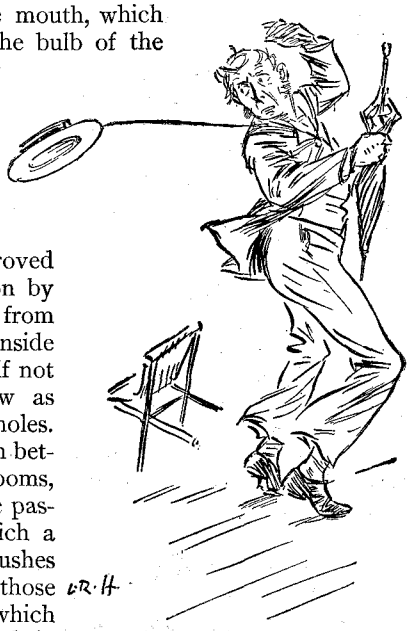
that the state-rooms on the best ships were lighted by a candle burning dimly in a triangular glass lantern set in the partitions between the rooms. Miserable as it was, the light was only allowed to burn until eleven o'clock. Now one may have a fine illumination at any time, without danger of fire, by merely turning a button. The light is so bright sometimes that it is often well to have on hand a black silk or cambric bag, with an elastic cord running around the mouth, which may be slipped on the bulb of the electric burner, in order to give a subdued effect in the state-room for the benefit of some sea-sick person. Electricity for light, and the improved means of ventilation by forcing down air from above, have made inside state-rooms nearly, if not quite, as good now as those with port-holes. Indeed there is often better air in the inside rooms, situated next to the passage-way, down which a current of fresh air rushes all the time, than in those cabins with ports which can only be opened in good weather. Unless one is sick he is only in his cabin to sleep and dress; and if he is sick, so long as the air is good his misery is no greater in a state-room without a port than in one with two. Rooms on the south side of the ship as she crosses are the best. That is the side that the sun shines on, and it always seems to be less wave-beaten than to the north; one's chances of having the port open, if the weather is tolerable at all, are therefore better. On the big ships there are state-rooms on four decks: the promenade deck, from which one can slip into the open air at once; the *salon* deck, where the public rooms and the officers' cabins are, and also most of the bad smells; the main deck, given up almost entirely to state-rooms; and the lower deck, where people do not stay unless they must. Down there is the least motion; but this advantage is offset by the least fresh air. The main deck is a compromise between motion and air. When a ship is high between decks, the stairs must be considered, and they are so serious a drawback to some people that to be on the level with the dining-cabin, or to have only one flight to descend to meals from the promenade, is a highly prized advantage. On the upper two decks the ports can generally remain open except in the very roughest weather; but the higher one is there is more motion, and in winter these deck rooms are often too cold, just as in summer the heat may be too great on the decks below. All these points, as well as the price, are to be considered seriously in the selection of a berth by those who suffer much from sea-sickness, and the decision must always be a compromise between economy and comfort. To a very good sailor, as I have already said, it does not matter much where he sleeps provided he has air enough. Yet a room to one's self is worth the price it costs to get it, generally one and a half fare. In some ships the sofa berth, when made up, is as comfortable as any, but generally this is not the case. The regular lower berth is the thing, and an experienced traveller always stipulates that he shall have it. I have been told that on some ships sailing to hot countries the mattresses are air mattresses, which must be very fine. In regard to ventilation, notwithstanding all that has been said in favor of inside rooms, it should be added that in some of the finest ships of late construction there is a patent ventilator in every state-room, or every other state-room, which furnishes air from without, even when the ports are closed. When this convenience exists there is no doubt of the superiority of outside rooms over inside rooms.



Convenience to the bath is a consideration of value and amidships there is the

Scenes.

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least motion. Yet at that point the noise and vibration due to the powerful machinery may try one's nerves. The recoil from the strokes of the engine often suggests that the ship is likely to fall in two. This was the danger in one of the fine great ships now so popular. After her trial voyage across the ocean she had to be strengthened amidships by forty huge stanchions: and still she shakes awfully.

It is hardly worth while to complain about giving fees to servants on one's travels when fees are expected and given in the house of one's friends. Indeed the custom had its origin in the middle ages, when the lord of the castle willingly offered the traveller shelter and food, but whose servants reasonably expected to be paid for the extra work which devolved upon them. Gratuities now must be reckoned as a part of one's legitimate travelling expenses. If these points are borne in mind, and one puts himself in the proper mental attitude toward those who serve him on shipboard, in hotels, and on railway trains, the practice loses some of its disagreeable features. Serving has lost the personal element, which naturally seems involved, and has become an industry. Modern servants do not minister to others out of love or philanthropy; nor are they any more the affectionate old creatures devoted to the family, to reward whom a society exists in France but does not find much to do. Travellers are to those who wait upon them so many articles of merchandise, from the handling of which so much profit is expected. The comfortable frame of mind toward these people, therefore, is the correlative of theirs toward you—a gentle indifference, except where they fail in their duty—a mental attitude, it is said, which comes naturally only to those who are of an ancestry accustomed to personal service, but which certainly may be attained by others through an effort of the intellect. One's self-respect indicates the necessity of civility to the serving class always, as to every other class; but when to this civility is added proper fees, one's duty is done, and done, too, in a way which the serving man or woman abroad prefers above all others. What is known as a kind word does not touch them. The amount of fees should be regulated without much desire to please, and no expectation of being able to satisfy, the recipient. Whatever is given is of grace, and the question is not what one would like if he himself had to perform such services, but what a servant has a right to expect, taking all circumstances into consideration. In no other way can one give reasonable fees and be comfortable. I have seen a French railway porter take ten centimes and say thank you to a Frenchman, and sneer and shrug his shoulders openly at half a franc from an American for the same service. He knew that the Frenchman had given what was his due, but experience had perhaps taught him that Americans dislike terribly to seem mean or small, and sometimes increase their gratuities in the impossible hope of satisfying the demand. By such an incident as this an expert traveller is neither exasperated nor moved in any way.

Fees are too indefinite to be regulated by rule, but certain amounts are customary at sea. The voyager, if he is not seasick, is dependent for comfort first on the table steward. To this man it seems to

Her Paris Hat.

Channel

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be the rule, to give $2.50 for one, or $5.00 for two or three persons in a party, whether one is served in regular courses or orders what he pleases from the bill. Late suppers might increase the fee. One's next best friend is the deck steward, if he is attentive and has followed out suggestions about the steamer-chair and rugs. Sometimes one can eat on deck when it is fatal to go below, and then, if the deck steward is obliging, he deserves the larger part of what would go to the table steward in regular course. If the weather is at all fair it is most agreeable to find one's chair well placed, and the rugs dry every morning, especially if one is inclined to sea-sickness. Moreover, this steward is the one who continuously brings sandwiches and broth on deck, and as he is obliged himself to fee the cook's assistant to get these articles prepared, it is clear that he should be well remembered at parting if anyone is. On many lines his pay, like that of most of the steward's, is not higher than $12.00 a month, and the company, on general principles, keeps back one-third to pay for breakage. Another third goes to the cooks in fees. Where, therefore, would he be without his tips?

Formerly when one could not have a steamer-chair unless he carried it along, there was more space free on deck and greater opportunity to obtain an advantageous position—in the sun or out of it, and out of the wind; and it was not then the steward's duty to place chairs for the day. One was obliged to get up early in the morning and put his own chair in position and arrange his rugs. This was nearly a sunrise task, and the earliest worm got the best place. In those days it was well worth a fat fee ($2.00) to have the steward attend to these early arrangements while the voyager slept, and to command his best attention, at will, during the day. But now, when the companies furnish the chairs for a consideration, and the decks are crowded, the stewards put the chairs every day in the same place, and one must take his chance of being on the better side of the ship; hence the value of a conversation with the deck steward when the passenger first goes on board. It is impossible in a crowded ship to get much attention on deck anyway, and, if the attention is small, a shilling or two is sufficient fee. Say that five hundred people are on board, and the four deck stewards between them get a shilling from each, surely they would be treated handsomely.

If one is sick at all, or takes a cup of tea before he gets up, and finds his bedroom steward attentive and obliging, the latter is sure of $2.50 or more. The smoking-room steward receives nothing from the company, but still is handsomely paid if he gets the pools, and fifty cents or a dollar from each man who frequents his precincts. The steward who prepares the bath and calls one when it is ready needs a dollar or a dollar and a half; a shilling or two should go to boots, and a shilling to the library steward, if one has used his services. These amounts, if added up, equal an appreciable per cent. upon the price of an ordinary berth, and surely are liberal fees. Practically, by the feeing system, the company forces the passengers to pay a part of its servants' wages. Why this expense should be laid indirectly upon the passenger rather than added frankly to his passage-money is not easily understood, except perhaps that, in this way, if the season is a bad one, the stewards have to divide the loss with the stockholders of the line. One's passage-money, therefore, may be from five to ten per cent. more than the company's agents demand. The latest

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imposition afloat is the fee, incident to the brass band which is made up of the steerage or second-cabin stewards. It plays during the dinner, and for an hour in the morning on deck. There is not much music about it, but it adds a certain gayety to life on board, which some people must like, or it would not be supplied. It savors strongly of the Coney Island excursion-boat. The fee for it is collected in most highwayman-like manner, by passing a paper about at one of the final dinners, headed by some passenger who has been treated with special consideration. He naturally leads off with a liberal sum, and foolish people are therefore sometimes induced, by force of bad example, to put their names down for more than they ought. Here is another occasion where one should do as he sees fit, regardless of how it looks in black and white. The contribution is paid when the head steward sends his bill for wine or mineral water. Ordinary gratuities to stewards, either chief or subordinate, do not elicit profuse thanks. If that agreeable manifestation is sought the passenger must be lavish. People who take the most expensive state-rooms often give in fees two or three times the amounts I have mentioned, especially if they are lacking in good sense and experience. Naturally, if one is ill all the way over, and is most carefully waited on by his bedroom steward, he will perhaps concentrate his compensation on this attendant; but no fee should be given to anyone until all service is fully performed. If the bedroom steward gets his money before the cabin baggage is carried off, you will have to carry it off yourself.

There seems to be no reason why the head steward should be tipped at all, unless he has obliged one in the matter of a very good seat, or the arrangement of a large party at one table. If any one goes without it should be he; yet he generally gets something, especially if he has looked after baskets of fruit, sterilized milk, special cream, boxes of fresh eggs, one's own coffee, or tea, or butter. The head steward is, or sometimes the purser, the one to whom complaints are directed to be made; but complaining is ungracious business and not always well received. Once I had occasion to remonstrate concerning an inattentive bedroom steward on the French line. He disappeared from my service like magic, and another competent man took his place. In contrast with this was the result of a complaint on a German ship. Instead of changing the inefficient servant without delay the chief steward undertook to hold a judicial inquiry, summoned the complainant and the accused before him, and then requested the passenger to substantiate the charge which the accused person had denied. Naturally the passenger declined to enter into any discussion of the matter and the affair was dropped. The same steward remained, but was satisfactory after that. Yet on this same steamer there are printed notices, conspicuously posted, asking the passengers not only to complain if any servant is inattentive, but to suggest any improvements possible in the service which would add to the general comfort. All idle words intended to sooth ruffled feelings in advance! I know, because I once sent in a remark or two which were never acknowledged or heeded. As I did it to make a test case the result in no way hurt my feelings. On the German and the English lines they expect you to like what they like. One's best friends, however, will resent honest criticism sometimes, even when they seek advice; then why complain to a corporation? But the day has gone past when the average head steward is competent to manage the ship's service. The task should be in the hands of some man who has had adequate experience in the conduct and management of a large hotel. Only in that way can the comfort or needs of five hundred cabin passengers be attended to. What would a hotel come to if its head waiter undertook to manage the business?

It has seemed to me that, beyond question, the best way to serve meals on shipboard is by courses—*table d'hôte*, it is sometimes called. One may then consult the bill of fare in advance, and, if he feels uncomfortable, need not go down until just before that course is served which he desires—generally the roast, if he is a wise man. Eating is thus quickly over, and the half-way sick person is not obliged to remain in the dining-cabin longer than he likes; fortunately, it is often the best of manners at

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sea to retire abruptly from the table. On the German boats it is easy to arrive just in time for the chosen course, because the awful band plays a piece before each course is served. Yet it is asserted that a course dinner is not acceptable to Americans, who prefer, even now, what is known as the American plan, which is to command what one pleases from an elaborate bill of fare. If the order comes promptly it is sure to be bad, as it must have been cooked and kept standing; if it is prepared after it is ordered, the delay is often fatal to a disturbed stomach. It was owing to American preferences, it is reported, that the American Line of steamships abandoned the plan of serving luncheon and dinner in courses. In my judgment that ship is bound to become tremendously popular which first serves good tea and coffee. Nobody, I suppose, ever tasted these beverages on shipboard when they were fit to drink. To supply one's own tea-leaves and coffee-berries does not help it. The trouble must lie in the water, which doubtless is never boiled freshly, but is heated by a suffusion of steam. To carry one's butter and eggs aboard is not so often necessary now as formerly; but if one does provide his own supply of these things, he makes sure of two sources of acceptable food. One's own fruit, if the traveller is particular, is also essential. Most of the fruit served, both on shipboard and in the hotels, is only fit to be thrown away.

Cutting down the time of crossing the Atlantic to six days, more or less, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. If the weather is bad, if one is on urgent business, or is sick all the way over, the sooner one arrives the better; but in fine weather small benefit is derived from a quick trip, while a ten-day or twelve-day voyage would be really health-giving. On a fast ship no sooner has the passenger got on his sea-legs than he must go ashore; the sea-sick people who are laid up for four or five days lose the other pleasant days that might follow recovery, and those who took care of them have no rest. The shortness of the voyage has also largely killed off the cordiality which is apt to break out among fellow-passengers long at sea together, despite themselves. This short period of good fellowship is not so repugnant to an experienced traveller as to some others, if there happen to be agreeable people on board. He does not misunderstand civility as an effort on the part of the people to make his acquaintance. He knows enough to mind his own business on sea or land; but the man who relaxes conventionalities not at all on shipboard is apt to have a pretty dull time, which, however, is often just what a dull man likes. A civil word, a passing remark, or even two remarks, can do a person of tact no harm, nor lead to social complications later. A friendly attitude is more sensible than standing conspicuously aloof from everything, or than repressing all signs of interest in existence, or than rigidly disregarding the fact that anyone is on the ship besides one's self; and defensive airs are generally offensive—at least they are airs. Some Americans seem to think that a haughty demeanor will have the effect of a title upon their fellow-passengers, but it generally does not. Sir Walter Scott is credited with repeating Montaigne's remark that every man knew some one thing better than he did, and when he met a stranger, therefore, he engaged him in conversation to find that one thing out. In Scott's day to be a courteous gentleman or a gracious lady under all circumstances, was not considered bad form. One of the most popular men I ever saw on shipboard was a New Yorker, whose family, whose social position, and whose public station and influence are most enviable. Wherever he is, is the best society. On the trip I have in mind he seemed to have said, or done, or looked something amiable toward everybody; yet I don't believe anybody tried to presume upon his civility then or afterward. I suspect that he simply felt kindly disposed toward his fellow-creatures, and that his admirable manner was only the result of his inner consciousness. Certainly he made no visible effort to be agreeable, did not wear tan-colored shoes, nor pitch rope-rings, nor engage in deck games, nor even enter the smoking-room, nor walk miles up and down, in turn, with the energetic women on board. Not that I would be understood objecting to deck-walking, when I am not bunted over by inconsiderate people, three abreast.

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Properly conducted this exercise has a right tendency to counteract the bad effects of the over-feeding generally indulged in at sea, when one can eat at all. Old-fashioned, sea-going cordiality among passengers now seems to be relegated to the longer ocean voyages—to Australia, the East Indies, or to South America. It is said that on most such trips the passengers all know one another at the end of one week, call one another by their first names at the end of the second week, and are not on speaking terms at all when the ship arrives at her destination. This is a rather worse condition of affairs than what one observes on voyages between New York and Europe.

A good deal has been said in the newspapers about gambling at sea, but the evil seems to have been much exaggerated. Possibly it is true, as reported, that as soon as the New York police learned that gamblers sailed regularly on the big ships in order to fleece the innocent, detectives were stationed at the gangways of outgoing steamers to tell the offenders as they went aboard that they were known, and that anyone whom they engaged in play would immediately be informed as to the character of his partner or adversary. Few thieves or other disreputable people undertake to prosecute their business afloat. The biggest ship is too small and too public to be agreeable to them, for it is not possible to slip off unobserved if there is a row. It is always safe to avoid cards with strangers, yet to go into the little pools on the day's run, on the color of the pilot's hat, or on the foot he puts on deck first, or on the number of his boat, is harmless enough if the money goes to the smoking-room steward. The smoking-room, generally amidships, is apt to be a snug refuge in rough weather for one who does not mind tobacco, and it is a convenient place from which to sally forth to see what is going on. He who keeps too early hours loses some entertainment on board ship. From ten o'clock at night on, in pleasant weather, the upper deck may be an amusing place for an observer who sees but does not appear to be looking. A good deal of conventionality is dropped then, and some quarts of champagne are consumed by the chaperons ; after which affairs are lively. Demureness in the daytime often blossoms forth into extravagance toward midnight, if sufficiently encouraged. To sleep late in the morning, and not to hurry off to bed is a rule it is well to follow if one wishes to kill time and get all the fun possible out of the voyage. An hour of moonlight lost at sea on a calm, warm night in summer is a joy lost, never to be recovered this side of paradise.

If the weather is fine, so that one can spend most of the time on deck, the passage seems far too short to him who likes the sea, even on slow boats, which mean eight or nine days out. One even begrudges the short time taken from the sunshine and fresh salt air in the last few days of the voyage, which must be spent in packing up the state-room baggage, in trying to pay the steward's bill, in buying the railway tickets from the port of entry to the metropolis, or in distributing such fees as can with wisdom be distributed before one is actually done with the ship ; yet all possible tasks are wisely completed before the morning of the day when one reaches port. Letters finished twenty-four hours previously, are now given to the purser, whose acquaintance one may have made some time before when buying as much foreign money from him as he will spare ; on the last day, naturally, he has no change at all. Fortunately fees can be paid in any money or currency. The fleeting hours just preceding arrival in port have a flavor of agreeable excitement, even for an old traveller, while to the novice (always to be envied) they are positively thrilling. Not a moment should be spent below after land is seen, except that one must, perhaps, just run down to inquire for letters or telegrams as soon as is reasonable after the company's agents come out on the tender. Passengers finally go ashore pell-mell, as sheep follow a leader ; but it does not matter, if one brings up near his cabin trunk. This he never leaves until all his belongings are deposited close by, and when parcels count up to the required number, then, and not till then, may the bedroom steward have his fee. Customs examinations are not difficult abroad as a rule, but no exasperation, however justified, should be shown. It

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A Quiet Afternoon in the Tropics on a P. & O. Liner.

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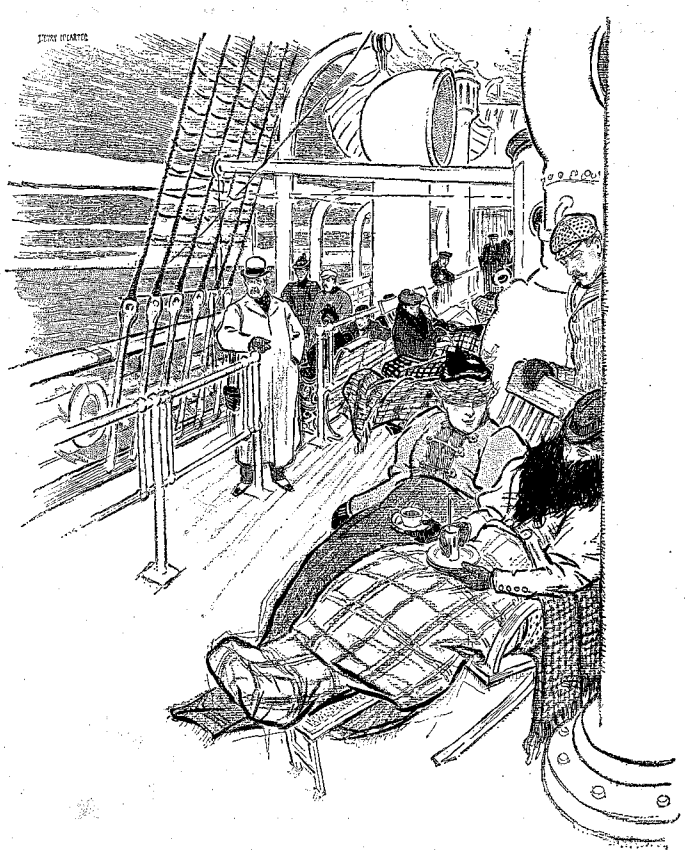
only pleases the other fellow. Finally, with all the cigars, the cigarettes, the brandy, and the playing-cards safe (although they hardly were in danger), the traveller is free to step into his carriage, engaged previously, or into the long-detained omnibus, or into the other railway train. Of ways that are peculiar every city has its own, but these may be easily learned on the voyage from someone who has landed before, unless to ask a question is against one's ideas of what is good form at sea.

Probably fewer Americans travel abroad than is commonly supposed. Indeed the number of people in the world who travel at all can hardly be so large as the public imagination suggests, which explains in part why one is always meeting with people he knows. The wonder really might be why more do not go; it is so easy when one is started. We could determine without difficulty how many of our fellow-countrymen go abroad every year if Americans always took out passports, or had to get permission of the Government to leave home, as the Russians do. But under present circumstances it is difficult to arrive even at a correct principle of calculation. Estimates of steamships' agents are especially open to suspicion. Some observers, however, among them so good an authority as a leading manager of Cook's Travelling Agency, are of the opinion that the number of Americans visiting Paris in a year may be fairly said to measure the number crossing the ocean for all Europe, because, practically, everybody who goes abroad now arrives in Paris sooner or later. If this be true, then something is the matter with the returns of passengers sailing from America, as furnished to the Government through the steamship companies' courtesy. From the New York customs district the number of first- and second-cabin passengers embarking annually for all foreign ports (except to Dominion ports or Newfoundland) is announced as between eighty and one hundred thousand. Many of these certainly do not belong to the pleasure-loving group whose unpatriotic course in spending their money where they please, has excited the wrath of their fellow-citizens who cannot afford to go; and the number must include foreigners in transit from China, Japan, and the British colonies, as well as Canadians, who generally sail from New York. In my judgment the number of



Convalescents.

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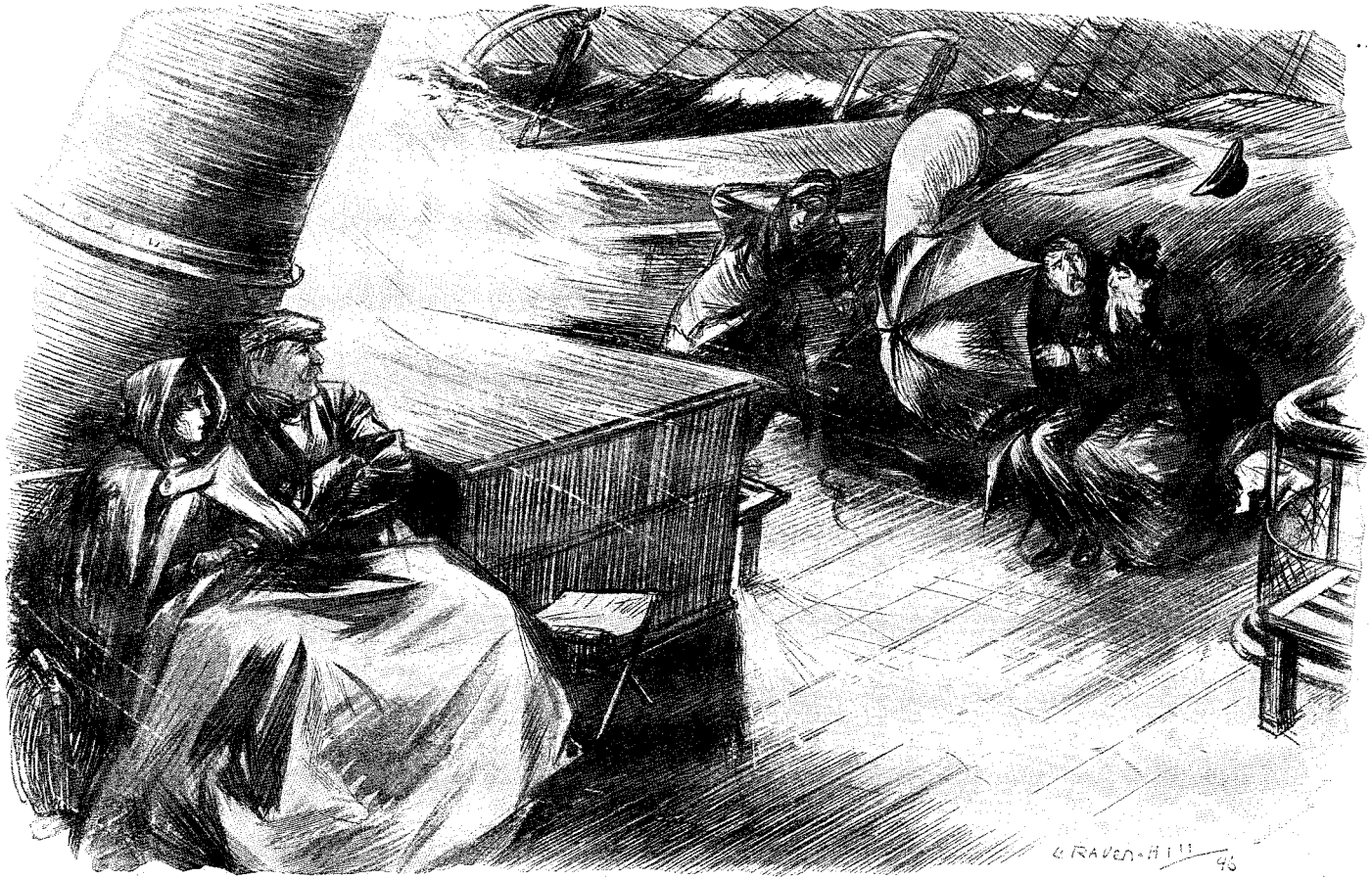

The Right and the Wrong Place on the Deck of a Channel Steamer.

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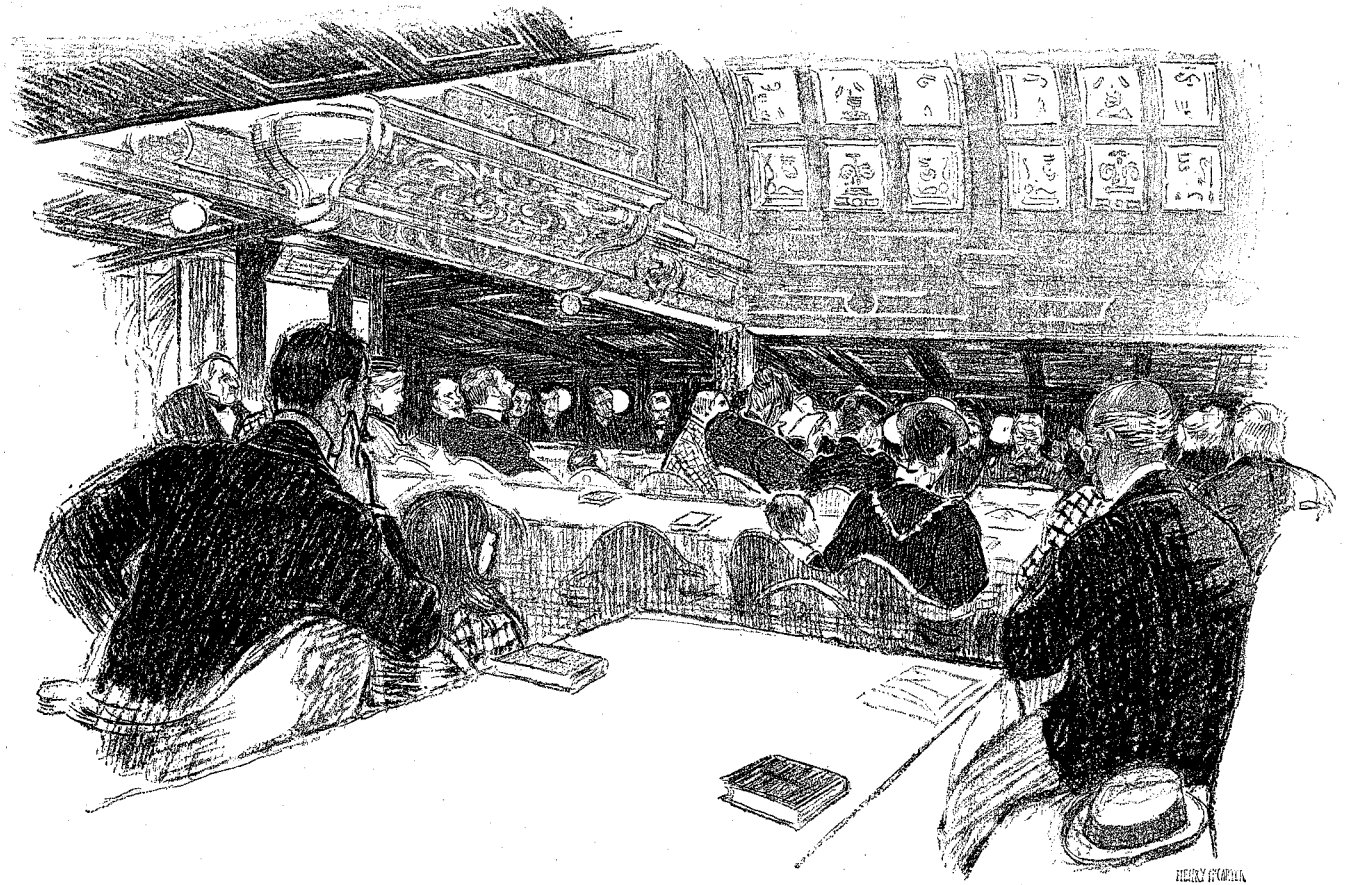

Sunday Morning Service on an Atlantic Liner.

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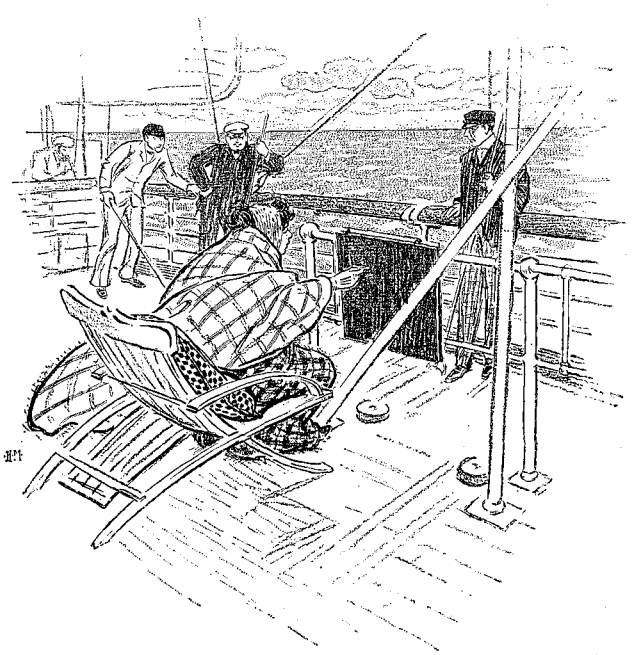
Americans who spend much money in travelling for pleasure only is well measured, as has already been suggested, by the number of Americans who visit Paris, yearly. I offer the following figures, which were obtained through the courtesy of the chief of police of Paris as a pertinent contribution to the discussion. Exact statistics of visitors in Paris have been kept by the police, under the present detailed system, only from 1893. Since then all arrivals in that city have been carefully reported at the Prefecture by the proprietors of hotels and pensions, under pain of a fine for neglect, and they may be in part tabulated as follows :

	1893.	1894.	1895.
English	46,190	44,027	43,373
Americans	39,322	40,685	42,317
Germans	31,402	33,278	36,224

It will be observed that the English have fallen off since 1893, but that the Americans and Germans have steadily increased. The opening of 1896 was not marked by a good season either in Egypt, on the Riviera, or at other winter resorts, so that the number of travellers abroad in 1896 will hardly exceed those of 1895. But these statistics show, if the principle of calculation be correct for all nationalities, that the English are the greatest travellers in the world, that Americans are next, and that the Germans are close upon us. Some persons are undoubtedly counted more than once in the police reports, because they arrive in Paris more than once; but the number of Americans registered there, say twice annually, is probably not greater than the contingent who go to Europe but keep out of Paris ; and one class may therefore about offset the other, leaving 42,317 a fair estimate of the number leaving home each year bent on pleasure only. If, on an average, each of these spends $1,000 on his trip, the total of which would be required to meet their expenses is $42,317,000, which is a good deal less than $100,000,000, the sum estimated and accepted in recent discussions on this point. In 1883, according to police estimates, Americans visiting Paris were not more than 20,000, so that the number has more than doubled in thirteen years. These statistics do not include the resident Americans—about 10,000—who constitute the so-called American colony in Paris. Artists and all, they probably spend $10,000,000, which must be added to the $42,317,000. I asked the Chief of Police what nationality among foreigners furnished the most arrests in Paris. He replied that it would not be polite to tell.

In regard to the English statistics, it may be admitted that they contain more duplications than the American, but the duplications will hardly exceed the total of Englishmen who sail from English ports to the colonies. All considerations, then, suggest the English as the greatest travellers in the world.



Shuffle-board.

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In the quiet of one's own cabin.

Whether more of them are pleasure-seekers, pure and simple, like the majority of the Americans, may be doubted. They always outnumber, two or three times, the Americans, in statistics of visitors in Swiss, French, Italian, or Austrian winter resorts. About 20,000 Americans visit Rome each winter.

That the Germans travel a great deal will surprise no one who has been much abroad himself in late years. Now they are found everywhere, but most numerously, perhaps, in Italy. It was different some twenty years ago. Then they were not frequently met with, but since the formation of the empire they have prospered greatly. Complaints about their bad manners are as numerous as were formerly complaints about Americans. I have never thought them worse, Germans or Americans, than any other nationality. All strange ways and strangers are disagreeable until one becomes acquainted with them. It is often impossible, however, to become reconciled to a Frenchman with a cigarette. The Germans have a great fondness for Paris, but among the number visiting the French capital must be included many German waiters, who go there to learn enough French to insure them good places in hotels along the routes of international travel. It has even been explained that one reason why the young German Emperor of late has been apparently more conciliatory in his attitude toward the French is his desire to attend the Exposition of 1900, and have a really good time in the gay capital.

The total number of foreigners alighting in Paris annually, according to the police, is about 250,000. Apart from the 122,000 English, Germans, and Americans, classified above, 128,000 remain to be apportioned among the other nationalities of the world, principally as Russians, Austrians, Italians, Belgians, Swiss, Swedes, British colonists, Servians, Roumanians, and Greeks. French provincials who

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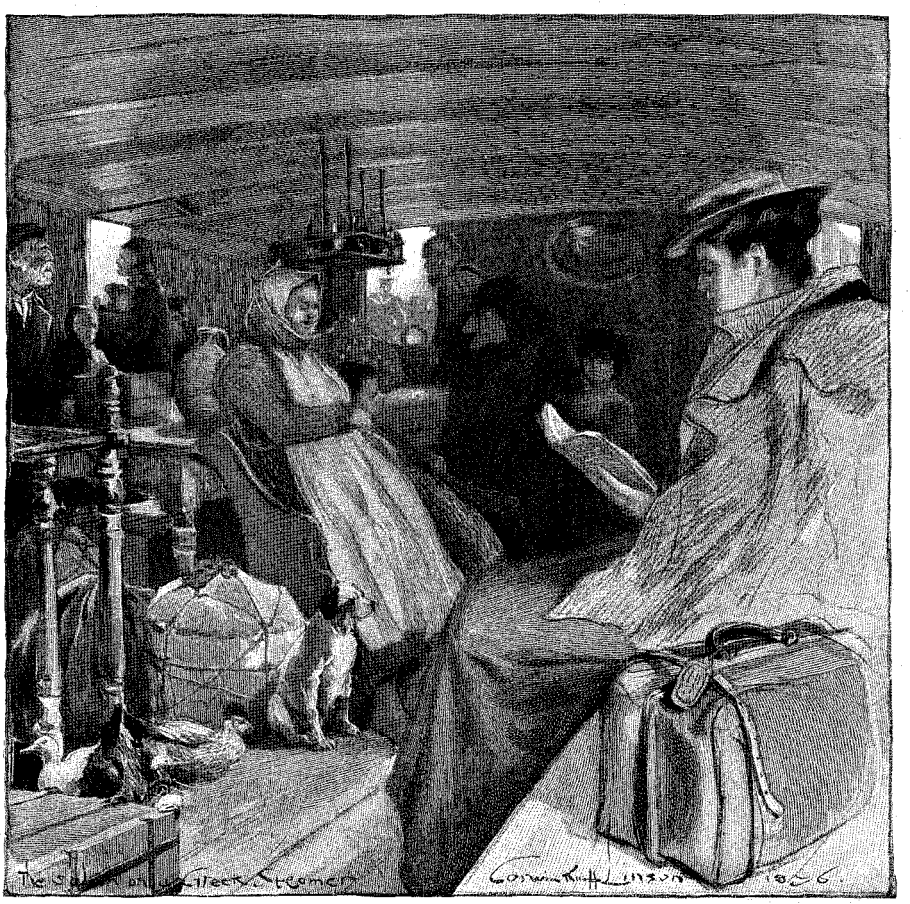
visit Paris every year are 600,000, also according to official figures. An annual visit to their capital gives the French all the diversion they need, doubtless, for it is well known they go little abroad unless for business purposes. It is to this total, then, of 850,000 non-residents, that the dressmakers and other vicious classes of Paris cater. Is it not a relief to know that Americans are not the most numerous; that it cannot be from our vices and extravagances that the greatest profit is made; and that it is not for us, even so much as for the English, that the indecencies of the Paris stage and concert-hall, and the swindling devices of the shopkeepers and hotel proprietors, are arranged?

The Saloon of a Greek Steamer on the Ægean Sea.



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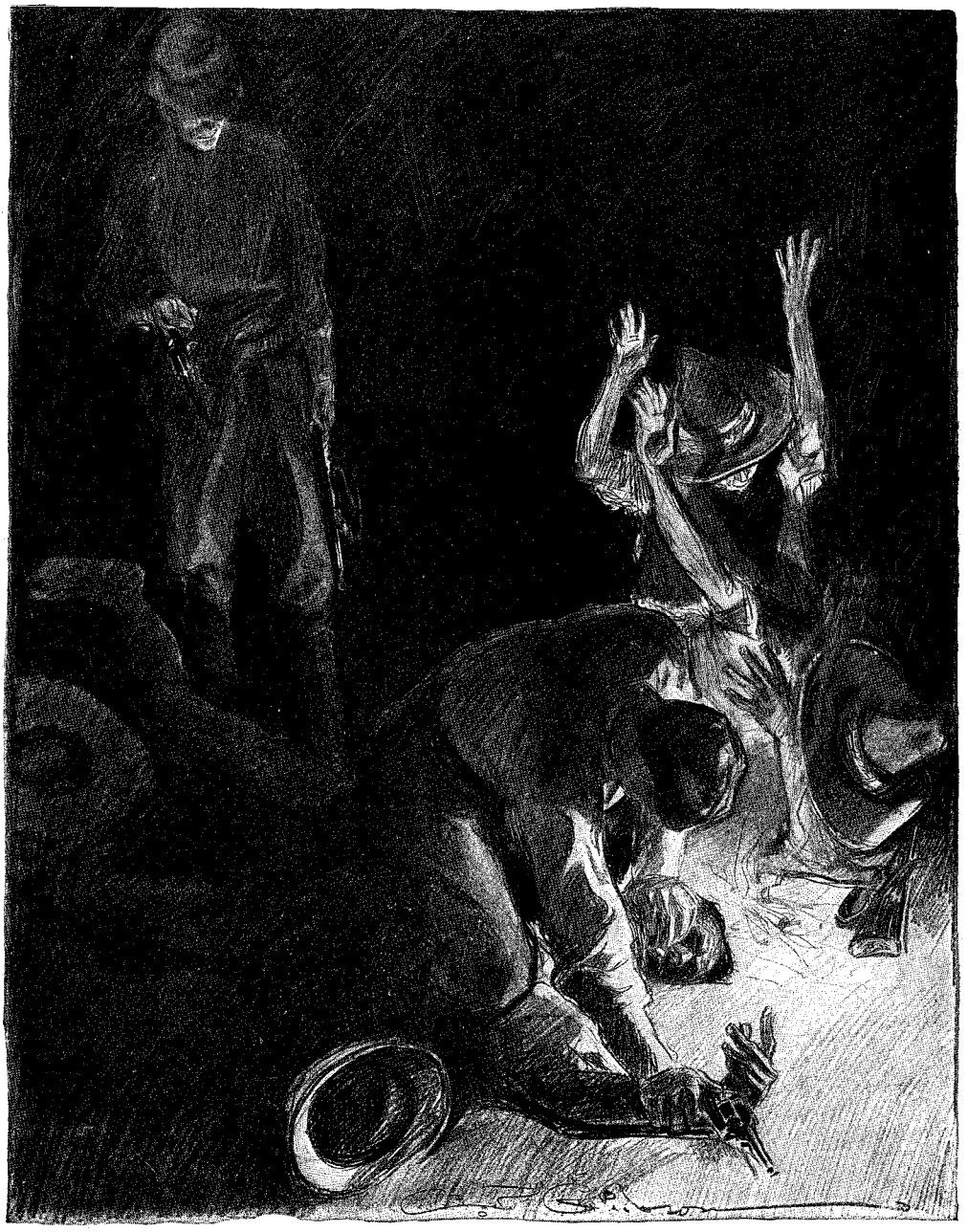

Langham . . . shoved his face down between his knees into the sand.—Page 463.

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SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

IX

CLAY slept for three hours. He had left a note on the floor instructing MacWilliams and young Langham not to go to the mines but to waken him at ten o'clock, and by eleven the three men were galloping off to the city. As they left the Palms they met Hope returning from a morning ride on the Alameda, and Clay begged her, with much concern, not to ride abroad again. There was a difference in his tone toward her. There was more anxiety in it than the occasion seemed to justify, and he put his request in the form of a favor to himself, while the day previous he would simply have told her that she must not go riding alone.

"Why?" asked Hope, eagerly. "Is there going to be trouble?"

"I hope not," Clay said, "but the soldiers are coming in from the provinces for the review, and the roads are not safe."

"I'd be safe with you, though," said Hope, smiling persuasively upon the three men. "Won't you take me with you, please?"

"Hope," said young Langham, in the tone of the elder brother's brief authority, "you must go home at once."

Hope smiled wickedly. "I don't want to," she said.

"I'll bet you a box of cigars I can beat you to the veranda by fifty yards," said MacWilliams, turning his horse's head.

Hope clasped her sailor hat in one hand and swung her whip with the other. "I think not," she cried, and disappeared with a flutter of skirts and a scurry of flying pebbles.

"At times," said Clay, "MacWilliams shows an unexpected knowledge of human nature."

"Yes, he did quite right," assented Langham, nodding his head mysteriously. "We've no time for girls at present, have we?"

"No, indeed," said Clay, hiding any sign of a smile.

Langham breathed deeply at the thought of the part he was to play in this coming struggle, and remained respectfully silent as they trotted toward the city. He did not wish to disturb the plots and counterplots that he was confident were forming in Clay's brain, and his devotion would have been severely tried had he known that his hero's mind was filled with a picture of a young girl in a blue shirt-waist, and a whipcord riding-skirt.

Clay sent for Stuart to join them at the restaurant, and MacWilliams arriving at the same time, the four men seated themselves conspicuously in the centre of the café and sipped their chocolate as though unconscious of any imminent danger and in apparent freedom from all responsibilities and care. While MacWilliams and Langham laughed and disputed over a game of dominoes, the older men exchanged, under cover of their chatter, the few words which they had met to speak.

The manifestoes, Stuart said, had failed of their purpose. He had already called upon the President and had offered to resign his position and leave the country, or to stay and fight his maligners, and take up arms at once against Mendoza's party. Alvarez had treated him like a son and bade him be patient. He held that Cæsar's wife was above suspicion because she was Cæsar's wife, and that no canards posted at midnight could affect his faith in his wife or in his friend. He refused to believe that any *coup d'état* was imminent, save the one which he himself meditated when he was ready to proclaim the country in a state of revolution, and to assume a military dictatorship.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Clay. "What is a military dictatorship without soldiers? Can't he see that the army is with Mendoza?"

"No," Stuart replied. "Rojas and

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I were with him all the morning. Rojas is an old trump, Clay. He's not bright and he's old-fashioned—but he is honest. And the people know it. If I had Rojas for a chief instead of Alvarez, I'd arrest Mendoza with my own hand, and I wouldn't be afraid to take him to the cartel through the streets. The people wouldn't help him. But the President doesn't dare. Not that he hasn't pluck," added the young lieutenant, loyally, "for he takes his life in his hands when he goes to the review to-morrow, and he knows it. Think of it, will you, out there alone with a field of five thousand men around him. Rojas thinks he can hold half of them, as many as Mendoza can, and I have my fifty. But you can't tell what any one of them will do for a drink or a dollar. They're no more soldiers than these waiters. They're bandits in uniform, and they'll kill for the man that pays best."

"Then why doesn't Alvarez pay them?" Clay growled.

Stuart looked away and lowered his eyes to the table. "He hasn't the money, I suppose," he said, evasively. "He—he has transferred every cent of it into drafts on Rothschild. They are at the house now. Representing five millions of dollars in gold—and her jewels, too—packed ready for flight."

"Then he does expect trouble?" said Clay. "You told me——"

"They're all alike; you know them," said Stuart. "They won't believe they're in danger until the explosion comes, but they always have a special train ready and they keep the funds of the government under their pillows. He engaged apartments on the Avenue Kleber six months ago."

"Bah!" said Clay. "It's the old story. Why don't you quit him?"

Stuart raised his eyes and dropped them again, and Clay sighed. "I'm sorry," he said.

MacWilliams interrupted them in an indignant stage-whisper. "Say, how long have we got to keep up this fake game?" he asked. "I don't know anything about dominoes, and neither does Ted. Tell us what you've been saying. Is there going to be trouble? If there is, Ted and I want to be in it. We are looking for trouble."

Clay had tipped back his chair and was surveying the restaurant and the blazing plaza beyond its open front with an expression of cheerful unconcern. Two men were reading the morning papers near the door, and two others were dragging through a game of dominoes in a far corner. The heat of midday had settled on the place, and the waiters dozed, with their chairs tipped back against the walls. Outside, the awning of the restaurant threw a broad shadow across the marble-topped tables on the sidewalk, and half a dozen fiacre drivers slept peacefully in their carriages before the door.

The town was taking its siesta, and the brisk step of a stranger who crossed the tessellated floor and rapped with his knuckles on the top of the cigar-case was the only sign of life. The new-comer turned with one hand on the glass case and swept the room carelessly with his eyes. They were hard blue eyes under straight eyebrows. Their owner was dressed unobtrusively in a suit of rough tweed, and this and his black hat, and the fact that he was smooth-shaven, distinguished him as a foreigner.

As he faced them the forelegs of Clay's chair descended slowly to the floor, and he began to smile comprehendingly and to nod his head as though the coming of the stranger had explained something of which he had been in doubt. His companions turned and followed the direction of his eyes, but saw nothing of interest in the new-comer. He looked as though he might be a concession hunter from the States, or a Manchester drummer, prepared to offer six months' credit on blankets and hardware.

Clay rose and strode across the room, circling the tables in such a way that he could keep himself between the stranger and the door. At his approach the new-comer turned his back and fumbled with his change on the counter.

"Captain Burke, I believe?" said Clay. The stranger bit the cigar he had just purchased, and shook his head. "I am very glad to see you," Clay continued. "Sit down, won't you? I want to talk with you."

"I think you've made a mistake," the stranger answered, quietly. "My name is——"

"Colonel, perhaps, then," said Clay.

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"I might have known it. I congratulate you, Colonel."

The man looked at Clay for an instant, with the cigar clenched between his teeth and his blue eyes fixed steadily on the other's face. Clay waved his hand again invitingly toward a table, and the man shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and, pulling a chair toward him, sat down.

"Come over here, boys," Clay called. "I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Captain Burke."

The man called Burke stared at the three men as they crossed the room and seated themselves at the table, and nodded to them in silence.

"We have here," said Clay, gayly, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own or of any country, indeed, which happens to have the most sympathetic Consul-General."

Burke smiled grimly, with a condescending nod, and putting away the cigar, took out a brier pipe and began to fill it from his tobacco-pouch. "The Captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself," Clay continued, lightly; "so I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions, and that is what makes me so glad to see him again. He knows all about the present crisis here, and he is going to tell us all he knows as soon as he fills his pipe. I ought to warn you, Burke," he added, "that this is Captain Stuart, in charge of the police and the President's cavalry troop. So, you see, whatever you say, you will have one man who will listen to you."

Burke crossed one short fat leg over the other, and crowded the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with his thumb.

"I thought you were in Chili, Clay," he said.

"No, you didn't think I was in Chili," Clay replied, kindly. "I left Chili two years ago. The Captain and I met there," he explained to the others, "when Balmaceda was trying to make himself dictator. The Captain was on the side of the Congressionalists, and was furnishing arms and dynamite. The Captain is always on the winning side, at least he always has been—up to the present. He is not a creature of sentiment; are you, Burke? The Captain believes with Napoleon that God is on the side that has the heaviest artillery."

Burke lighted his pipe and drummed absentmindedly on the table with his matchbox.

"I can't afford to be sentimental," he said. "Not in my business."

"Of course not," Clay assented, cheerfully. He looked at Burke and laughed, as though the sight of him recalled pleasant memories. "I wish I could give these boys any idea of how clever you are, Captain," he said. "The Captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard, and of sending rifles in piano-cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England, and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa and Mobile and Jamaica, ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the Captain," Clay continued, gleefully, and quite unmindful of the other's continued silence, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the island of Ceylon. You may remember, boys, that when Dufferin saved Arabi from hanging, the British shipped him to Ceylon as a political prisoner. Well, the Captain was sent by Arabi's followers in Egypt to bring him back to lead a second rebellion. Burke had everybody bribed at Ceylon and a fine schooner fitted out and a lot of ruffians to do the fighting, and then the good, kind British Government pardoned Arabi the day before Burke arrived in port. And you never got a cent for it; did you, Burke?"

Burke shook his head and frowned.

"Six thousand pounds sterling I was to have got for that," he said, with a touch of pardonable pride in his voice, "and they set him free the day before I got there, just as Mr. Clay tells you."

"And then you headed Granville Prior's expedition for buried treasure off the island of Cocos, didn't you?" said Clay. "Go on, tell them about it. Be sociable. You ought to write a book about your different business ventures, Burke, indeed you ought; but then," Clay added, smiling,

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"nobody would believe you." Burke rubbed his chin, thoughtfully, with his fingers, and looked modestly at the ceiling, and the two younger boys gazed at him with open-mouthed interest.

"There ain't anything in buried treasure," he said, after a pause, "except the money that's sunk in the fitting out. It sounds good, but it's all foolishness."

"All foolishness, eh?" said Clay, encouragingly. "And what did you do after Balmaceda was beaten? After I last saw you?"

"Crespo," Burke replied, after a pause, during which he pulled gently on his pipe. "Caroline Brewer—cleared from Key West for Curaçao, with cargo of sewing-machines and ploughs—beached below Maracaibo—thirty-five thousand rounds and two thousand rifles—at twenty bolivars apiece."

"Of course," said Clay, in a tone of genuine appreciation. "I might have known you'd be in that. He says," he explained, "that he assisted General Crespo in Venezuela during his revolution against Guzman Blanco's party, and loaded a tramp steamer called the Caroline Brewer at Key West with arms, which he landed safely at a place for which he had no clearance papers, and he received forty thousand dollars in our money for the job—and very good pay, too, I should think," commented Clay.

"Well, I don't know," Burke demurred. "You take in the cost of leasing the boat and provisioning her, and the crew's wages, and the cost of the cargo; that cuts into profits. Then I had to stand off shore between Trinidad and Curaçao for over three weeks before I got the signal to run in, and after that I was chased by a gun-boat for three days, and the crazy fool put a shot clean through my engine-room. Cost me about twelve hundred dollars in repairs."

There was a pause, and Clay turned his eyes to the street, and then asked, abruptly, "What are you doing now?"

"Trying to get orders for smokeless powder," Burke answered, promptly. He met Clay's look with eyes as undisturbed as his own. "But they won't touch it down here," he went on. "It doesn't appeal to 'em. It's too expensive, and they'd rather see the smoke. It makes them think——"

"How long did you expect to stay here?" Clay interrupted.

"How long?" repeated Burke, like a man in a witness-box who is trying to gain time. "Well, I was thinking of leaving by Friday, and taking a mule-train over to Bogota instead of waiting for the steamer to Colon." He blew a mouthful of smoke into the air and watched it drifting toward the door with apparent interest.

"The Santiago leaves here Saturday for New York. I guess you had better wait over for her," Clay said. "I'll engage your passage, and, in the meantime, Captain Stuart here will see that they treat you well in the cartel."

The men around the table started, and sat motionless looking at Clay, but Burke only took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes out on the heel of his boot. "What am I going to the cartel for?" he asked.

"Well, the public good, I suppose," laughed Clay. "I'm sorry, but it's your own fault. You shouldn't have shown yourself here at all."

"What have you got to do with it?" asked Burke, calmly, as he began to refill his pipe. He had the air of a man who saw nothing before him but an afternoon of pleasant discourse and leisurely inactivity.

"You know what I've got to do with it," Clay replied. "I've got our concession to look after."

"Well, you're not running the town, too, are you?" asked Burke.

"No, but I'm going to run you out of it," Clay answered. "Now, what are you going to do, make it unpleasant for us and force our hand, or drive down quietly with our friend MacWilliams here? He is the best one to take you, because he's not so well known."

Burke turned his head and looked over his shoulder at Stuart.

"You taking orders from Mr. Clay, today, Captain Stuart?" he asked.

"Yes," Stuart answered, smiling. "I agree with Mr. Clay in whatever he thinks right."

"Oh, well, in that case," said Burke, rising reluctantly, with a protesting sigh, "I guess I'd better call on the American Minister."

"You can't. He's in Ecuador on his annual visit," said Clay.

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"Indeed! That's bad for me," muttered Burke, as though in much concern. "Well, then, I'll ask you to let me see our Consul here."

"Certainly," Clay assented, with alacrity. "Mr. Langham, this young gentleman's father, got him his appointment, so I've no doubt he'll be only too glad to do anything for a friend of ours."

Burke raised his eyes and looked inquiringly at Clay, as though to assure himself that this was true, and Clay smiled back at him.

"Oh, very well," Burke said. "Then, as I happen to be an Irishman by the name of Burke, and a British subject, I'll try Her Majesty's representative, and we'll see if he will allow me to be locked up without a reason or a warrant."

"That's no good, either," said Clay, shaking his head. "You fixed your nationality, as far as this continent is concerned, in Rio harbor, when Peixoto handed you over to the British Admiral, and you claimed to be an American citizen, and were sent on board the Detroit. If there's any doubt about that we've only got to cable to Rio Janeiro—to either legation. But what's the use? They know me here and they don't know you, and I do. You'll have to go to jail and stay there."

"Oh, well, if you put it that way, I'll go," said Burke. "But," he added, in a lower voice, "it's too late, Clay."

The expression of amusement on Clay's face, and his ease of manner, fell from him at the words, and he pulled Burke back into the chair again. "What do you mean?" he asked, anxiously.

"I mean just that, it's too late," Burke answered. "I don't mind going to jail. I won't be there long. My work's all done and paid for. I was only staying on to see the fun at the finish, to see you fellows made fools of."

"Oh, you're sure of that, are you?" asked Clay.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed the American, with a suggestion in his speech of his Irish origin, as his interest rose. "Did you ever know me to go into anything of this sort for the sentiment of it? Did you ever know me to back the losing side? No. Well, I tell you that you fellows have no more show in this than a parcel of Sunday-school children. Of course I can't say when they mean to strike. I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did. But when they do strike there'll be no striking back. It'll be all over but the cheering."

Burke's tone was calm and positive. He held the centre of the stage now, and he looked from one to the other of the serious faces around him with an expression of pitying amusement.

"Alvarez may get off, and so may Madame Alvarez," he added, lowering his voice and turning his face away from Stuart. "But not if she shows herself in the streets, and not if she tries to take those drafts and jewels with her."

"Oh, you know that, do you?" interrupted Clay.

"I know nothing," Burke replied. "At least, nothing to what the rest of them know. That's only the gossip I pick up at head-quarters. It doesn't concern me. I've delivered my goods and given my receipt for the money, and that's all I care about. But if it will make an old friend feel any more comfortable to have me in jail, why, I'll go, that's all."

Clay sat with pursed lips looking at Stuart. The two boys leaned with their elbows on the tables and stared at Burke, who was searching leisurely through his pockets for his match-box. From outside came the lazy cry of a vendor of lottery tickets, and the swift, uneven patter of bare feet, as company after company of dust-covered soldiers passed on their way from the provinces, with their shoes swinging from their bayonets.

Clay slapped the table with an exclamation of impatience.

"After all, this is only a matter of business," he said, "with all of us. What do you say, Burke, to taking a ride with me to Stuart's rooms, and having a talk there with the President and Mr. Langham? Langham has three millions sunk in these mines, and Alvarez has even better reasons than that for wanting to hold his job. What do you say? That's better than going to jail. Tell us what they mean to do, and who is to do it, and I'll let you name your own figure, and I'll guarantee you that they'll meet it. As long as you've no sentiment, you might as well fight on the side that will pay best."

Burke opened his lips as though to

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speak, and then shut them again, closely. If the others thought that he was giving Clay's proposition a second and more serious thought, he was quick to undeceive them.

"There *are* men in the business who do that sort of thing," he said. "They sell arms to one man, and sell the fact that he's got them to the deputy-marshals, and sell the story of how smart they've been to the newspapers. And they never make any more sales after that. I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, bringing stuff into this country, and getting paid for it, and then telling you where it was hid, and everything else I knew? I've no sentiment, as you say, but I've got business instinct, and that's not business. No, I've told you enough, and if you think I'm not safe at large, why I'm quite ready to take a ride with your young friend here."

MacWilliams rose with alacrity, and beaming with pleasure at the importance of the duty thrust upon him.

Burke smiled. "The young 'un seems to like the job," he said.

"It's an honor to be associated with Captain Burke in any way," said MacWilliams, as he followed him into a cab, while Stuart galloped off before them in the direction of the cartel.

"You wouldn't think so if you knew better," said Burke. "My friends have been watching us while we have been talking in there for the last hour. They're watching us now, and if I was to nod my head during this ride, they'd throw you out into the street and set me free, if they had to break the cab into kindling-wood while they were doing it."

MacWilliams changed his seat to the one opposite his prisoner, and peered up and down the street in some anxiety.

"I suppose you know there's an answer to that, don't you?" he asked. "Well, the answer is, that if you nod your head once, you lose the top of it."

Burke gave an exclamation of disgust, and gazed at his zealous guardian with an expression of trepidation and unconcealed disapproval. "You're not armed, are you?" he asked.

MacWilliams nodded. "Why not?" he said; "these are rather heavy weather times, just at present, thanks to you and your friends. Why, you seem rather afraid of fire-arms," he added, with the intolerance of youth.

The Irish-American touched the young man on the knee, and lifted his hat. "My son," he said, "when your hair is as gray as that, and you have been through six campaigns, you'll be brave enough to own that you're afraid of fire-arms, too."

X

Clay and Langham left MacWilliams and Stuart to look after their prisoner, and returned to the Palms, where they dined in state, and made no reference, while the women were present, to the events of the day.

The moon rose late that night, and as Hope watched it, from where she sat at the dinner-table facing the open windows, she saw the figure of a man standing outlined in silhouette upon the edge of the cliff. He was dressed in the uniform of a sailor, and the moonlight played along the barrel of a rifle upon which he leaned, motionless and menacing, like a sentry on a rampart.

Hope opened her lips to speak, and then closed them again, and smiled with pleasurable excitement. A moment later King, who sat on her right, called one of the servants to his side and whispered some instructions, pointing meanwhile at the wine upon the table. And a minute after, Hope saw the white figure of the servant cross the garden and approach the sentinel. She saw the sentry fling his gun sharply to his hip, and then, after a moment's parley, toss it up to his shoulder and disappear from sight among the plants of the garden.

The men did not leave the table with the ladies, as was their custom, but remained in the dining-room, and drew their chairs closer together.

Mr. Langham would not believe that the downfall of the Government was as imminent as the others believed it to be. It was only after much argument, and with great reluctance, that he had even allowed King to arm half of his crew, and to place them on guard around the Palms. Clay warned him that in the disorder that followed every successful revolution, the homes of unpopular members of the Cabinet were often burned, and that he feared

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should Mendoza succeed, and Alvarez fall, that the mob might possibly vent its victorious wrath on the Palms because it was the home of the alien, who had, as they thought, robbed the country of the iron mines. Mr. Langham said he did not think the people would tramp five miles into the country seeking vengeance.

There was an American man-of-war lying in the harbor of Truxillo, a seaport of the republic that bounded Olancho on the south, and Clay was in favor of sending to her captain by Weimer, the Consul, and asking him to anchor off Valencia, to protect American interests. The run would take but a few hours, and the sight of the vessel's white hull in the harbor would, he thought, have a salutory effect upon the revolutionists. But Mr. Langham said, firmly, that he would not ask for help until he needed it.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Clay. "I should very much like to have that man-of-war here. However, if you say no, we will try to get along without her. But, for the present, I think you had better imagine yourself back in New York, and let us have an entirely free hand. We've gone too far to drop out," he went on, laughing at the sight of Mr. Langham's gloomy countenance. "We've got to fight them now. It's against human nature not to do it."

Mr. Langham looked appealingly at his son and at King. They both smiled back at him in unanimous disapproval of his policy of non-interference.

"Oh, very well," he said, at last. "You gentlemen can go ahead, kill, burn, and destroy if you wish. But, considering the fact that it is my property you are all fighting about, I really think I might have something to say in the matter." Mr. Langham gazed about him helplessly, and shook his head.

"My doctor sends me down here from a quiet, happy home," he protested, with humorous pathos, "that I may rest and get away from excitement, and here I am with armed men patrolling my garden-paths, with a lot of filibusters plotting at my own dinner-table, and a civil war likely to break out, entirely on my account. And Dr. Winter told me this was the only place that would cure my nervous prostration!"

Hope joined Clay as soon as the men left the dining-room, and beckoned him to the farther end of the veranda. "Well, what is it?" she said.

"What is what?" laughed Clay. He seated himself on the rail of the veranda, with his face to the avenue and the driveway leading to the house. They could hear the others from the back of the house, and the voice of young Langham, who was giving an imitation of MacWilliams, and singing with peculiar emphasis, "There is no place like Home, Sweet Home."

"Why are the men guarding the Palms, and why did you go to the Plaza Bolivar this morning at daybreak? Alice says you left them there. I want to know what it means. I am nearly as old as Ted, and he knows. The men wouldn't tell me."

"What men?"

"King's men from the Vesta. I saw some of them dodging around in the bushes, and I went to find out what they were doing, and I walked into fifteen of them at your office. They have hammocks swung all over the veranda, and a quick-firing gun made fast to the steps, and muskets stacked all about, just like real soldiers, but they wouldn't tell me why."

"We'll put you in the cartel," said Clay, "if you go spying on our forces. Your father doesn't wish you to know anything about it, but, since you have found it out for yourself, you might as well know what little there is to know. It's the same story. Mendoza is getting ready to start his revolution, or, rather, he has started it."

"Why don't you stop him?" asked Hope.

"You are very flattering," said Clay. "Even if I could stop him, it's not my business to do it as yet. I have to wait until he interferes with me, or my mines, or my workmen. Alvarez is the man who should stop him, but he is afraid. We cannot do anything until he makes the first move. If I were the President, I'd have Mendoza shot to-morrow morning and declare martial law. Then I'd arrest everybody I didn't like, and levy forced loans on all the merchants, and sail away to Paris and live happy ever after. That's what Mendoza would do if he caught any one plotting against him. And that's what Alvarez should do, too, according to his lights, if he had the courage of his convictions, and of his education. I like to see a man play his part properly, don't you? If you

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are an emperor, you ought to conduct yourself like one, as our German friend does. Or if you are a prize-fighter, you ought to be a human bull-dog. There's no such thing as a gentlemanly pugilist, any more than there can be a virtuous burglar. And if you're a South American Dictator, you can't afford to be squeamish about throwing your enemies into jail or shooting them for treason. The way to dictate is to dictate. Not to hide in doors all day while your wife plots for you."

"Does she do that?" asked Hope. And do you think she will be in danger—any personal danger, if the revolution comes?"

"Well, she is very unpopular," Clay answered, "and unjustly so, I think. But it would be better, perhaps, for her if she went as quietly as possible, when she does go."

"Is our Captain Stuart in danger, too?" the girl continued, anxiously. "Alice says they put up placards about him all over the city last night. She saw his men tearing them down as she was coming home. What has he done?"

"Nothing," Clay answered, shortly. "He happens to be in a false position, that's all. They think he is here because he is not wanted in his own country; that is not so. That is not the reason he remains here. When he was even younger than he is now, he was wild and foolish, and spent more money than he could afford, and lent more money to his brother-officers, I have no doubt, than they ever paid back. He had to leave the regiment because his father wouldn't pay his debts, and he has been selling his sword for the last three years to one or another king or sultan or party all over the world, in China and Madagascar, and later in Siam. I hope you will be very kind to Stuart and believe well of him, and that you will listen to no evil against him. Somewhere in England Stuart has a sister like you — about your age, I mean, that loves him very dearly, and a father whose heart aches for him, and there is a certain royal regiment that still drinks his health with pride. He is a lonely little chap, and he has no sense of humor to help him out of his difficulties, but he is a very brave gentleman. And he is here fighting for men who are not worthy to hold his horse's bridle, because of a woman. And I tell you this because you will hear many lies about him—and about her. He serves her with the same sort of chivalric devotion that his ancestors felt for the woman whose ribbons they tied to their lances, and for whom they fought in the lists."

"I understand," Hope said, softly. "I am glad you told me. I shall not forget." She sighed and shook her head. "I wish they'd let you manage it for them," she said.

Clay laughed. "I fear my executive ability is not of so high an order; besides, as I haven't been born to it, my conscience might trouble me if I had to shoot my enemies and rob the worthy merchants. I had better stick to digging holes in the ground. That is all I seem to be good for."

Hope looked up at him, quickly, in surprise.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded. There was a tone of such sharp reproach in her voice that Clay felt himself put on the defensive.

"I mean nothing by it," he said. "Your sister and I had a talk the other day about a man's making the best of himself, and it opened my eyes to—to many things. It was a very healthy lesson."

"It could not have been a very healthy lesson," Hope replied, severely, "if it makes you speak of your work slightingly, as you did then. That didn't sound at all natural, or like you. It sounded like Alice. Tell me, did Alice say that?"

The pleasure of hearing Hope take his part against himself was so comforting to Clay that he hesitated in answering in order to enjoy it the longer. Her enthusiasm touched him deeply, and he wondered if she were enthusiastic because she was young, or because she was sure she was right, and that he was in the wrong.

"It started this way," Clay began, carefully. He was anxious to be quite fair to Miss Langham, but he found it difficult to give her point of view correctly, while he was hungering for a word that would reestablish him in his own good opinion. "Your sister said she did not think very much of what I had done, but she explained kindly that she hoped for better things from me. But what troubles me is, that I will never do anything much better or very different in kind from the work I have done lately, and so I am a bit discouraged about it in consequence. You see," said Clay, "when I come to die, and

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they ask me what I have done with my ten fingers, I suppose I will have to say, 'Well, I built such and such railroads, and I dug up so many tons of ore, and opened new countries, and helped make other men rich.' I can't urge in my behalf that I happen to have been so fortunate as to have gained the good-will of yourself or your sister. That is quite reason enough to me, perhaps, for having lived, but it might not appeal to them. I want to feel that I have accomplished something outside of myself—something that will remain after I go. Even if it is only a breakwater or a patent coupling. When I am dead it will not matter to anyone what I personally was, whether I was a bore or a most charming companion, or whether I had red hair or blue. It is the work that will tell. And when your sister, whose judgment is the judgment of the outside world, more or less, says that the work is not worth while, I naturally feel a bit discouraged. It meant so much to me, and it hurt me to find it meant so little to others."

Hope remained silent for some time, but the rigidity of her attitude, and the tightness with which she pressed her lips together, showed that her mind was deeply occupied. They both sat silent for some few moments, looking down toward the distant lights of the city. At the farther end of the double row of bushes that lined the avenue they could see one of King's sentries passing to and fro across the roadway a long black shadow on the moonlit road.

"You are very unfair to yourself," the girl said at last, "and Alice does not represent the opinion of the world, only of a very small part of it—her own little world. She does not know how little it is. And you are wrong as to what they will ask you at the end. What will they care whether you built railroads or painted impressionist pictures? They will ask you 'What have you made of yourself? Have you been fine, and strong, and sincere?' That is what they will ask. And we like you because you are all of these things, and because you look at life so cheerfully, and are unafraid. We do not like men because they build railroads, or because they are prime-ministers. We like them for what they are themselves. And as to your work!" Hope added, and then paused in eloquent silence. "I think it is a grand work, and a noble work, full of hardships and self-sacrifices. I do not know of any man who has done more with his life than you have done with yours." She stopped and controlled her voice before she spoke again. "You should be very proud," she said.

Clay lowered his eyes and sat silent, looking down the roadway. The thought that the girl felt what she said so deeply, and that the fact that she had said it meant more to him than anything else in the world could mean, left him thrilled and trembling. He wanted to reach out his hand and seize both of hers, and tell her how much she was to him, but it seemed like taking advantage of the truths of a confessional, or of a child's innocent confidences.

"No, Miss Hope," he answered, with an effort to speak lightly, "I wish I could believe you, but I know myself better than any one else can, and I know that while my bridges may stand examination—*I* can't."

Hope turned and looked at him with eyes full of such sweet meaning that he was forced to turn his own away.

"I could trust both, I think," the girl said.

Clay drew a quick, deep breath, and started to his feet, as though he had thrown off the restraint under which he had held himself.

It was not a girl, but a woman who had spoken then, but, though he turned eagerly toward her, he stood with his head bowed, and did not dare to read the verdict in her eyes.

The clatter of horses' hoofs coming toward them at a gallop broke in rudely upon the tense stillness of the moment, but neither noticed it. "How far," Clay began, in a strained voice, "how far," he asked, more steadily, "could you trust me?"

Hope's eyes had closed for an instant, and opened again, and she smiled upon him with a look of perfect confidence and content. The beat of the horses' hoofs came now from the end of the driveway, and they could hear the men at the rear of the house pushing back their chairs and hurrying toward them. Hope raised her head, and Clay moved toward her eagerly. The horses were within a hundred yards. Before Hope could speak, the sentry's

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voice rang out in a hoarse, sharp challenge, like an alarm of fire on the silent night. "Halt!" they heard him cry. And as the horses tore past him, and their riders did not turn to look, he shouted again, "Halt, damn you!" and fired. The flash showed a splash of red and yellow in the moonlight, and the report started into life hundreds of echoes which carried it far out over the waters of the harbor, and tossed it into sharp angles, and distant corners, and in an instant a myriad of sounds answered it; the frightened cry of night-birds, the barking of dogs in the village below, and the footsteps of men running.

Clay glanced angrily down the avenue, and turned beseechingly to Hope.

"Go," she said. "See what is wrong," and moved away as though she already felt that he could act more freely when she was not near him.

The two horses fell back on their haunches before the steps, and MacWilliams and Stuart tumbled out of their saddles, and started, running back on foot in the direction from which the shot had come, tugging at their revolvers.

"Come back," Clay shouted to them. "That's all right. He was only obeying orders. That's one of King's sentries."

"Oh, is that it?" said Stuart, in matter-of-fact tones, as he turned again to the house. "Good idea. Tell him to fire lower next time. And, I say," he went on, as he bowed curtly to the assembled company on the veranda, "since you have got a picket out, you had better double it. And Clay see that no one leaves here without permission—no one. That's more important, even, than keeping them out."

"King, will you—" Clay began. "All right, General," laughed King, and walked away to meet his sailors, who came running up the hill in great anxiety.

MacWilliams had not opened his lips, but he was bristling with importance, and his effort to appear calm and soldierly, like Stuart, told more plainly than speech that he was the bearer of some invaluable secret. The sight filled young Langham with a disquieting fear that he had missed something.

Stuart looked about him, and pulled briskly at his gauntlets. King and his sailors were grouped together on the grass before the house. Mr. Langham and his daughters, and Clay, were standing on the steps, and the servants were peering around the corners of the house.

Stuart saluted Mr. Langham, as though to attract his especial attention, and then addressed himself in a low tone to Clay.

"It's come," he said. "We've been in it since dinner-time, and we've got a whole night's work cut out for you." He was laughing with excitement, and paused for a moment to gain breath. "I'll tell you the worst of it first. Mendoza has sent word to Alvarez that he wants the men at the mines to be present at the review to-morrow. He says they must take part. He wrote a most insolent letter. Alvarez got out of it by saying that the men were under contract to you, and that you must give your permission first. Mendoza sent me word that if you would not let the men come, he would go out and fetch them in himself."

"Indeed!" growled Clay. "Kirkland needs those men to-morrow to load ore-cars for Thursday's steamer. He can't spare them. That is our answer, and it happens to be a true one, but if it wasn't true, if to-morrow was All Saints' Day, and the men had nothing to do but to lie in the sun and sleep, Mendoza couldn't get them. And if he comes to take them to-morrow, he'll have to bring his army with him to do it. And he couldn't do it then, Mr. Langham," Clay cried, turning to that gentleman, "if I had better weapons. The five thousand dollars I wanted you to spend on rifles, sir, two months ago, might have saved you several millions to-morrow."

Clay's words seemed to bear some special significance to Stuart and MacWilliams, for they both laughed, and Stuart pushed Clay up the steps before him.

"Come inside," he said. "That is why we are here. MacWilliams has found out where Burke hid his shipment of arms. We are going to try and get them to-night." He hurried into the dining-room and the others grouped themselves about the table. "Tell them about it, MacWilliams," Stuart commanded. "I will see that no one overhears you."

MacWilliams was pushed into Mr. Langham's place at the head of the long table, and the others dragged their chairs up close around him. King put the candles at the opposite end of the table, and set some decanters and glasses in the cen-

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tre. "To look as though we were just enjoying ourselves," he explained, pleasantly.

Mr. Langham, with his fine, delicate fingers beating nervously on the table, observed the scene as an on-looker, rather than as the person chiefly interested. He smiled as he appreciated the incongruity of the tableau, and the contrast which the actors presented to the situation. He imagined how much it would amuse his contemporaries of the Union Club, at home, if they could see him then, with the still, tropical night outside, the candles reflected on the polished table and on the angles of the decanters, and showing the intent faces of the young girls and the men leaning eagerly forward around MacWilliams, who sat conscious and embarrassed, his hair dishevelled, and his face covered with dust, while Stuart paced up and down in the shadow, his sabre clanking as he walked.

"Well, it happened like this," MacWilliams began, nervously, and addressing himself to Clay. "Stuart and I put Burke safely in a cell by himself. It was one of the old ones that face the street. There was a narrow window in it, about eight feet above the floor, and no means of his reaching it, even if he stood on a chair. We stationed two troopers before the door, and sent out to a café across the street for our dinners. I finished mine about nine o'clock, and said 'Good-night' to Stuart, and started to come out here. I went across the street first, however, to give the restaurant man some orders about Burke's breakfast. It is a narrow street, you know, with a long garden-wall and a row of little shops on one side, and with the jail-wall taking up all of the other side. The street was empty when I left the jail, except for the sentry on guard in front of it, but just as I was leaving the restaurant I saw one of Stuart's police come out and peer up and down the street and over at the shops. He looked frightened and anxious, and as I wasn't taking chances on anything, I stepped back into the restaurant and watched him through the window. He waited until the sentry had turned his back, and started away from him on his post, and then I saw him drop his sabre so that it rang on the sidewalk. He was standing, I noticed then, directly under the third window from the door of the jail. That was the window of Burke's cell. When I grasped that fact I got out my gun and walked to the door of the restaurant. Just as I reached it a piece of paper shot out through the bars of Burke's cell and fell at the policeman's feet, and he stamped his boot down on it and looked all around again to see if anyone had noticed him. I thought that was my cue, and I ran across the street with my gun pointed, and shouted to him to give me the paper. He jumped about a foot when he first saw me, but he was game, for he grabbed up the paper and stuck it in his mouth and began to chew on it. I was right up on him then, and I hit him on the chin with my left fist and knocked him down against the wall, and dropped on him with both knees and choked him till I made him spit out the paper — and two teeth," MacWilliams added, with a conscientious regard for details. "The sentry turned just then and came at me with his bayonet, but I put my finger to my lips, and that surprised him, so that he didn't know just what to do, and hesitated. You see, I didn't want Burke to hear the row outside, so I grabbed my policeman by the collar and pointed to the jail door, and the sentry ran back and brought out Stuart and the guard. Stuart was pretty mad when he saw his policeman all bloody. He thought it would prejudice his other men against us, but I explained out loud that the man had been insolent, and I asked Stuart to take us both to his private room for a hearing, and, of course, when I told him what had happened, he wanted to punch the chap, too. We put him ourselves into a cell where he could not communicate with any one, and then we read the paper. Stuart has it," said MacWilliams, pushing back his chair, "and he'll tell you the rest." There was a pause, in which everyone seemed to take time to breathe, and then a chorus of questions and explanations. King lifted his glass to MacWilliams, and nodded.

"Well done, Condor," he quoted, smiling.

"Yes," said Clay, tapping the younger man on the shoulder as he passed him. "That's good work. Now show us the paper, Stuart."

Stuart pulled the candles toward him, and spread a slip of paper on the table.

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"Burke did this up in one of those paper boxes for wax matches," he explained, "and weighted it with a twenty-dollar gold piece. MacWilliams kept the gold piece, I believe."

"Going to use it for a scarf-pin," explained MacWilliams, in parenthesis. "Sort of war-medal, like the Chief's," he added, smiling.

"This is in Spanish," Stuart explained. "I will translate it. It is not addressed to any one, and it is not signed, but it was evidently written to Mendoza, and we know it is in Burke's handwriting, for we compared it with some notes of his that we took from him before he was locked up. He says, 'I cannot keep the appointment, as I have been arrested.' The line that follows here," Stuart explained, raising his head, "has been scratched out, but we spent some time over it, and we made out that it read: 'It was Mr. Clay who recognized me, and ordered my arrest. He is the best man the others have. Watch him.' We think he rubbed that out through good feeling toward Clay. There seems to be no other reason. He's a very good sort, this old Burke, I think."

"Well, never mind him; it was very decent of him, any way," said Clay. "Go on. Get to Hecuba."

"'I cannot keep the appointment, as I have been arrested,'" repeated Stuart. "'I landed the goods last night in safety. I could not come in when first signalled, as the wind and tide were both off shore. But we got all the stuff stored away by morning. Your agent paid me in full and got my receipt. Please consider this as the same thing—as the equivalent'—it is difficult to translate it exactly," commented Stuart—"'as the equivalent of the receipt I was to have given when I made my report to-night. I sent three of your guards away on my own responsibility, for I think more than that number might attract attention to the spot, and they might be seen from the ore-trains.' That is the point of the note for us, of course," Stuart interrupted himself to say. "Burke adds," he went on, "'that they are to make no effort to rescue him, as he is quite comfortable, and is willing to remain in the cartel until they are established in power.'"

"Within sight of the ore-trains!" exclaimed Clay. "There are no ore-trains but ours. It must be along the line of the road."

"MacWilliams says he knows every foot of land along the railroad," said Stuart, "and he is sure the place Burke means is the old fortress on the Platta inlet, because——"

"It is the only place," interrupted MacWilliams, "where there is no surf. They could run small boats up the inlet and unload in smooth water within twenty feet of the ramparts; and another thing, that is the only point on the line with a wagon road running direct from it to the Capital. It's an old road, and hasn't been travelled over for years, but it could be used. No," he added, as though answering the doubt in Clay's mind, "there is no other place. If I had a map here I could show you in a minute; where the beach is level there is a jungle between it and the road, and wherever there is open country, there is the limestone formation and rocks between it and the sea, where no boat could touch."

"But the fortress is so conspicuous," Clay demurred; "the nearest rampart is within twenty feet of the road. Don't you remember we measured it when we thought of laying the double track?"

"That is just what Burke says," urged Stuart. "That is the reason he gives for leaving only three men on guard—'I think more than that number might attract attention to the spot, as they might be seen from the ore-trains.'"

"Have you told any one of this?" Clay asked. "What have you done so far?"

"We've done nothing," said Stuart. "We lost our nerve when we found out how much we knew, and we decided we'd better leave it to you."

"Whatever we do must be done at once," said Clay. "They will come for the arms to-night, most likely, and we must be there first. I agree with you entirely about the place. It is only a question now of our being on time. There are two things to do. The first thing is, to keep them from getting the arms, and the second is, if we are lucky, to secure them for ourselves. If we can pull it off properly, we ought to have those rifles in the mines before midnight. If we are hurried or surprised, we must dump them off the fort into the sea." Clay laughed

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and looked about him at the men. "We are only following out General Bolivar's saying, 'When you want arms take them from the enemy.' Now, there are three places we must cover. This house, first of all," he went on, inclining his head quickly toward the two sisters, "then the city, and the mines. Stuart's place of course, is at the Palace. King must take care of this house and those in it, and MacWilliams and Langham and I must look after the arms. We must organize two parties, and they had better approach the fort from here and from the mines at the same time. I will need you to do some telegraphing for me, Mac, and King, I must ask you for some more men from the yacht. How many have you?"

King answered that there were fifteen men still on board, ten of whom would be of service. He added that they were all well equipped for fighting.

"I believe King's a pirate in business hours," Clay said, smiling. "All right, that's good. Now go tell ten of them to meet me at the round-house in half an hour. I will get MacWilliams to telegraph Kirkland to run an engine and flat cars to within a half mile of the fort on the north, and we will come up on it with the sailors and Ted, here, from the south. You must run the engine yourself, MacWilliams, and perhaps it would be better, King, if your men joined us at the foot of the grounds here and not at the round-house. None of the workmen must see our party start. Do you agree with me?" he asked, turning to those in the group about him. "Has anybody any criticism to make?"

Stuart and King looked at one another ruefully and laughed. "I don't see what good I am doing in town," protested Stuart. "Yes, and I don't see where I come in, either," growled King, in aggrieved tones. "These youngsters can't do it all; besides, I ought to have charge of my own men."

"Mutiny," said Clay, in some perplexity, "rank mutiny. Why, it's only a picnic. There are but three men there. We don't need sixteen white men to frighten off three Olanchians."

"I'll tell you what to do," cried Hope, with the air of having discovered a plan which would be acceptable to everyone, "let's all go."

"Well, I certainly mean to go," said Mr. Langham, decidedly. "So some one else must stay here. Ted, you will have to look after your sisters."

The son and heir smiled upon his parent with a look of affectionate wonder, and shook his head at him in fond and pitying disapproval.

"I'll stay," said King. "I have never seen such ungallant conduct. Ladies," he said, "I will protect your lives and property, and we'll invent something exciting to do ourselves, even if we have to bombard the Capital."

The men bade the women good-night, and left them with King and Mr. Langham, who had been persuaded to remain overnight, while Stuart rode off to acquaint Alvarez and General Rojas with what was going on.

XI

THERE was no chance for Clay to speak to Hope again, though he felt the cruelty of having to leave her with everything between them in this interrupted state. But their friends stood about her, interested and excited over this expedition of smuggled arms, unconscious of the great miracle that had come into his life and of his need to speak to and to touch the woman who had wrought it. Clay felt how much more binding than the laws of life are the little social conventions that must be observed at times, even though the heart is leaping with joy or racked with sorrow. He stood within a few feet of the woman he loved, wanting to cry out at her and to tell her all the wonderful things which he had learned were true for the first time that night, but he was forced instead to keep his eyes away from her face and to laugh and answer questions, and at the last to go away content with having held her hand for an instant, and to have heard her say "good-luck."

MacWilliams called Kirkland to the office at the other end of the Company's wire, and explained the situation to him. He was instructed to run an engine and freight-cars to a point a quarter of a mile north of the fort, and to wait there until he heard a locomotive whistle or pistol shots, when he was to run on to the fort as quickly and as noiselessly as possible.

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He was also directed to bring with him as many of the American workmen as he could trust to keep silent concerning the events of the evening. At ten o'clock MacWilliams had the steam up in a locomotive, and with his only passenger-car in the rear, ran it out of the yard and stopped the train at the point nearest the cars where ten of the Vesta's crew were waiting. The sailors had no idea as to where they were going, or what they were to do, but the fact that they had all been given arms filled them with satisfaction, and they huddled together at the bottom of the car smoking and whispering, and radiant with excitement and satisfaction.

The train progressed cautiously until it was within a half mile below the fort, when Clay stopped it, and, leaving two men on guard, stepped off the remaining distance on the ties, his little band following noiselessly behind him like a procession of ghosts in the moonlight. They halted and listened from time to time as they drew near the ruins, but there was no sound except the beating of the waves on the rocks and the rustling of the sea-breeze through the vines and creepers about them.

Clay motioned to the men to sit down, and, beckoning to MacWilliams, directed him to go on ahead and reconnoitre.

"If you fire we will come up," he said. "Get back here as soon as you can."

"Aren't you going to make sure first that Kirkland is on the other side of the fort?" MacWilliams whispered.

Clay replied that he was certain Kirkland had already arrived. "He had a shorter run than ours, and he wired you he was ready to start when we were, didn't he?" MacWilliams nodded.

"Well, then, he is there. I can count on Kirk."

MacWilliams pulled at his heavy boots and hid them in the bushes, with his helmet over them to mark the spot. "I feel as though I was going to rob a bank," he chuckled, as he waved his hand and crept off into the underbrush.

For the first few moments the men who were left behind sat silent, but as the minutes wore on, and MacWilliams made no sign, they grew restless, and shifted their positions, and began to whisper together, until Clay shook his head at them, and there was silence again until one of them, in trying not to cough, almost strangled, and the others tittered and those nearest pummelled him on the back.

Clay pulled out his revolver, and after spinning the cylinder under his finger-nail, put it back in its holder again, and the men, taking this as an encouraging promise of immediate action, began to examine their weapons again for the twentieth time, and there was a chorus of short, muffled clicks as triggers were drawn back and cautiously lowered and levers shot into place and caught again.

One of the men farthest down the track raised his arm, and all turned and half rose as they saw MacWilliams coming toward them on a run, leaping noiselessly in his stocking feet from tie to tie. He dropped on his knees between Clay and Langham.

"The guns are there all right," he whispered, panting, "and there are only three men guarding them. They are all sitting on the beach smoking. I hustled around the fort and came across the whole outfit in the second gallery. It looks like a row of coffins, ten coffins and about twenty little boxes and kegs. I'm sure that means they are coming for them to-night. They've not tried to hide them nor to cover them up. All we've got to do is to walk down on the guards and tell them to throw up their hands. It's too easy."

Clay jumped to his feet. "Come on," he said.

"Wait till I get my boots on first," begged MacWilliams. "I wouldn't go over those cinders again in my bare feet for all the buried treasure in the Spanish Main. You can make all the noise you want; the waves will drown it."

With MacWilliams to show them the way, the men scrambled up the outer wall of the fort and crossed the moss-covered ramparts at the run. Below them, on the sandy beach, were three men sitting around a driftwood fire that had sunk to a few hot ashes. Clay nodded to MacWilliams. "You and Ted can have them," he said. "Go with him, Langham."

The sailors levelled their rifles at the three lonely figures on the beach as the two boys slipped down the wall and fell on their hands and feet in the sand below, and then crawled up to within a few feet of where the men were sitting.

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As MacWilliams raised his revolver one of the three, who was cooking something over the fire, raised his head and with a yell of warning flung himself toward his rifle.

"Up with your hands!" MacWilliams shouted in Spanish, and Langham, running in, seized the nearest sentry by the neck and shoved his face down between his knees into the sand.

There was a great rattle of falling stones and of breaking vines as the sailors tumbled down the side of the fort, and in a half minute's time the three sentries were looking with angry, frightened eyes at the circle of armed men around them.

"Now gag them," said Clay. "Does anybody here know how to gag a man?" he asked. "I don't."

"Better make him tell what he knows first," suggested Langham.

But the Spaniards were too terrified at what they had done, or at what they had failed to do, to further commit themselves.

"Tie us and gag us," one of them begged. "Let them find us so. It is the kindest thing you can do for us."

"Thank you, sir," said Clay. "That is what I wanted to know. They are coming to-night, then. We must hurry."

The three sentries were bound and hidden at the base of the wall, with a sailor to watch them. He was a young man with a high sense of the importance of his duties, and he enlivened the prisoners by poking them in the ribs whenever they moved.

Clay deemed it impossible to signal Kirkland as they had arranged to do, as they could not know now how near those who were coming for the arms might be. So MacWilliams was sent back for his engine, and a few minutes later they heard it rumble heavily past the fort on its way to bring up Kirkland and the flat cars. Clay explored the lower chambers of the fort and found the boxes as MacWilliams had described them. Ten men, with some effort, could lift and carry the larger coffin-shaped boxes, and Clay guessed that, granting their contents to be rifles, there must be a hundred pieces in each box, and that there were a thousand rifles in all.

They had moved half of the boxes to the side of the track when the train of flat cars and the two engines came crawling and twisting toward them, between the walls of the jungle, like a great serpent, with no light about it but the glow from the hot ashes as they fell between the rails. Thirty men, equally divided between Irish and negroes, fell off the flat cars before the wheels had ceased to revolve, and, without a word of direction, began loading the heavy boxes on the train and passing the kegs of cartridges from hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder. The sailors spread out up the road that led to the Capital to give warning in case the enemy approached, but they were recalled before they had reason to give an alarm, and in a half hour Burke's entire shipment of arms was on the ore-cars, the men who were to have guarded them were prisoners in the cab of the engine, and both trains were rushing at full speed toward the mines. On arriving there Kirkland's train was switched to the siding that led to the magazine in which was stored the rackarock and dynamite used in the blasting. By midnight all of the boxes were safely under lock in the zinc building, and the number of the men who always guarded the place for fear of fire or accident was doubled, while a reserve, composed of Kirkland's thirty picked men, were hidden in the surrounding houses and engine-sheds.

Before Clay left he had one of the boxes broken open, and found that it held a hundred Mannlicher rifles.

"Good!" he said. "I'd give a thousand dollars in gold if I could bring Mendoza out here and show him his own men armed with his own Mannlichers and dying for a shot at him. How old Burke will enjoy this when he hears of it."

The party from the Palms returned to their engine after many promises of reward to the men for their work "over-time," and were soon flying back with their hearts as light as the smoke above them.

MacWilliams slackened speed as they neared the fort, and moved up cautiously on the scene of their recent victory, but a warning cry from Clay made him bring his engine to a sharp stop. Many lights were flashing over the ruins and they could see in their reflection the figures of men running over the same walls on which the lizards had basked in undisturbed peace for years.

"They look like a swarm of hornets

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after some one has chucked a stone through their nest," laughed MacWilliams. "What shall we do now? Go back, or wait here, or run the blockade?"

"Oh, ride them out," said Langham; "the family's anxious, and I want to tell them what's happened. Go ahead."

Clay turned to the sailors in the car behind them. "Lie down, men," he said. "And don't any of you fire unless I tell you to. Let them do all the shooting. This isn't our fight, yet, and, besides, they can't hit a locomotive standing still, certainly not when it's going at full speed."

"Suppose they've torn the track up?" said MacWilliams, grinning. "We'd look sort of silly flying through the air."

"Oh, they've not sense enough to think of that," said Clay. "Besides, they don't know it was we who took their arms away, yet."

MacWilliams opened the throttle gently, and the train moved slowly forward, gaining speed at each revolution of the wheels.

As the noise of its approach beat louder and louder on the air, a yell of disappointed rage and execration rose into the night from the fort, and a mass of soldiers swarmed upon the track, leaping up and down and shaking the rifles in their hands.

"That sounds a little as though they thought we had something to do with it," said MacWilliams, grimly. "If they don't look out some one will get hurt."

There was a flash of fire from where the mass of men stood, followed by a dozen more flashes, and the bullets rattled on the smokestack and upon the boiler of the engine.

"Low bridge," cried MacWilliams, with a fierce chuckle. "Now, watch her!"

He threw open the throttle as far as it would go, and the engine answered to his touch like a race-horse to the whip. It seemed to spring from the track into the air. It quivered and shook like a live thing, and as it shot in between the soldiers they fell back on either side, and MacWilliams leaned far out of his cab-window shaking his fist at them.

"You got left, didn't you?" he shouted. "Thank you for the Mannlichers."

As the locomotive rushed out of the jungle, and passed the point on the road nearest to the Palms, MacWilliams loosened three long triumphant shrieks from his whistle and the sailors stood up and cheered.

"Let them shout," cried Clay. "Everybody will have to know now. It's begun at last," he said, with a laugh of relief.

"And we took the first trick," said MacWilliams, as he ran his engine slowly into the railroad yard.

The whistles of the engine and the shouts of the sailors had carried far through the silence of the night, and as the men came hurrying across the lawn to the Palms, they saw all of those who had been left behind grouped on the veranda awaiting them.

"Do the conquering heroes come?" shouted King.

"They do," young Langham cried, joyously. "We've got all their arms, and they shot at us. We've been under fire!"

"Are any of you hurt?" asked Miss Langham, anxiously, as she and the others hurried down the steps to welcome them, while those of the Vesta's crew who had been left behind looked at their comrades with envy.

"We have been so frightened and anxious about you," said Miss Langham.

Hope held out her hand to Clay and greeted him with a quiet, happy smile, that was in contrast to the excitement and confusion that reigned about them.

"I knew you would come back safely," she said. And the pressure of her hand seemed to add "to me."

(To be continued.)

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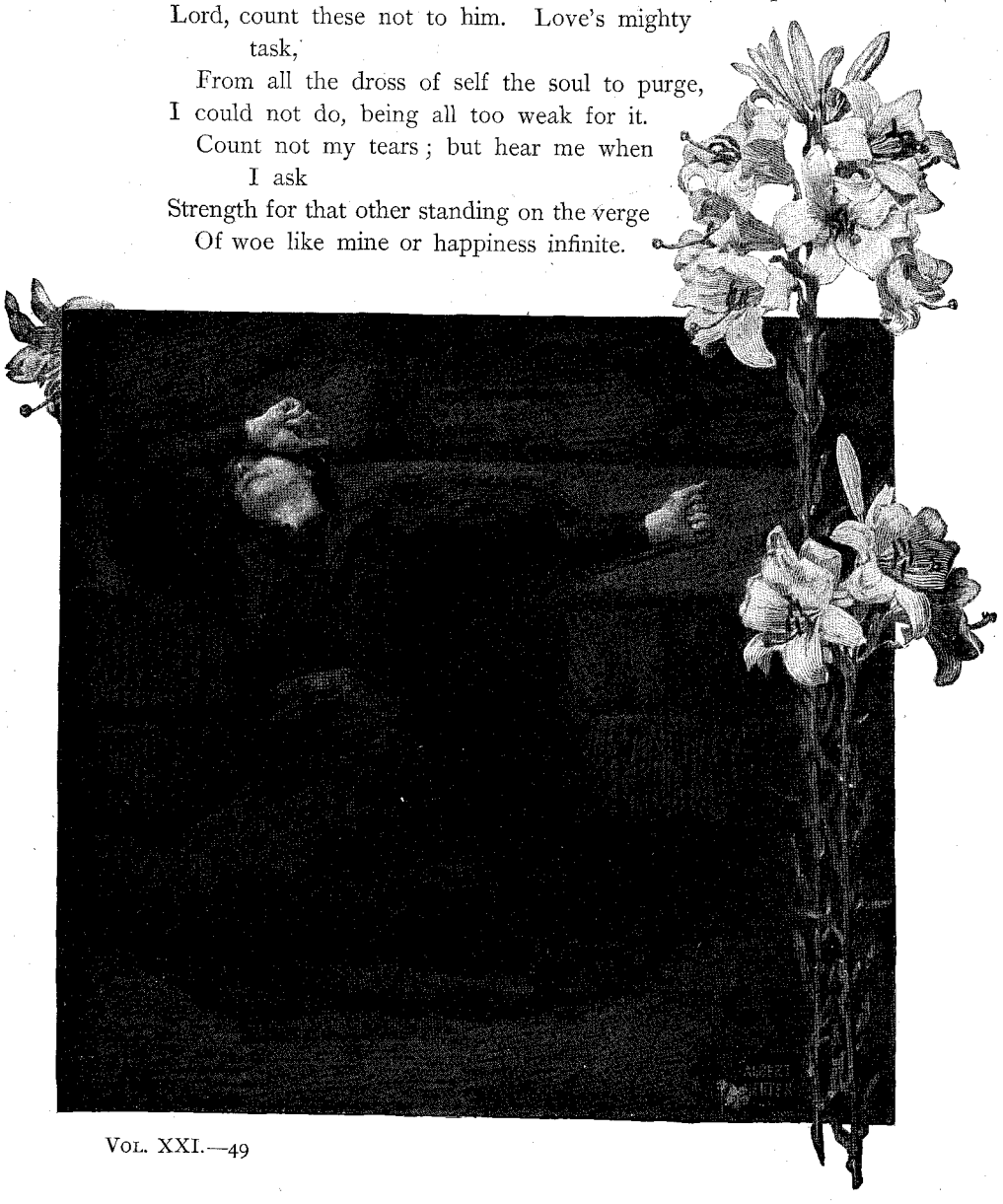
COR PECCATRIX

SINCE my Beloved has been false to me,
Thou knowest, Lord! the tears that I have wept,
And the long, unstarred vigils I have kept—
So long I had not known that nights could be—
So long, I oft have to my window crept,
Bewildered lest my fearful eyes should see
That Time had dawned into Eternity,
While I had watched and while the world had slept.
Lord, count these not to him. Love's mighty task,
From all the dross of self the soul to purge,
I could not do, being all too weak for it.
Count not my tears; but hear me when I ask
Strength for that other standing on the verge
Of woe like mine or happiness infinite.



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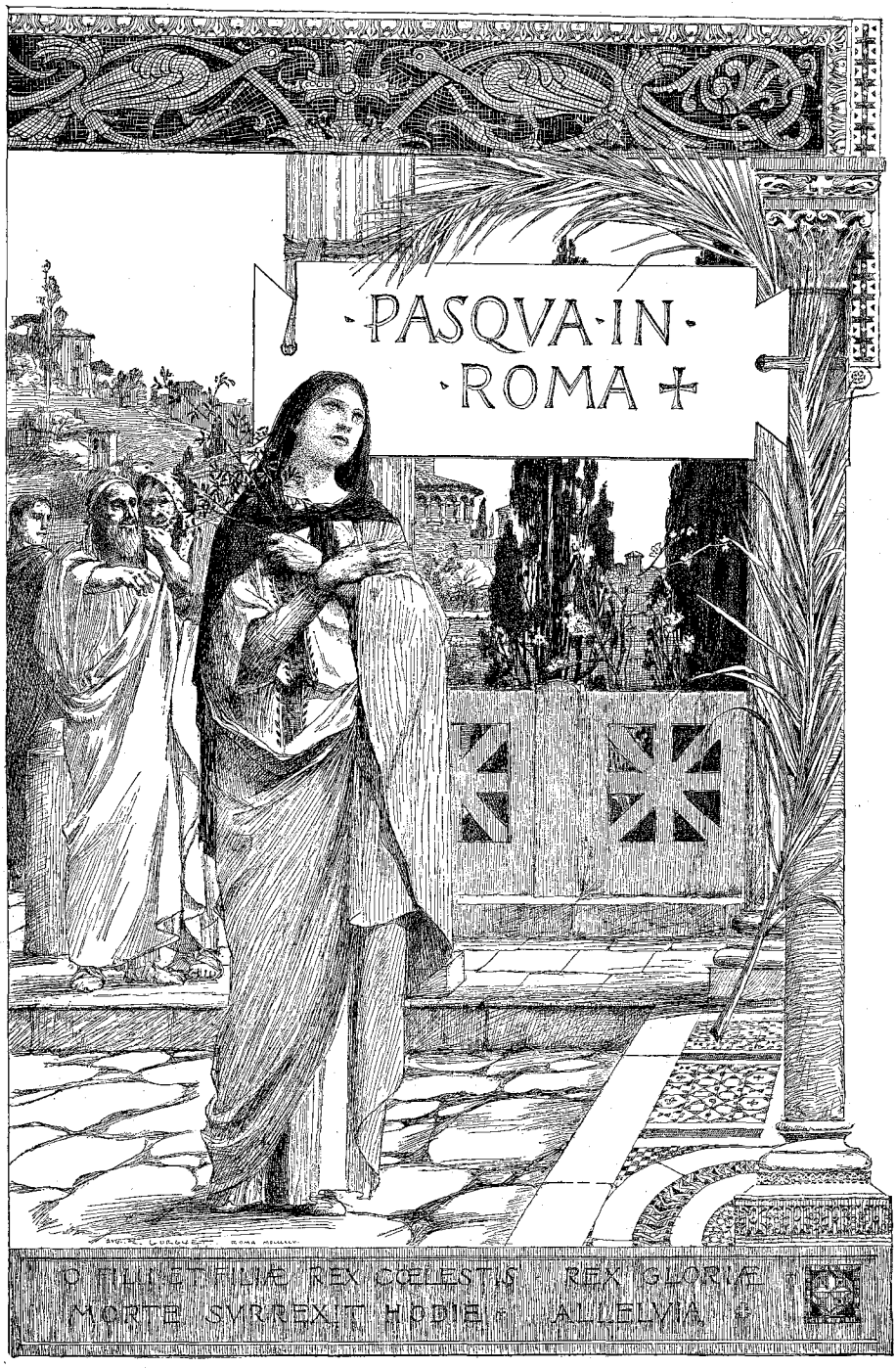

A ROMAN

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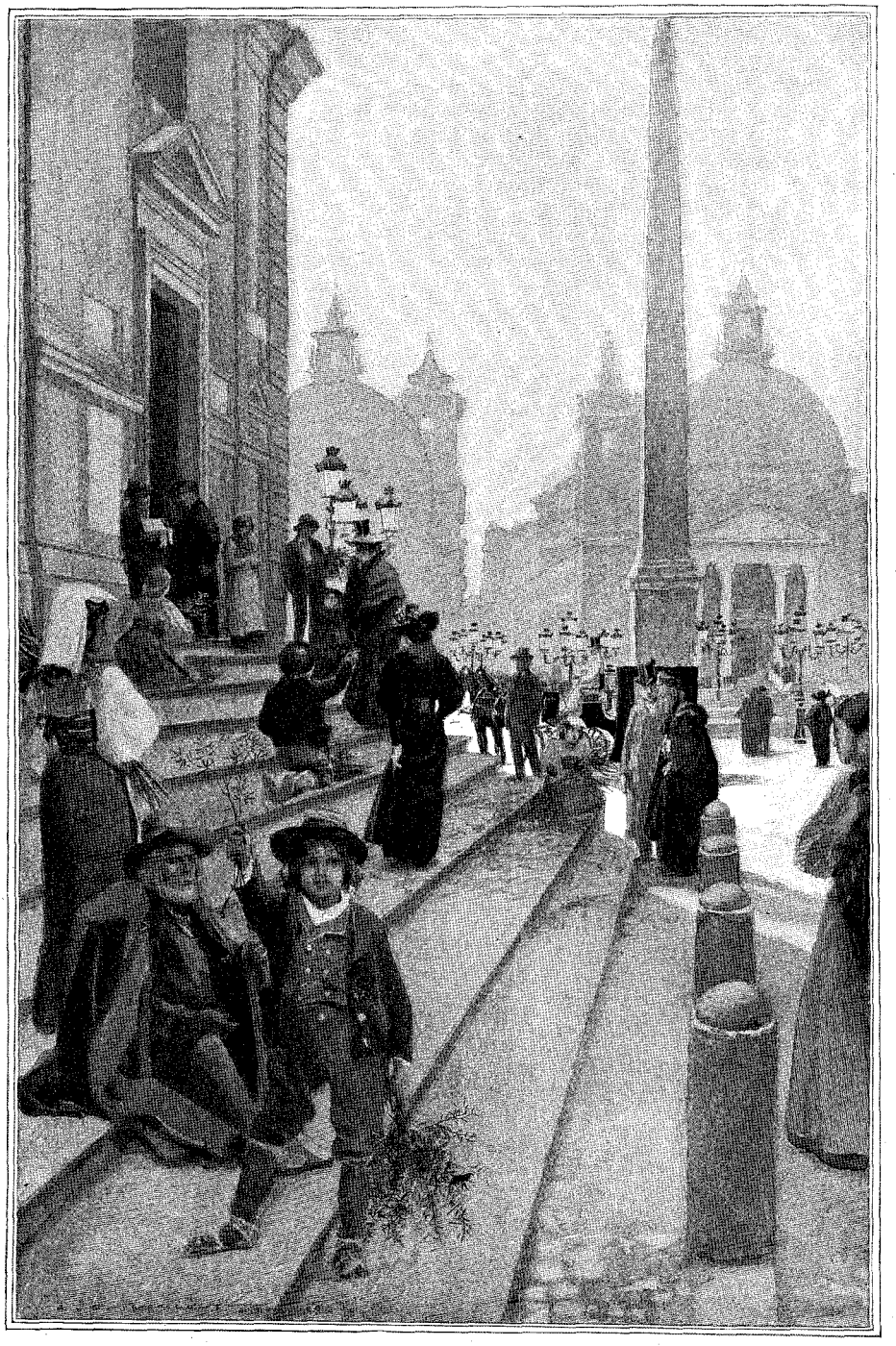
AUGUSTE FRANÇOIS GORGUET.



EASTER.

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THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

By Henry van Dyke

WHILE May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene:
There's magic in that small bird's note—
See, there he flits—the Yellow-throat;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows:
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try, to call her down this way,
Witchery—witchery—witchery.

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she—
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
Witchery—witchery—witchery.

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run—
One thing is lacking, only one:
If Mary were but here to-day,
I would believe your charming lay,
Witchery—witchery—witchery.

Along the shady road I look;
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white—
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet—
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

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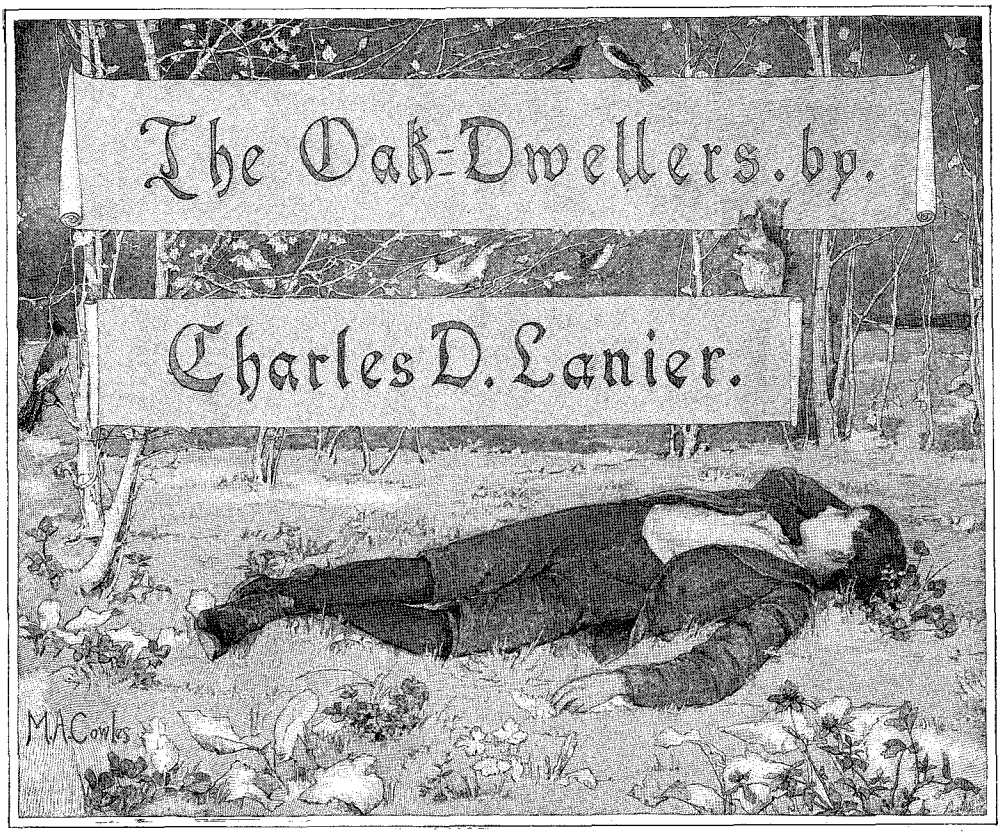

AS beautiful as Dr. Holmes makes the story of his tree-loves — we all remember what delight he had in seeking out the hugest of the graceful New England elms to proudly "wed" them with his tape-measure—it has seemed to me that in the sympathy we have for the personal majesty of trees there may be deeper notes which escape the poet and the botanist to thrill the untrained, but very keen, ear of the hunter. Be assured that one has not exhausted their loveliness nor their most charming secrets when the tape-measure is read and the spread of boughs computed. For there is such a fulness and variety of life in the cosey nooks and voluminous foliage of a single forest tree—one finds with riper friendship so many flying and climbing households never suspected when one was on less intimate terms—that a realization comes of the *terra incognita* this must be for those who may not loaf and hunt their way into the confidence of woody things.

That this privilege is not restricted to the naturalist and such as have names out of dead languages at glib command for unoffending insects and frogs and birds, I hope to prove by recalling my intimacy with a tree that was, and always will be, a very real friend to me. Certainly the writer did not come in the specialist category, for he was a boy with quite his share of native boy ignorance and barbarism.

When the sunshine and soft rains of summer had brought great billowing clouds of foliage to the noble army of oaks, hickories, and chestnuts, towering on the hills of western Maryland, we could see between the luxuriant sprays of ivy that clothed the façade of our school a strange silhouette against the distant sky above Horsehead Woods. It was the front of a horse rampant, bearing an Indian warrior whose very eagle feathers showed out in serrated fierceness. This dashing figure-

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head was pointed out to visitors as the genius of the place, and godfather of the forest. But there were two or three of the less thrifty school-boys—of the well-defined cult chronically late for chapel, untidy in its uniforms, and silent on Commencement and prize-giving occasions—who knew many more and better things about that group of giant trees and the *Waldgeist* in Horsehead.

They were the biggest oaks in a wood famous among us for its primeval growth. And the one that threw its topmost branches into the proudly curving neck of the rearing steed was chiefest of them all, and that was my tree.

In the summer season it was no easy task to push one's way through the dense growth of dogwood, alder, hickory, haws, and rare blackberry bushes, grown out of all rhyme and reason; and the dark mouldy soil was honeycombed with springs that kept off everyone except such pertinacious young hunters as we were. But when one knew the secret of the narrow strip of firm ground, and had followed it to the home of the giant, one was rewarded with a pleasant bit of clear turf-covered glade, through which flowed, silent and deep and crystal-clear, the icy waters of the Big Spring. For about this enchanted spot, guarded by the oak, all things grew in a more generous mould.

The hawks first led me to it—two fiercely screaming red-tailed buzzards. From a lazy bed in the clover, I had often watched them slowly circle up into the blue, not moving a wing, but nevertheless rising mysteriously higher and higher until it hurt one's eye to follow them. Their gibing enemies, the crows, betrayed them in nesting-time, and I found the ungainly bundle of sticks and leaves in the vertical crotch of the oak eighty feet from the ground. It was the work of hours to get at it; but when I peered breathlessly over the edge of the clumsy affair to see the three great eggs, of a delicate green-white ground-color, handsomely splotched with autumn-leaf brown on the larger end, there was no more thought of bruised shins, torn trousers, or gouged eyes, nor of the agony suffered in the slow descent made with the prizes in a furry cap which I held in my teeth, and which set them very distressingly on edge.

As the buzzards were the largest and most savage of my feathered tenants, I shall tell next of the prettiest and tiniest of them all. It was Sunday afternoon when they became known to me, and I lay on the close turf with head propped against a monster root that the oak sent coiling off into the ground. The sun was near to leaving. Two thrushes twittered about their nest in the low crotch of the wild cherry, containing four eggs of a beautiful blue, but too "easy" to tempt our rapacity; ever and anon the poetry which the woods had distilled through the brown-coated songsters melted into an infinitely tranquil, mellow note, never heard in its full charm save thus as a voice of the forest symphony, to the melodious accompaniment of some quiet fall of softly modulated waters. Stilled by the harmony my half-closed eyes were turned toward the lower bough, the nearer aisles of the vast leafy temple. Suddenly a glint shot from the point where my gaze was dreamily focused. That was all; but suspicion and savage instincts were aroused. For ten minutes my eyes followed the contour of each of the small boughs twenty feet above me, mere twigs from a higher and greater branch, which in turn declined from a mighty outstretched arm of the giant. Presently suspicion centred in an insignificant, lichen-covered wart on the upper side of a branch as large, perhaps, as a lady's wrist. It was like a dozen others, yet not exactly like them. The lichen seemed to me just a shade grayer and more regular, and the knot was a trifle too round. I feared to take my eyes away, lest it were lost before I had proved it to be only a natural excrescence. The sudden glint again struck my eye, there was a strange, tuneful hum, and—Eureka! Directly above the point I was watching there hovered, with wings vibrating themselves into a misty point, an exquisite ruby-throat. Then it settled on the diminutive cup of lichen, and I had found my first humming-bird's nest. By climbing far up above, and then crawling carefully down on a separate limb, one could look over into the nest, scarcely a yard away, to admire the two tiny white eggs, and the even more fairy-like nest, marvellously woven inside with the finest and softest fibre, and

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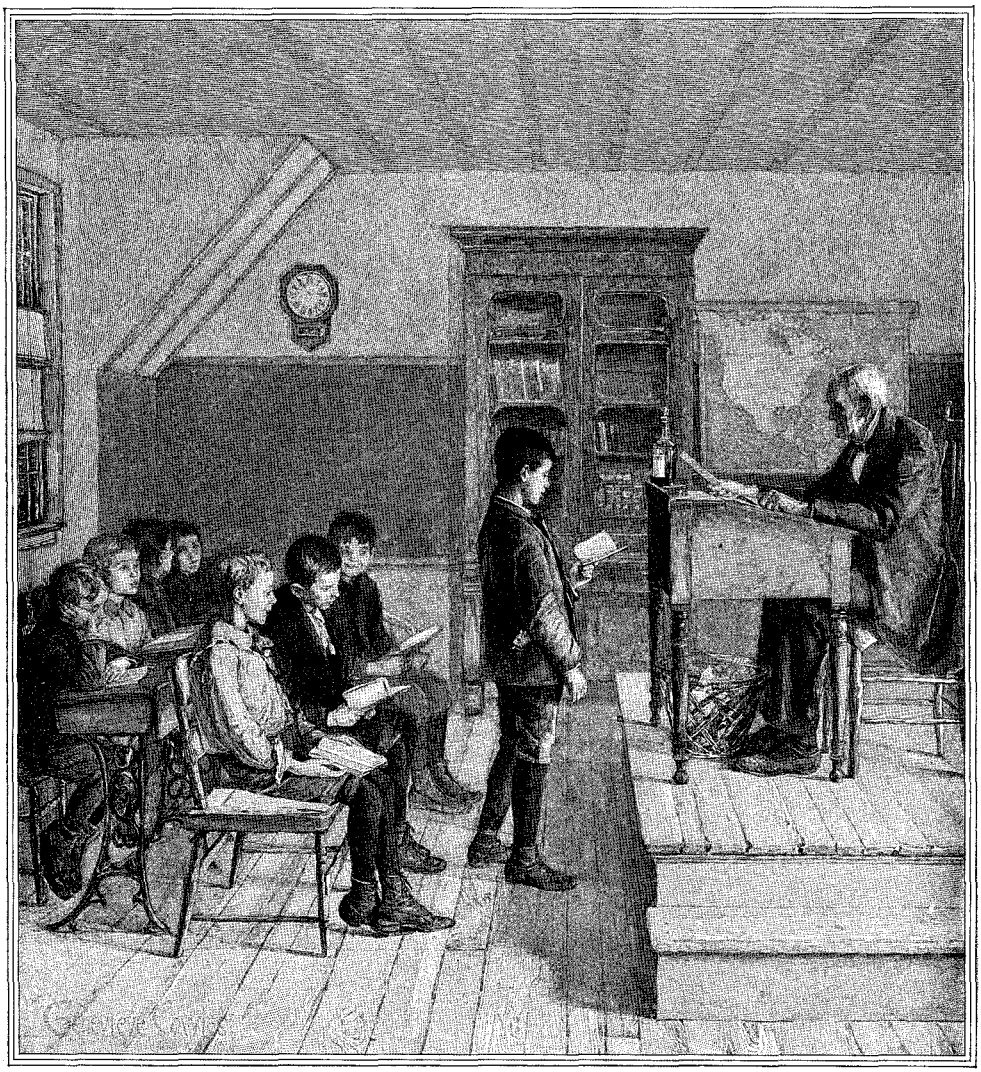
coated on the outer periphery against the weather with delicate lichen, which just turned the rim so as to shed any insistent raindrop that might penetrate the manifold roof of leaves overhead. The whole would have fitted in a circle made by joining the index-finger and thumb.

of twigs which they tossed into one of the lower crotches to hold their curiously mottled green eggs, as if they had been building a palace. Fortunate it was that they did not come while the hawks were nesting, or there would have been no peace in that part of Horsehead.



The School-room.

I am going to draw a hasty veil over the subsequent history of the dainty household, and proceed to some less picturesque boarders in this very democratic apartment-house. A pair of scolding jays were tenants for two years. They made as much noise over the disreputable handful

But even without the hawks the jays always had a cause of complaint. Besides frequent passages-at-arms with the woodpeckers, they contrived to get up a notable feud with the red squirrels. These did not live in the oak, where their big gray cousins had a famous den; they came

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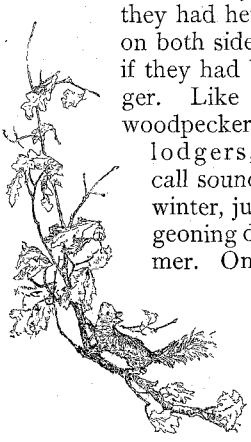
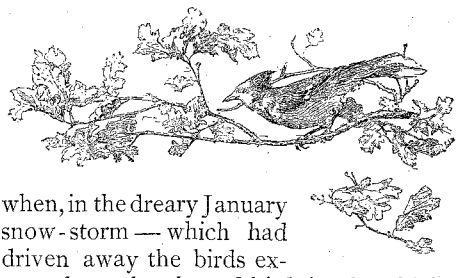
over from the long slit in the maple, like the roystering brawlers they were, and gave the jays some fearful battles. I could never certainly make out whether they were after the eggs or not—these red squirrels. They had a bad name as bird-nesters, and that was probably the secret of their forays; at any rate the encounters were long and fierce. The instant Mr. Bluejay discovered one of the red robbers on the tree, he gave a shriek of rage which brought his valiant spouse to the scene, and together they chased the interloper over the oak, from one branch to another, so fast and furiously that it was frequently difficult to tell, in the fluttering, revolving *mêlée*, which was bird and which was beast. So savage did the fray become that the jays actually ceased their slogan, and the sullen combat went swiftly on with only the sound of snapping beaks and scampering claws.

One afternoon, in the midst of these swashbuckler affairs, the two birds made such a desperate concerted dash at one of the squirrels, while he was running along a limb too small to give the firmest support, that he was fairly dashed off into mid-air and to the ground. Scarcely had he thumped on it when both assailants were upon him. Though I took a hand in it, they paid no attention to me for several seconds, and with the advantage of his slightly dazed condition I am sure they would have killed him.

This hatred of red squirrels was at least one bond of union between the jays and the woodpeckers, who lived much higher up, in a short, dead branch, stripped of its bark—relic of some hurricane that had struck the forest years ago. The holes they had hewn in it could be seen on both sides, round and even as if they had been bored by an auger. Like the gray squirrels the woodpeckers were all-the-year lodgers, and their discordant call sounded out in the coldest winter, just as in the warm, burgeoning days of spring and summer. One quite forgave the exceeding bad taste of their crass red, white, and black plumage, and even their garrulous buffoonery,





when, in the dreary January snow-storm — which had driven away the birds except for a lonely red-bird in the thickets, a diminutive creeper here and there, and a swarm of uninteresting snowbirds—their loud challenge sounded out as defiant as ever, to be followed by a cheery *rap-tap-tap*. Their eggs, too, were a redeeming feature—six shapely ovals, of the most beautiful clear white texture, and polished so highly that the finest ivory could not rival them.

But I am leaving small space to tell of three families of lovely transients that came on different occasions to occupy their little coigne of vantage in the vast, hospitable spread of the oak. A flaring tanager, with rich black and scarlet coat, I always suspected of having nested there; but, if so, she kept her secret well. It was not so easy for the Baltimore oriole to hide from prying eyes her long, purse-like nest, which depended from some slight flexible twigs far up in the air. How it rocked when the wind blew before a sudden thunder-shower! But it was woven of handsome flax-like grasses, and was lashed with perfect workmanship to the tough oak twigs. The mouth narrowed, so as to leave the eggs safe in the bulging pockets below, unless it were actually turned upside down. These eggs were among the most artistic things of their kind, showing graceful curlicues and dashes of black or burnt sienna on a light background just tinted with green. The birds themselves, with their velvety, brilliant coloring of orange and black, and their mellifluous, sensuous, gentle notes, seemed to me the very spirits of summer and sunshine, the fittest symbol of the season when life and love come forth in nature.

The amorous warblings of the orioles had not begun to be heard when a retiring, modest-hued little stranger came to build in quite as airy a site as they had chosen. Everyone knows the common pewee, which nests and lays its dull-white eggs

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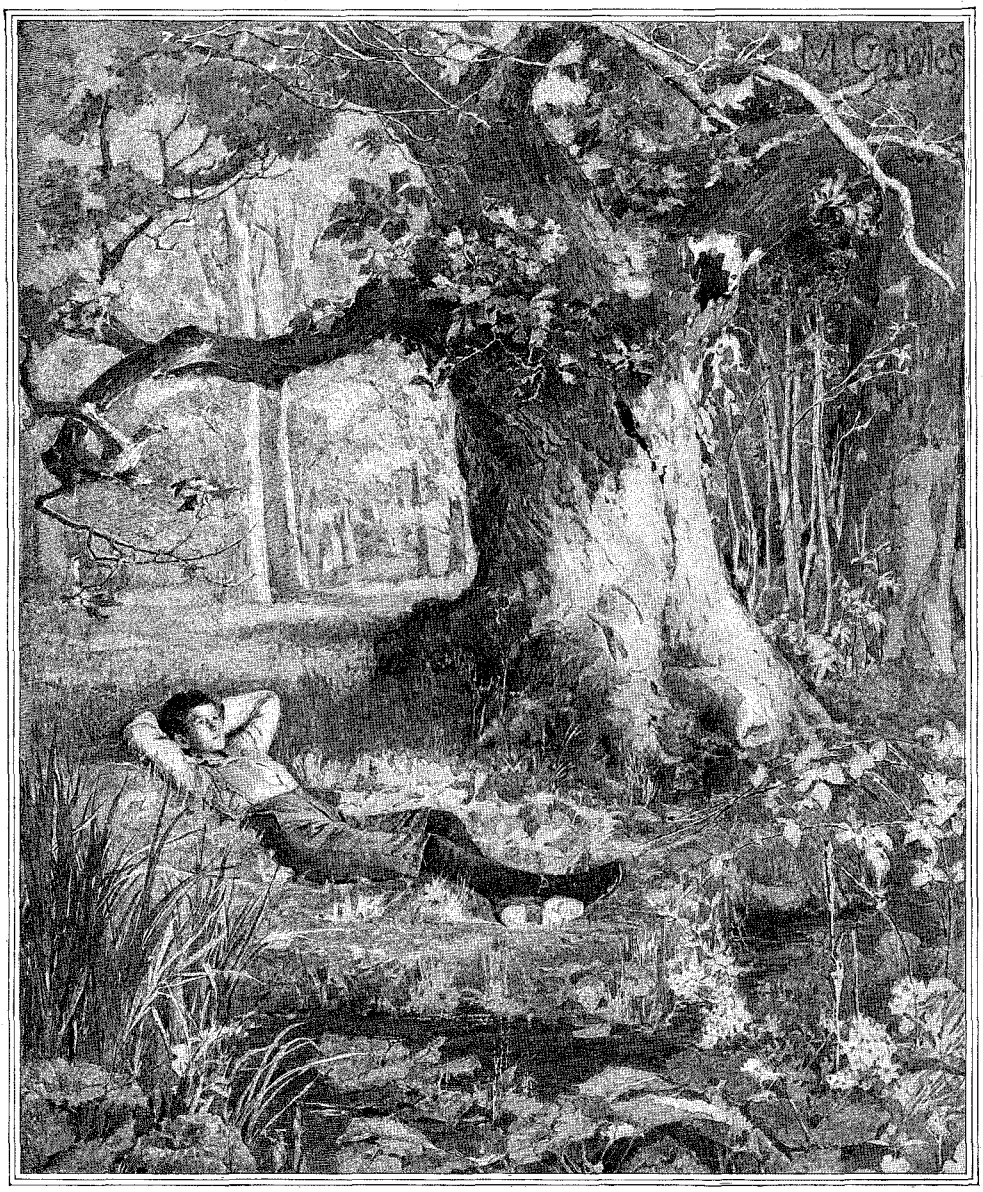

A pleasant bit of clear, turf-covered glade.

in old stone-work, or the rafters of barns, or under bridges, and which gives forth the plaintive pee-wee from a perch on the tip of a mullein-stalk. Not so many boast an acquaintance with the wood pewee, which rejoices in a dogwood on the border of a forest footpath for its slight hanging nest. There is a third little cousin, much resembling these as one sees him from a distance, who leads a gentle life deep in the great woods. Few people ever do see him at all, but the boy with a collection of eggs knows that the tree pewee fashions a nest of moss and bark and clay in tall oaks and chestnuts, and that if he is so lucky as to find one that can be reached, it will contain the most charming roundish eggs, of a soft cream hue, ringed on the butt with spots of purple and brown—an indescribably dainty, yet

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rich, combination. I am very glad now that the small cup which the tree pewee of the oak put at a giddy height on the stock of a dead limb, could *not* be reached!

After all, my favorite boarders in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpeckers' at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red-brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark which threatened to grow in and close them up. I have often wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would imprison them, and that they must put up with the dead limb. As for the grays, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak; and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tote" up there! There must have been a peck, at least, when I ruthlessly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet, and captured a fine brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets. The old father and mother we did not want, even if we could have caught them, because they were fierce and untamable in captivity. The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds; they gave no sign of the poignant grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled—but refitted their den as snugly as before and raised another family.

Of all the subtle wood-scents that linger for a lifetime with such sweet suggestions, there is to me none more pleasant than the delicate, nutty effluvia of the squirrels in their home—a delicious compound of the dry oak-leaves, the shells of hickory-nuts and acorns, the timbers of the tree, and the secretions of their own cleanly fur. For he is a dainty chap, the gray squirrel—in fact he is quite an exquisite in his way. One does not find him running over muddy ground on the rare occasions when he touches mother earth at all. He trips along the length of every fallen log, and only plays in the clean brown leaves on dry autumn days. Nor does he venture out from his snug home quarters in windy, wet weather, when the dripping branches would dash against his handsome gray coat. Such inclement days he spends at his club, in the shelter of the oak walls.

When my squirrels went harvesting—you must not think of them as like the Central Park variety; they were as wild as deer—one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked, and stopped again to make sure, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long-drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his lady's heart with admiration for his boldness, and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger. Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wildest fright back to the hole—after playing hide-and-seek for a few moments, they ran in single file out to the topmost twigs of a great bough, gained a branch of the neighboring bare walnut, and crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap into the top of a young hickory. Running halfway down this they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, straight hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now, if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course, and some record-breaking leaps that fairly take away one's breath!

But let us get back to the oak, and be

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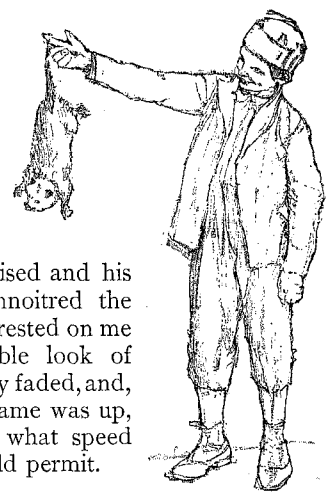
silent about many other habits of the grays, for they were not the only squirrels in this big *pension*. At the base of a huge root that showed a partially decayed side, there was a narrow entrance half-filled with chips and oak-dust; here dwelt the little ground-squirrel, whose silky flanks were striped so tastefully with brown-red and white and a dash of chocolate. He did not dare to climb up the great oak among the more aristocratic lodgers, and lived a modest, harmless life in the basement. But his cellars were bravely stocked with acorns, and such hickory-nuts as he could find on the ground; for he is a famous provider, and on every sunny day is to be found about the stumps and rock-piles on the hill, from which he returns with the elastic pouch in his jaw swollen out with acorns to an extent that suggests a fearful attack of the toothache. If you walk near him up there he will sit perfectly still until you are within a few yards, and then, with comic precipitation, he flings up his scanty tail, gives a shrill, piercing *chee-eep!* of alarm, and scampers into a crevice of the rock-pile.

Even this Liliputian beast was not, however, the smallest of the oak's squirrel-folks. Between his home in the roots and the gray-coats' lofty abode, in a decayed limb very like that which holds the woodpeckers' nest, there were six timid flying-squirrels. They do not have the pride in their domestic arrangements which the woodpeckers show by keeping the edges of the entrance so marvellously smooth and round; but this is probably because a jagged edge would rumple and break the bird's feathers, while the soft, mouse-like fur of the flying squirrel allows her to be less careful. But when she is once inside, Mrs. Flying-Squirrel makes a most comfortable, downy nest of pliable grass and moss and fibres and bits of fur, into which she and her family burrow for warmth, and lie there during the cold snaps, just as if someone had packed them nicely in excelsior. We tamed them with perfect ease, and shortly after their breeding season certain of the boys could scarcely stand examination, even during recitations and chapels, as to their pockets and sleeves and desks; for the soft little bead-eyed fellows were perfectly satisfied to inhabit these close quarters.

And do they really fly? I never saw one start from the ground, flap a pair of wings, and go soaring off. But I have climbed, with a great expense of energy, a high tree to capture one, and have come within arm's length of him at the top, only to enjoy a good view of his graceful, parabolic flight to another tree, fifty yards away. When he extends his four legs, the loose skin forms a web on either side, which, though it cannot be flapped, allows him to skim down from a height, and then, as he seems about grounded, to rise a surprising distance with the momentum gained.

The oak gave shelter to other four-footed creatures, too. A howling autumn northeaster once drove me to crouch in the great hollow at its base. As I was shivering at the cheerless prospect outside, my eye caught a long, thistle-like strand of fur, held in the rough bark at the edge of the opening. It told me that a 'possum was, or very lately had been, somewhere above my head. In a few minutes a lithe hickory pole with a forked end was experimenting in the dark hollow above, and presently it drew down the sly old marsupial, wearing a very sickly grin on his fox-like countenance. Though not a bit the worse for the adventure, he closed his eyes and lay down on the ground in a most palpable attempt to "play off" dead. His face showed such a rank affectation of innocence as I held him up by the long, naked tail, and he looked so *wohlbehagen*, as the Germans say, in his fat, round sides and well-conditioned pelt, that it was a great temptation to see him play out his little farce. I put him on the ground and retired to a fallen log, which he could not see from his supine position. Ten minutes he lay, a motionless corpse, and then, slowly and cautiously, his sharp snout was raised and his little pig-eyes reconnoitred the situation until they rested on me —when the ineffable look of cunning immediately faded, and, realizing that the game was up, he trotted off with what speed his fat paunch would permit.



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So my friendship with the oak people was not without its comical side. There was one dramatic chapter, which must be curtailed in these garrulous reminiscences, when we found in the cavernous hollow, midway up the trunk, a big raccoon with a litter of four young cubs, crawling about in the den of dry leaves. It was a famous fight when, reinforced by several boys with pitchforks and clubs, we attempted to make a capture of the fierce old mother. For a long time we could not persuade her to come out; but, when she did, it was with a rush that sent one of us tumbling to the ground, and so disconcerted the auxiliaries at the foot of the tree, that they made no effective demonstrations when the enemy swarmed down plump among them.

It has taken so long just to enumerate the inhabitants of the oak that there is no space to tell how, on peaceful Sunday afternoons, my chum and I lay in its cool shade and spied on such of its people as were abroad; nor how we always paused here to draw a long breath of grateful relief after the sweetest and coolest draught of water that refreshed our weary, hot tramp. No lessons ever came so quickly elsewhere as when they were studied prone beside the Big Spring, and examinations, prefaced by sessions beneath the oak, were likely to prove rare exceptions to the rule. As for "Quentin Durward" and "The Pathfinder," smuggled in the inside lining of one's jacket to this little island of the oak, did we not fairly writhe in the mingled ecstasies of the time, the place, and the book?

And even with a boy there are tragic moments; there are premonitions, at least, of the *Sturm und Drang* of life. What passions of hurt sensibility, of boy-remorse, of great hopes and mighty resolutions could one not share with such a stalwart friend, with its rough, kindly bark and myriad whispering leaves?

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THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IV

Louise kept wondering, the whole way back, how Maxwell had managed the recasting of the love-business, and she wished she had stayed with him, so that he could have appealed to her at any moment on the points that must have come up all the time. She ought to have coached him more fully about it, and told him the woman's side of such a situation, as he never could have imagined how many advances a woman can make with a man in such an affair, and the man never find it out. She had not made any advances herself when she wished to get him back, but she had wanted to make them; and she knew perfectly that he would not have noticed it if she had done the boldest sort of things to encourage him, to let him know that she liked him; he was so simple, in his straightforward egotism, beside her sinuous unselfishness.

She began to think how she was always contriving little sacrifices to his vanity, his modesty, and he was always accepting them with a serene ignorance of the fact that they were offered; and at this she strayed off on a little by-way in her revery, and thought how it was his mind, always, that charmed her; it was no ignoble fondness she felt; no poor, grovelling pleasure in his good looks, though she had always seen that in a refined sort he had a great deal of manly beauty. But she had held her soul aloof from all that, and could truly say that what she adored in him was the beauty of his talent, which he seemed no more conscious of than of his dreamy eyes, the scornful sweetness of his mouth, the purity of his forehead, his sensitive nostrils, his pretty, ineffective little chin. She had studied her own looks with reference to his, and was glad to own them in nowise comparable, though she knew she was more graceful, and she could not help seeing that she was a little taller; she kept this fact from herself as much as possible. Her features were not regular, like his, but she could perceive that they had charm in their irregularity; she could only wonder whether he thought that line going under her chin, and suggesting a future double chin in the little fold it made, was so very ugly. He seemed never to have thought of her looks, and if he cared for her, it was for some other reason, just as she cared for him. She did not know what the reason could be, but perhaps it was her sympathy, her appreciation, her cheerfulness; Louise believed that she had at least these small merits.

The thought of them brought her back to the play again, and to the love-business, and she wondered how she could have failed to tell him, when they were talking about what should bring the lovers together, after their prefatory quarrel, that simply willing it would do it. She knew that after she began to wish Maxwell back, she was in such a frenzy that she believed her volition brought him back; and now she really believed that you could hypnotize fate in some such way, and that your longings would fulfil themselves if they were intense enough. If he could not use that idea in this play, then he ought to use it in some other, something psychological, symbolistic, Maeterlinckish.

She was full of it when she dismounted from the barge at the hotel and hurried over to their cottage, and she was intolerably disappointed when she did not find him at work in the parlor.

"Brice! Brice!" she shouted, in the security of having the whole cottage to herself. She got no answer, and ran up to their room, overhead. He was not there, either, and now it seemed but too probable that he had profited by her absence to go out for a walk alone, after his writing, and fallen from the rocks, and been killed—he was so absent-minded. She offered a vow to Heaven that if he were restored to her she would never leave him again, even for a half-day, as long as either of them lived. In reward for this she saw him coming from the direction of the

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beach, where nothing worse could have befallen him than a chill from the water, if the wind was off shore and he had been taking a bath.

She had not put off her hat yet, and she went out to meet him; she could not kiss him at once, if she went to meet him, but she could wait till she got back to the cottage, and then kiss him. It would be a trial to wait, but it would be a trial to wait for him to come in, and he might stroll off somewhere else, unless she went to him. As they approached each other she studied his face for some sign of satisfaction with his morning's work. It lighted up at sight of her, but there remained an inner dark in it to her eye.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as she put her hand through his arm, and hung forward upon it so that she could look up into his face. "How did you get on with the love-business?"

"Oh, I think I've got that all right," he answered, with a certain reservation. "I've merely blocked it out, of course."

"So that you can show it to Godolphin?"

"I guess so."

"I see that you're not sure of it. We must go over it before he comes. He hasn't been here yet?"

"Not yet."

"Why are you so quiet, Brice? Is anything the matter? You look tired."

"I'm not particularly tired."

"Then you are worried. What is it?"

"Oh, you would have to know, sooner or later." He took a letter from his pocket and gave it to her. "It came just after I had finished my morning's work."

She pulled it out of the envelope and read:

"MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, Friday.

"DEAR SIR: I beg leave to relinquish any claim that you may feel I have established to the play you have in hand. As it now stands, I do not see my part in it, and I can imagine why you should be reluctant to make further changes in it, in order to meet my requirements.

"If I can be of any service to you in placing the piece, I shall be glad to have you make use of me.

"Yours truly,

"LAUNCELOT GODOLPHIN."

"You blame *me!*" she said, after a blinding moment, in which the letter darkened before her eyes, and she tottered in her walk. She gave it back to him as she spoke.

"What a passion you have for blaming!" he answered, coldly. "If I fixed the blame on you it wouldn't help."

"No," Louise meekly assented, and they walked along toward their cottage. They hardly spoke again before they reached it and went in. Then she asked, "Did you expect anything like this from the way he parted with you yesterday?"

Maxwell gave a bitter laugh. "From the way we parted yesterday I was expecting him early this afternoon, with the world in the palm of his hand, to lay it at my feet. He all but fell upon my neck when he left me. I suppose his not actually doing it was an actor's intimation that we were to see each other no more."

"I wish you had nothing to do with them!" said Louise.

"They appear to have nothing to do with me," said Maxwell. "It comes to the same thing."

They reached the cottage, and sat down in the little parlor where she had left him so hopefully at work in the morning, where they had talked his play over so jubilantly the night before.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, after an abysmal interval.

"Nothing. What is there to do?"

"You have a right to an explanation; you ought to demand it."

"I don't need any explanation. The case is perfectly clear. Godolphin doesn't want my play. That is all."

"Oh, Brice!" she lamented. "I am so dreadfully sorry, and I know it was my fault. Why don't you let me write to him, and explain ——"

Maxwell shook his head. "He doesn't want any explanation. He doesn't want the play, even. We must make up our minds to that, and let him go. Now we can try it with your managers."

Louise felt the unkindness of his calling them her managers, but she was glad to have him unkind to her; deep within her Unitarianism she had the Puritan joy in suffering for a sin; her treatment of Godolphin's suggestion of a skirt-dance, while very righteous in itself, was a sin

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against her husband's interest, and she would rather he were unkind to her than not. The sooner she was punished for it and done with it, the better; in her unscientific conception of life, the consequences of a sin ended with its punishment. If Maxwell had upbraided her with the bitterness she merited, it would have been to her as if it were all right again with Godolphin. His failure to do so left the injury unrepaired, and she would have to do something. "I suppose you don't care to let me see what you've written to-day?"

"No, not now," said Maxwell, in a tone that said, "I haven't the heart for it." They sat awhile without speaking, and then she ventured, "Brice, I have an idea, but I don't know what you will think of it. Why not take Godolphin's letter on the face of it, and say that you are very sorry he must give up the play, and that you will be greatly obliged to him if he can suggest some other actor? That would be frank, at least."

Maxwell broke into a laugh that had some joy in it. "Do you think so? It isn't my idea of frankness, exactly."

"No, of course not. You always say what you mean, and you don't change. That is what is so beautiful in you. You can't understand a nature that is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

"Oh, I think I can," said Maxwell, with a satirical glance.

"Brice!" she softly murmured, and then she said, "Well, I don't care. He *is* just like a woman."

"You didn't like my saying so last night."

"That was a different thing. At any rate, it's I that say so now, and I want you to write that to him. It will bring him back flying. Will you?"

"I'll think about it," said Maxwell; "I'm not sure that I want Godolphin back, or, not at once. It's a great relief to be rid of him, in a certain way, though a manager might be worse slavery. Still, I think I would like to try a manager. I have never shown this play to one, and I know the Odeon people in Boston, and, perhaps——"

"You are saying that to comfort me!"

"I wouldn't comfort you for worlds, my dear. I am saying this to distress you. But since I have worked that love-business over, it seems to me much less a one-part play, and if I could get a manager to take a fancy to it I could have my own way with it much better; at least, he wouldn't want me to take all the good things out of the other characters' mouths and stuff them into Haxard's."

"Do you really think so?"

"I really thought so before I got Godolphin's letter. That made him seem the one and only man for me."

"Yes," Louise assented, with a sad intelligence.

Maxwell seemed to have got some strength from confronting his calamity. At any rate he said, almost cheerfully, "I'll read you what I wrote this morning," and she had to let him, though she felt that it was taking her at a moment when her wish to console him was so great that she would not be able to criticise him. But she found that he had done it so well, there was no need of criticism.

"You are wonderful, Brice!" she said, in a transport of adoration, which she indulged as simply his due. "You are miraculous. Well, this is the greatest triumph yet, even of *your* genius. How you have seized the whole idea! And so subtly, so delicately! And so completely disguised! The girl acts just as a girl *would* have acted. How could you know it?"

"Perhaps I've seen it," he suggested, demurely.

"No, no, you *didn't* see it! That is the amusing part of it. You were as blind as a bat all the time, and you never had the least suspicion; you've told me so."

"Well, then, I've seen it retrospectively."

"Perhaps that way. But I don't believe you've seen it at all. You've divined it; and that's where your genius is worth all the experience in the world. The girl is twice as good as the man, and you never experienced a girl's feelings or motives. You divined them. It's pure inspiration. It's the prophet in you!"

"You'll be stoning me next," said Maxwell. "I don't think the man is so very bad, even if I didn't divine him."

"Yes, for a poor creature of experience and knowledge, he will do very well. But he doesn't compare with the girl."

"I hadn't so good a model."

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She hugged him for saying that. "You pay the prettiest compliments in the world, even if you don't pick up handkerchiefs."

Their joy in the triumph of his art was unalloyed by the hope of anything outside of it, of any sort of honor or profit from it, though they could not keep the thought of these out very long.

"Yes," she said, after one of the delicious silences that divided their moments of exultation. "There won't be any trouble about getting your play taken, *now*."

After supper they strolled down for the sunset and twilight on the rocks. There, as the dusk deepened, she put her wrap over his shoulders as well as her own, and pulled it together in front of them both. "I am not going to have you taking cold, now, when you need all your health for your work more than ever. That love-business seems to me perfect just as it is, but I know you won't be satisfied till you have put the very last touch on it."

"Yes, I see all sorts of things I can do to it. Louise!"

"Well, what?"

"Don't you see that the love-business is the play now? I have got to throw away all the sin-interest, all the Haxard situation, or keep them as they are, and write a new play altogether, with the light, semi-comic motive of the love-business for the motive of the whole. It's out of tone with Haxard's tragedy, and it can't be brought into keeping with it. The sin-interest will kill the love-business, or the love-business will kill the sin-interest. Don't you see?"

"Why, of course! You must make this light affair now, and when it's opened the way for you with the public, you can bring out the old play," she assented, and it instantly became the old play in both their minds; it became almost the superannuated play. They talked it over in this new aspect, and then they went back to the cottage, to look at the new play as it shadowed itself forth in the sketch Maxwell had made. He read the sketch to her again, and they saw how it could be easily expanded to three or four acts, and made to fill the stage and the evening.

"And it will be the most original thing that ever was!" she exulted.

"I don't think there's been anything exactly like it before," he allowed.

From time to time they spoke to each other in the night, and asked if he were asleep, or she were asleep, and then began to talk of the play again. Toward morning they drowsed a little, but at their time of life the loss of a night's sleep means nothing, and they rose as glad as they had lain down.

"I'll tell you, Brice," she said, the first thing, "you must have it that they have been engaged, and you can call the play, 'The Second Chapter,' or something more alliterative. Don't you think that would be a good name?"

"It would make the fortune of any play," he answered, "let alone a play of such merit as this."

"Well, then, sha'n't you always say that I did something toward it?"

"I shall say you did everything toward it. You originated the idea, and named it, and I simply acted as your amanuensis, as it were, and wrote it out mostly from your dictation. It shall go on the bills, 'The Second Chapter,' a demi-semi-serious comedy by Mrs. Louise Hilary Maxwell—in letters half a foot high—and by B. Maxwell—in very small lower case, that can't be read without the aid of a microscope."

"Oh, Brice! If you make him talk that way to her, it will be perfectly killing."

"I dare say the audience will find it so."

They were so late at breakfast, and sat there so long talking, for Maxwell said he did not feel like going to work quite so promptly as usual, that it was quite ten o'clock when they came out of the dining-room, and then they stayed awhile gossiping with people on the piazza of the hotel before they went back to their cottage. When they came round the corner in sight of it they saw the figure of a man pacing back and forth on the veranda, with his head dropped forward, and swinging a stick thoughtfully behind him. Louise pulled Maxwell convulsively to a halt, for the man was Godolphin.

"What do you suppose it means?" she gasped.

"I dare say he will tell us," said Maxwell, dryly. "Don't stop and stare at him. He has got eyes all over him, and he's clothed with self-consciousness as with a garment, and I don't choose to let him think that his being there is the least important or surprising."

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"No, of course not. That would be ridiculous," and she would have liked to pause for a moment's worship of her husband's sense, which appeared to her almost as great as his genius. But it seemed to her an inordinately long time before they reached the cottage-gate, and Godolphin came half way down the walk to meet them.

He bowed seriously to her, and then said, with dignity, to her husband, "Mr. Maxwell, I feel that I owe you an apology — or an explanation, rather — for the abrupt note I sent you yesterday. I wish to assure you that I had no feeling in the matter, and that I am quite sincere in my offer of my services."

"Why, you're very good, Mr. Godolphin," said Maxwell. "I knew that I could fully rely upon your kind offer. Won't you come in?" He offered the actor his hand, and they moved together toward the cottage; Louise had at once gone before, but not so far as to be out of hearing.

"Why, thank you, I *will* sit down a moment. I found the walk over rather fatiguing. It's going to be a hot day." He passed his handkerchief across his forehead, and insisted upon placing a chair for Mrs. Maxwell before he could be made to sit down, though she said that she was going indoors, and would not sit. "You understand, of course, Mr. Maxwell, that I should still like to have your play, if it could be made what I want."

Maxwell would not meet his wife's eye in answering. "Oh, yes, the only question with me is, whether I can make it what you want. That has been the trouble all along. I know that the love-business in the play, as it stood, was inadequate. But yesterday, just before I got your note, I had been working it over in a perfectly new shape. I wish, if you have a quarter of an hour to throw away, you'd let me show you what I've written. Perhaps you can advise me."

"Why, I shall be delighted to be of any sort of use, Mr. Maxwell," said Godolphin, with softened state; and he threw himself back in his chair with an air of eager readiness.

"I will get your manuscript, Brice," said Louise, at a motion her husband made to rise. She ran in and brought it out, and then went away again. She wished to remain somewhere within ear-shot, but, upon the whole, she decided against it, and went upstairs, where she kept herself from eavesdropping by talking with the chambermaid, who had come over from the hotel.

V

Louise did not come down till she heard Godolphin walking away on the plank. She said to herself that she had shipwrecked her husband once, by putting in her oar, and she was not going to do it again. When the actor's footfalls died out in the distance she descended to the parlor, where she found Maxwell over his manuscript at the table.

She had to call to him, "Well?" before he seemed aware of her presence.

Even then he did not look round, but he said, "Godolphin wants to play Atland."

"The lover?"

"Yes. He thinks he sees his part in it."

"And do you?"

"How do I know?"

"Well, I am glad I let him get safely away before I came back, for I certainly couldn't have held in when he proposed that, if I had been here. I don't understand you, Brice! Why do you have anything more to do with him? Why do you let him touch the new play? Was he ever of the least use with the old one?"

Maxwell lay back in his chair with a laugh. "Not the least in the world." The realization of the fact amused him more and more. "I was just thinking how everything he ever got me to do to it," he looked down at the manuscript, "was false and wrong. They talk about a knowledge of the stage as if the stage were a difficult science, instead of a very simple piece of mechanism whose limitations and possibilities anyone can seize at a glance. All that their knowledge of it comes to is clap-trap, pure and simple. They brag of its resources, and tell you the carpenter can do anything you want nowadays, but if you attempt anything outside of their tradition they are frightened. They think that their exits and their entrances are great matters, and that they must come on with such a speech,

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and go off with such another; but it is not of the least consequence how they come or go if they have something interesting to say or do."

"Why don't you say these things to Godolphin?"

"I do, and worse. He admits their truth with a candor and an intelligence that are dismaying. He has a perfect conception of Atland's part, and he probably will play it in a way to set your teeth on edge."

"Why do you let him? Why don't you keep your play and offer it to a manager or some actor who will know how to do it?" demanded Louise, with sorrowful submission.

"Godolphin will know how to do it, even if he isn't able to. And, besides, I should be a fool to fling him away for any sort of promising uncertainty."

"He was willing to fling you away!"

"Yes, but I'm not so important to him as he is to me. He's the best I can do for the present. It's a compromise all the way through; a cursed spite from beginning to end. Your own words don't represent your ideas, and the more conscience you put into the work the farther you get it from what you thought it would be. Then comes the actor with the infernal chemistry of his personality. He imagines the thing perfectly, not as you imagined it, but as you wrote it, and then he is no more able to play it as he imagined it than you were to write it as you imagined it. What the public finally gets is something three times removed from the truth that was first in the dramatist's mind. But I'm very lucky to have Godolphin back again."

"I hope you're not going to let him see that you think so."

"Oh, no! I'm going to keep him in a suppliant attitude throughout, and I'm going to let you come in and tame his spirit, if he—kicks."

"Don't be vulgar, Brice," said Louise, and she laughed rather forlornly. "I don't see how you have the heart to joke, if you think it's all so bad as you say."

"I haven't. I'm joking without any heart." He stood up. "Let us go and take a bath."

She glanced at him with a swift inventory of his fagged looks, and said, "Indeed, you shall not take a bath this morning. You couldn't react against it. You won't, will you?"

"No, I'll only lie on the sand, if you can pick me out a good warm spot, and watch you."

"I shall not bathe, either."

"Well, then, I'll watch the other women." He put out his hand and took hers.

She felt his touch very cold. "You are excited I can see. I wish——"

"What? That I was not an intending dramatist?"

"That you didn't have such excitements in your life. They will kill you."

"They are all that will keep me alive."

They went down to the beach, and walked back and forth on its curve several times before they dropped in the sand at a discreet distance from several groups of hotel acquaintance. People were coming and going from the line of bath-houses that backed upon the low sand-bank behind them, with its tufts of coarse silvery green grasses. The Maxwells bowed to some of the ladies who tripped gayly past them in their airy costumes to the surf, or came up from it sobered and shivering. Four or five young fellows, with sun-blackened arms and legs, were passing ball near them. A pony-carriage drove by on the wet sand; a horseman on a crop-tailed roan thumped after it at a hard trot. Dogs ran barking vaguely about, and children with wooden shovels screamed at their play. Far off shimmered the sea, of one pale blue with the sky. The rocks were black at either end of the beach; a line of sail-boats and dories swung across its crescent beyond the bathers, who bobbed up and down in the surf, or showed a head here and there outside of it.

"What a singular spectacle," said Maxwell. "The casting off of the conventional in sea-bathing always seems to me like the effect in those dreams where we appear in society insufficiently dressed, and wonder whether we can make it go."

"Yes, isn't it?" His wife tried to cover all the propositions with one loosely fitting assent.

"I'm surprised," Maxwell went on, "that some realistic wretch hasn't put this sort of thing on the stage. It would be tremendously effective; if he made it realistic enough it would be attacked by the press

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as improper and would fill the house. Couldn't we work a sea-bathing scene into the 'Second Chapter?' It would make the fortune of the play, and it would give Godolphin a chance to show his noble frame in something like the majesty of nature. Godolphin would like nothing better. We could have Atland rescue Salome, and Godolphin could flop round among the canvas breakers for ten minutes, and come on for a recall with the heroine, both dripping real water all over the stage."

"Don't be disgusting, Brice," said his wife, absently. She had her head half turned from him, watching a lady who had just come out of her bath-house and was passing very near them on her way to the water. Maxwell felt the inattention in his wife's tone and looked up.

The bather returned their joint gaze steadily from eyes that seemed, as Maxwell said, to smoulder under their long lashes, and to question her effect upon them in a way that he was some time finding a phrase for. He was tormented to make out whether she were a large person or not; without her draperies he could not tell. But she moved with splendid freedom, and her beauty expressed a maturity of experience beyond her years; she looked very young, and yet she looked as if she had been taking care of herself a good while. She was certainly very handsome, Louise owned to herself, as the lady quickened her pace, and finally ran down to the water and plunged into a breaker that rolled in at the right moment in uncommon volume.

"Well?" she asked her husband, whose eyes had gone with hers.

"We ought to have clapped."

"Do you think she is an actress?"

"I don't know. I never saw her before. She seemed to turn the sunshine into limelight as she passed. Why! that's rather pretty, isn't it? And it's a verse. I wonder what it is about these people. The best of them have nothing of the stage in them; at least the men haven't. I'm not sure, though, that the best women haven't. There are lots of women off the stage who are actresses, but they don't seem so. They're personal; this one was impersonal. She didn't seem to regard me as a man; she regarded me as a house. Did you feel that?"

"Yes, that was it, I suppose. But she regarded you more than she did me, I think."

"Why, of course. You were only a matinée."

They sat half an hour longer in the sand, and then he complained that the wind blew all the warmth out of him as fast as the sun shone it into him. She felt his hand next her and found it still cold; after a glance round she furtively felt his forehead.

"You're still thinking," she sighed. "Come! We must go back."

"Yes. That girl won't be out of the water for half an hour yet; and we couldn't wait to see her clothed, and in her right mind afterward."

"What makes you think she's a girl?" asked his wife, as they moved slowly off.

He did not seem to have heard her question. He said, "I don't believe I can make the new play go, Louise, I haven't the strength for it. There's too much good stuff in Haxard; I can't throw away what I've done on it."

"That is just what I was thinking, Brice! It would be too bad to lose that. The love-business as you've remodelled it is all very well. But it *is* light, it's comedy; and Haxard is such splendid tragedy. I want you to make your first impression in that. You can do comedy afterward; but if you did comedy first, the public would never think your tragedy was serious."

"Yes, there's a law in that. A clown mustn't prophesy. If a prophet chooses to joke, now and then, all well and good. I couldn't begin now and expand that love-business into a whole play. It must remain an episode, and Godolphin must take it or leave it. Of course he'll want Atland emaciated to fatten Haxard, as he calls it. But Atland doesn't amount to much, as it is, and I don't believe I could make him; it's essentially a passive part; Salome must make the chief effect in that business, and I think I'll have her a little more serious, too. It'll be more in keeping with the rest."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be serious. There's nothing ignoble in what she does."

"No. It can be very impassioned."

Louise thought of the smouldering eyes of that woman, and she wondered if they

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were what suggested something very impassioned to Maxwell; but with all the frankness between them, she did not ask him.

On their way to the cottage they saw one of the hotel bell-boys coming out. "Just left a telegram in there for you," he called, as he came toward them.

Louise began, "Oh, dear, I hope nothing's the matter with papa! Or your mother."

She ran forward, and Maxwell followed at his usual pace, so that she had time to go inside and come out with the despatch before he mounted the veranda steps.

"You open it!" she entreated, piteously, holding it toward him.

He pulled it impatiently open, and glanced at the signature. "It's from Godolphin," and he read, "Don't destroy old play. Keep new love-business for episode. Will come over this afternoon." Maxwell smiled. "More mind transferrence."

Louise laughed in hysterical relief. "Now you can make him do just what you want."

VI

MAXWELL now, at least, knew that he had got his play going in the right direction again. He felt a fresh pleasure in returning to the old lines after his excursion in the region of comedy, and he worked upon them with fresh energy. He rehabilitated the love-business as he and his wife had newly imagined it, and to disguise the originals the more effectively, he made the girl, whom he had provisionally called Salome, more like himself than Louise in certain superficial qualities, though in an essential nobleness and singleness, which consisted with a great deal of feminine sinuosity and subtlety, she remained a portrait of Louise. He was doubtful whether the mingling of characteristics would not end in unreality, but she was sure it would not; she said he was so much like a woman in the traits he had borrowed from himself that Salome would be all the truer for being like him; or, at any rate, she would be finer, and more ideal. She said that it was nonsense, the way people regarded women as altogether different from men; she believed they were very much alike; a girl was as much the daughter of her father as of her mother; she alleged herself as proof of the fact that a girl was often a great deal more her father's daughter, and she argued that if Maxwell made Salome quite in his own spiritual image, no one would dream of criticising her as unwomanly. Then he asked if he need only make Atland in her spiritual image to have him the manliest sort of fellow. She said that was not what she meant, and, in any case, a man could have feminine traits, and be all the nicer for them, but, if a woman had masculine traits, she would be disgusting. At the same time, if you drew a man from a woman, he would be ridiculous.

"Then you want me to model Atland on myself, too," said Maxwell.

She thought a moment. "Yes, I do. If Salome is to be taken mostly from me, I couldn't bear to have him like anybody but you. It would be indelicate."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what, I'm not going to stand it," said Maxwell. "I am going to make Atland like Pinney."

But she would not be turned from the serious aspect of the affair by his joking. She asked, "Do you think it would intensify the situation if he was not equal to her? If the spectator could be made to see that she was throwing herself away on him, after all?"

"Wouldn't that leave the spectator a little too inconsolable? You don't want the love-business to double the tragedy, you want to have it relieve it, don't you?"

"Yes, that is true. You must make him worth all the sacrifice. I couldn't stand it if he wasn't."

Maxwell frowned, as he always did when he became earnest, and said, with a little sigh, "He must be passive, negative, as I said; you must simply feel that he is *good*, and that she will be safe with him, after the worst has happened to her father. And I must keep the interest of the love-business light, without letting it become farcical. I must get charm, all I can, into her character. You won't mind my getting the charm all from you?"

"Oh, Brice, what sweet things you say to me! I wish everybody could know how divine you are."

"The women would all be making love to me, and I should hate that. One is quite enough."

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"*Am* I quite enough?" she entreated.

"You have been, up to the present time."

"And do you think I shall always be?" She slid from her chair to her knees on the floor beside him, where he sat at his desk, and put her arms round him.

He did not seem to know it. "Look here, Louise, I have got to connect this love-business with the main action of the play, somehow. It won't do simply to have it an episode. How would it do to have Atland know all the time that Haxard has killed Greenshaw, and be keeping it from Salome, while she is betraying her love for him?"

"Wouldn't that be rather tawdry?" Louise let her arms slip down to her side, and looked up at him, as she knelt.

"Yes, it would," he owned.

He looked very unhappy about it, and she rose to her feet, as if to give it more serious attention. "Brice, I want your play to be thoroughly honest and true from beginning to end, and not to have any sort of catchpenny effectivism in it. You have planned it so nobly, that I can't bear to have you lower the standard the least bit; and I think the honest and true way is to let the love-business be a pleasant fact in the case, as it might very well be. Those things *do* keep going on in life alongside of the greatest misery, the greatest unhappiness."

"Well," said Maxwell, "I guess you are right about the love-business. I'll treat it frankly for what it is, a fact in the case. That will be the right way, and that will be the strong way. It will be like life. I don't know that you are bound to relate things strictly to each other in art, any more than they are related in life. There are all sorts of incidents and interests playing round every great event that seem to have no more relation to it than the rings of Saturn have to Saturn. They form the atmosphere of it. If I can let Haxard's wretchedness be seen at last through the atmosphere of his daughter's happiness!"

"Yes," she said, "that will be quite enough." She knew that they had talked up to the moment when he could best begin to work, and now left him to himself.

Within a week he got the rehabilitated love-business in place, and the play ready to show to Godolphin again. He had managed to hold the actor off in the meantime, but now he returned in full force, with suggestions and misgivings which had first to be cleared away before he could give a clear mind to what Maxwell had done. Then Maxwell could see that he was somehow disappointed, for he began to talk as if there were no understanding between them for his taking the play. He praised it warmly, but he said that it would be hard to find a woman to do the part of Salome.

"That is the principal part in the piece now, you know," he added.

"I don't see how," Maxwell protested. "It seems to me that her character throws Haxard's into greater relief than before, and gives it more prominence."

"You've made the love-business too strong, I think. I supposed you would have something light and graceful to occupy the house in the suspense between the points in Haxard's case. If I were to do him, I should be afraid that people would come back from Salome to him with more or less of an effort. I don't say they would, but that's the way it strikes me now; perhaps someone else would look at it quite differently."

"Then, as it is, you don't want it?"

"I don't say that. But it seems to me that Salome is the principal figure now. I think that's a mistake."

"If it's a fact, it's a mistake. I don't want to have it so," said Maxwell, and he made such effort as he could to swallow his disgust.

Godolphin asked, after awhile, "In that last scene between her and her father, and in fact all the scenes between them, couldn't you give more of the strong speeches to him? She's a great creation now, but isn't she too great for Atland?"

"I've kept Atland under, purposely, because the part is necessarily a negative one, and because I didn't want him to compete with Haxard at all."

"Yes, that is all right; but as it is, *she* competes with Haxard."

After Godolphin had gone, Louise came down, and found Maxwell in a dreary muse over his manuscript. He looked up at her with a lack-lustre eye, and said, "Godolphin is jealous of Salome now. What he really wants is a five-act mono-

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logue that will keep him on the stage all the time. He thinks that as it is, she will take all the attention from him."

Louise appeared to reflect. "Well, isn't there something in that?"

"Good heavens! I should think you were going to play Haxard, too!"

"No; but of course you can't have two characters of equal importance in your play. Someone has to be first, and Godolphin doesn't want an actress taking all the honors away from him."

"Then why did you pretend to like the way I had done it," Maxwell demanded, angrily, "if you think she will take the honors from him?"

"I didn't say that I did. All that I want is that you should ask yourself whether she would or not."

"Are *you* jealous of her?"

"Now, my dear, if you are going to be unreasonable, I will not talk with you."

Nothing maddened Maxwell so much as to have his wife take this tone with him, when he had followed her up through the sinuosities that always began with her after a certain point. Short of that she was as frank and candid as a man, and he understood her, but beyond that the eternal womanly began, and he could make nothing of her. She evaded, and came and went, and returned upon her course, and all with as good a conscience, apparently, as if she were meeting him fairly and squarely on the question they started with. Sometimes he doubted if she really knew that she was behaving insincerely, or whether, if she knew it, she could help doing it. He believed her to be a more truthful nature than himself, and it was insufferable for her to be less so, and then accuse him of illogicality.

"I have no wish to talk," he said, smothering his rage, and taking up a page of manuscript.

"Of course," she went on, as if there had been no break in their good feeling, "I know what a goose Godolphin is, and I don't wonder you're vexed with him, but you know very well that I have nothing but the good of the play in view as a work of art, and I should say that if you couldn't keep Salome from rivalling Haxard in the interest of the spectator, you had better go back to the idea of making two plays of it. I think that the 'Second Chapter' would be a very good thing to begin with."

"Why, good heavens! You said just the contrary when we decided to drop it."

"Yes, but that was when I thought you would be able to subdue Salome."

"There never was any question of subduing Salome; it was a question of subduing Atland!"

"It's the same thing; keeping the love-business in the background."

"I give it up!" Maxwell flung down his manuscript in sign of doing so. "The whole thing is a mess, and you seem to delight in tormenting me about it. How am I to give the love-business charm, and yet keep it in the background?"

"I should think you could."

"How?"

"Well, I was afraid you would give Salome too much prominence."

"Didn't you know whether I had done so or not? You knew exactly what I had done before Godolphin came!"

"If Godolphin thinks she is too prominent, you ought to trust his instinct."

Maxwell would not answer her. He went out, and she saw him strolling down the path to the rocks. She took the manuscript and began to read it over.

He did not come back, and when she was ready to go to supper, she had to go down to the rocks for him. His angry fit seemed to have passed, but he looked abjectly sad, and her heart ached at sight of him. She said, cheerfully, "I have been reading that love-business over again, Brice, and I don't find it so far out as I was afraid it was. Salome is a little too *prononcée*, but you can easily mend that. She is a delightful character, and you have given her charm—too much charm. I don't believe there's a truer woman in the whole range of the drama. She is perfect, and that is why I think you can afford to keep her back a little in the passages with Haxard. Of course Godolphin wants to shine there. You needn't give him her speeches, but you can put them somewhere else, in some of the scenes with Atland; it won't make any difference how much she outshines *him*, poor fellow."

He would not be entreated at once, but after letting her talk on to much the same effect for awhile, he said, "I will see what

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can be done with it. At present I am sick of the whole thing."

"Yes, just drop it for the present," she said. "I'm hungry, aren't you?"

"I didn't know it was time."

She was very tender with him, walking up to the hotel, and all that evening she kept him amused, so that he would not want to look at his manuscript. She used him, as a wife is apt to use her husband when he is fretted and not very well, as if he were her little boy, and she did this so sweetly that Maxwell could not resent it.

The next morning she let him go to his play again, and work all the morning. He ended about noon, and told her he had done what she wanted done to the love-business, he thought, but he would not show it to her, for he said he was tired of it, and would have to go over it with Godolphin, at any rate, when he came in the afternoon. They went to the beach, but the person with the smouldering eyes failed to appear, and in fact they did not see her again at Magnolia, and they decided that she must have been passing a few days at one of the other hotels, and gone away.

Godolphin arrived in the sunniest good-humor, as if he had never had any thought of relinquishing the play, and he professed himself delighted with the changes Maxwell had made in the love-business. He said the character of Salome had the true proportion to all the rest now; and Maxwell understood that he would not be jealous of the actress who played the part, or feel her a dangerous rival in the public favor. He approved of the transposition of the speeches that Maxwell had made, or at least he no longer openly coveted them for Haxard.

What was more important to Maxwell was that Louise seemed finally contented with the part, too, and said that now, no matter what Godolphin wanted, she would never let it be touched again. "I am glad you have got that 'impassioned' rubbish out. I never thought that was in character with Salome."

The artistic consciousness of Maxwell, which caught all the fine reluctances and all the delicate feminine preferences of his wife, was like a subtle web woven around him, and took everything, without his willing it, from within him as well as from without, and held it inexorably for future use. He knew the source of the impassioned rubbish which had displeased his wife; and he had felt while he was employing it that he was working in a commoner material than the rest of Salome's character; but he had experimented with it in the hope that she might not notice it. The fact that she had instantly noticed it, and had generalized the dislike which she only betrayed at last, after she had punished him sufficiently, remained in the meshes of the net he wore about his mind, as something of value, which he could employ to exquisite effect if he could once find a scheme fit for it.

In the meantime it would be hard to say whether Godolphin continued more a sorrow or a joy to Maxwell, who was by no means always of the same mind about him. He told his wife sometimes, when she was pitying him, that it was a good discipline for him to work with such a man, for it taught him a great deal about himself, if it did not teach him much else. He said that it tamed his overweening pride to find that there was artistic ability employing itself with literature which was so absolutely unlike literary ability. Godolphin conceived perfectly of the literary intention in the fine passages of the play, and enjoyed their beauty, but he did not value them any more than the poorest and crudest verbiage that promised him a point. In fact, Maxwell found that in two or three places the actor was making a wholly wrong version of his words, and maturing in his mind an effect from his error that he was rather loath to give up, though when he was instructed as to their true meaning, he saw how he could get a better effect out of it. He had an excellent intelligence, but this was employed so entirely in the study of impression that significance was often a secondary matter with him. He had not much humor, and Maxwell doubted if he felt it much in others, but he told a funny story admirably, and did character-stuff, as he called it, with the subtlest sense; he had begun in sketches of the variety type. Sometimes Maxwell thought him very well versed in the history and theory of the drama; but there were other times when his ignorance seemed almost creative in that direction. He had apparently no feeling for values; he would want a good effect used, without regard to the havoc it made of the whole picture, though doubtless if it

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could have been realized to him, he would have abhorred it as thoroughly as Maxwell himself. He would come over from Manchester one day with a notion for the play so bad that it almost made Maxwell shed tears; and the next with something so good that Maxwell marvelled at it; but Godolphin seemed to value the one no more than the other. He was a creature of moods the most extreme; his faith in Maxwell was as profound as his abysmal distrust of him; and his frank and open nature was full of suspicion. He was like a child in the simplicity of his selfishness, as far as his art was concerned, and in all matters aside from it he was chaotically generous. His formlessness was sometimes almost distracting; he presented himself to the author's imagination as mere human material, waiting to be moulded in this shape or that. From day to day, from week to week, Maxwell lived in a superficial uncertainty whether Godolphin had really taken his play, or would ever produce it; yet at the bottom of his heart he confided in the promises which the actor lavished upon him both in the written and the spoken word. They had an agreement carefully drawn up as to all the business between them, but he knew that Godolphin would not be held by any clause of it that he wished to break; he did not believe that Godolphin understood what it bound him to, either when he signed it or afterward; but he was sure that he would do not only what was right, but what was noble, if he could be taken at the right moment. Upon the whole, he liked him; in a curious sort, he respected and honored him; and he defended him against Mrs. Maxwell when she said that Godolphin was wearing her husband's life out, and that if he made the play as greatly successful as "Hamlet," or the "Trip to Chinatown," he would not be worth what it cost them both in time and temper.

They lost a good deal of time and temper with the play, which was almost a conjugal affair with them, and the struggle to keep up a show of gay leisure before the summering world up and down the coast told upon Mrs. Maxwell's nerves. She did not mind the people in the hotel so much; they were very nice, but she did not know many of them, and she could not care for them as she did for her friends who came up from Beverly Farms and over from Manchester. She hated to call Maxwell from his work at such times, not only because she pitied him, but because he came to help receive her friends with such an air of gloomy absence and open reluctance; and she had hated still worse to say he was busy with his play, the play he was writing for Mr. Godolphin. Her friends were apparently unable to imagine anyone writing a play so seriously, and they were unable to imagine Mr. Godolphin at all, for they had never heard of him; the splendor of his unknown name took them more than anything else. As for getting Maxwell to return their visits with her, when men had come with the ladies who called upon her, she could only manage it if he was so fagged with working at his play that he was too weak to resist her will, and even then he had to be torn from it almost by main force. He behaved so badly in the discharge of some of these duties to society, and was, to her eye at least, so bored and worried by them, that she found it hard to forgive him, and made him suffer for it on the way home till she relented at the sight of his thin face, the face that she loved, that she had thought the world well lost for. After the third or fourth time she made him go with her she gave it up and went alone, though she was aware that it might look as if they were not on good terms. She only obliged him after that to go with her to her father's, where she would not allow any shadow of suspicion to fall upon their happiness, and where his absent-mindedness would be accounted for. Her mother seemed to understand it better than her father, who, she could see, sometimes inwardly resented it as neglect. She also exacted of Maxwell that he should not sit silent through a whole meal at the hotel, and that, if he did not or could not talk, he should keep looking at her, and smiling and nodding, now and then. If he would remember to do this she would do all the talking herself. Sometimes he did not remember, and then she trod on his foot in vain.

The droll side of the case often presented itself for her relief, and, after all, she knew beforehand that this was the manner of man she was marrying, and

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she was glad to marry him. She was happier than she had ever dreamed of being. She was one of those women who live so largely in their sympathies that if these were employed she had no thought of herself, and not to have any thought of one's self is to be blessed. Maxwell had no thought of anything but his work, and that made his bliss; if she could have no thought but of him in his work, she could feel herself in Heaven with him.

VII

July and August went by, and it was time for Godolphin to take the road again. By this time Maxwell's play was in as perfect form as it could be until it was tried upon the stage and then overhauled for repairs. Godolphin had decided to try it first in Toronto, where he was going to open, and then to give it in the West as often as he could. If it did as well as he expected he would bring it on for a run in New York about the middle of December. He would want Maxwell at the rehearsals there, but for the present he said he preferred to stage-manage it himself; they had talked it up so fully that he had all the author's intentions in mind.

He came over from Manchester the day before his vacation ended to take leave of the Maxwells. He was in great spirits with the play, but he confessed to a misgiving in regard to the lady whom he had secured for the part of Salome. He said there was only one woman he ever saw fit to do that part, but when he named the actress the Maxwells had to say they had never heard of her before. "She is a Southerner. She is very well known in the West," Godolphin said.

Louise asked if she had ever played in Boston, and when he said she had not, Louise said "Oh!"

Maxwell trembled, but Godolphin seemed to find nothing latent in his wife's offensive tone, and after a little further talk they all parted on the friendliest terms. The Maxwells did not hear from him for a fortnight, though he was to have tried the play in Toronto at least a week earlier. Then there came a telegram from Midland:

"*Tried play here last night. Went like wildfire. Will write.* Godolphin."

The message meant success, and the Maxwells walked the air. The production of the piece was mentioned in the Associated Press despatches to the Boston papers, and though Mrs. Maxwell studied these in vain for some verbal corroboration of Godolphin's jubilant message, she did not lose faith in it, nor allow her husband to do so. In fact, while they waited for Godolphin's promised letter, they made use of their leisure to count the chickens which had begun to hatch. The actor had agreed to pay the author at the rate of $5 an act for each performance of the play, and as it was five acts long a simple feat of arithmetic showed that the nightly gain from it would be $25, and that if it ran every night and two afternoons, for matinées, the weekly return from it would be $200. Besides this, Godolphin had once said, in a moment of high content with the piece, that if it went as he expected it to go he would pay Maxwell over and above this $25 a performance five per cent. of the net receipts whenever these passed $1,000. His promise had not been put in writing, and Maxwell had said at the time that he should be satisfied with his $5 an act, but he had told his wife of it, and they had both agreed that Godolphin would keep it. They now took it into the account in summing up their gains, and Mrs. Maxwell thought it reasonable to figure at least $25 more from it for each time the play was given; but as this brought the weekly sum up to $400, she so far yielded to her husband as to scale the total at $300, though she said it was absurd to put it at any such figure. She refused, at any rate, to estimate their earnings from the season at less than $15,000. It was useless for Maxwell to urge that Godolphin had other pieces in his repertory, things that had made his reputation, and that he would naturally want to give sometimes. She asked him whether Godolphin himself had not voluntarily said that if the piece went as he expected he would play nothing else as long as he lived, like Jefferson with Rip Van Winkle; and here, she said, it had already, by his own showing, gone at once like wildfire. When Maxwell

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pleaded that they did not know what wildfire meant she declared that it meant an overwhelming house and unbridled rapture in the audience ; it meant an instant and lasting triumph for the play. She began to praise Godolphin, or, at least, to own herself mistaken in some of her decrials of him. She could not be kept from bubbling over to two or three ladies at the hotel, where it was quickly known what an immense success the first performance of Maxwell's play had been. He was put to shame by several asking him when they were to have it in Boston, but his wife had no embarrassment in answering that it would probably be kept the whole winter in New York, and not come to Boston till some time in the early spring.

She was resolved, now, that he should drive over to Beverly Farms with her, and tell her father and mother about the success of the play. She had instantly telegraphed them on getting Godolphin's despatch, and she began to call out to her father as soon as she got inside the house, and saw him coming down the stairs in the hall. "*Now*, what do you say, papa? Isn't it glorious? Didn't I tell you it would be the greatest success? Did you ever hear anything like it? Where's mamma? If she shouldn't be at home, I don't know what I shall do ! "

"She's here," said her father, arriving at the foot of the stairs, where Louise embraced him, and then let him shake hands with her husband. "She's dressing. We were just going over to see you."

"Well, you've been pretty deliberate about it ! Here it's after lunch, and I telegraphed you at ten o'clock." She went on to bully her father more and more, and to flourish Maxwell's triumph in his face. "We're going to have three hundred dollars a week from it at the very least, and fifteen thousand dollars for the season. What do you think of that? Isn't that pretty good, for two people that had nothing in the world yesterday? What do you say *now*, papa? "

There were all sorts of lurking taunts, demands, reproaches, in these words, which both the men felt, but they smiled across her, and made as if they were superior to her simple exultation.

"I should say you had written the play yourself, Louise," said her father.

"No," answered her husband, "Godolphin wrote the play ; or I've no doubt he's telling the reporters so by this time."

Louise would not mind them. "Well, I don't care ! I want papa to acknowledge that I was right, for once. Anybody could believe in Brice's genius, but I believed in his star, and I always knew that he would get on, and I was all for his giving up his newspaper work, and devoting himself to the drama ; and now the way is open to him, and all he has got to do is to keep on writing."

"Come now, Louise," said her husband.

"Well," her father interposed, "I'm glad of your luck, Maxwell. It isn't in my line, exactly, but I don't believe I could be any happier, if it were. After all, it's doing something to elevate the stage. I wish someone would take hold of the pulpit."

Maxwell shrugged. "I'm not strong enough for that, quite. And I can't say that I had any conscious intention to elevate the stage with my play."

"But you had it unconsciously, Brice," said Louise, "and it can't help having a good effect on life, too."

"It will teach people to be careful how they murder people," Maxwell assented.

"Well, it's a great chance," said Hilary, with the will to steer a middle course between Maxwell's modesty and Louise's overweening pride. "There really isn't anything that people talk about more. They discuss plays as they used to discuss sermons. If you've done a good play, you've done a good thing."

His wife hastened to make answer for him. "He's done a *great* play, and there are no ifs or ans about it." She went on to celebrate Maxwell's achievement till he was quite out of countenance, for he knew that she was doing it mainly to rub his greatness into her father, and he had so much of the old grudge left that he would not suffer himself to care whether Hilary thought him great or not. It was a relief when Mrs. Hilary came in. Louise became less defiant in her joy then, or else the effect of it was lost in Mrs. Hilary's assumption of an entire expectedness in the event. Her world was indeed so remote from the world of art that she could value success in it only as it related itself

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to her family, and it seemed altogether natural to her that her daughter's husband should take its honors. She was by no means a stupid woman; for a woman, born and married to wealth, with all the advantages that go with it, she was uncommonly intelligent; but she could not help looking upon æsthetic honors of any sort as in questionable taste. She would have preferred position in a son-in-law to any distinction appreciable to the general, but wanting that it was fit he should be distinguished in the way he chose. In her feeling it went far to redeem the drama that it should be related to the Hilarys by marriage, and if she had put her feeling into words, which always oversay the feelings, they would have been to the effect that the drama had behaved very well indeed, and deserved praise. This is what Mrs. Hilary's instinct would have said, but, of course, her reason would have said something quite different, and it was her reason that spoke to Maxwell, and expressed a pleasure in his success which was very gratifying to him. He got on with her better than with Hilary, partly because she was a woman and he was a man, and partly because, though she had opposed his marriage with Louise more steadily than her husband, there had been no open offence between them. He did not easily forgive a hurt to his pride, and Hilary, with all his good will since, and his quick repentance at the time, had never made it quite right with Maxwell for treating him rudely once, when he came to him so helplessly in the line of his newspaper work. They were always civil to each other, and they would always be what is called good friends; they had even an air of mutual understanding, as regarded Louise and her exuberances. Still, she was so like her father in these, and so unlike her mother, that it is probable the understanding between Hilary and Maxwell concerning her was only the understanding of men, and that Maxwell was really more in sympathy with Mrs. Hilary, even about Louise, even about the world. He might have liked it as much as she, if he had been as much of it, and he thought so well of it as a world that he meant to conquer one of the chief places in it. In the meantime he would have been very willing to revenge himself upon it, to satirize it, to hurt it, to humble it—but for his own pleasure, not the world's good.

Hilary wanted the young people to stay the afternoon, and have dinner, but his wife perceived that they wished to be alone in their exultation, and she would not let him keep them beyond a decent moment, or share too much in their joy. With only that telegram from Godolphin they could not be definite about anything but their future, which Louise, at least, beheld all rose color. Just what size or shape their good fortune had already taken they did not know, and could not, till they got the letter Godolphin had promised, and she was in haste to go back to Magnolia for that, though it could not arrive before the next morning at the earliest. She urged that he might have written before telegraphing, or when he came from the theatre after the play was given. She was not satisfied with the reception of her news, and she said so to Maxwell, as soon as they started home.

"What did you want them to do?" he retorted, in a certain vexation. "They were as cordial about it as they could be."

"Cordial is not enough. You can't expect anything like uproar from mamma, but she took it too much as a matter of course, and I *did* suppose papa would be a little more riotous."

"If you are going to be as exacting as that with people," Maxwell returned, "you're going to disappoint yourself frightfully; and if you insist, you will make them hate you. People can't share your happiness any more than they can share your misery; it's as much as they can do to manage their own."

"But I did think my own father and mother might have entered into it a little more," she grieved. "Well, you are right, Brice, and I will try to hold in after this. It wasn't for myself I cared."

"I know," said Maxwell, so appreciatively that she felt all her loss made up to her, and shrunk closer to him in the buggy he was driving with a lax, absent-minded rein. "But I think a little less Fourth of July on my account would be better."

"Yes, you are wise, and I shall not say another word about it to anybody; just treat it as a common every-day event."

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He laughed at what was so far from her possibilities, and began to tell her of the scheme for still another play that had occurred to him while they were talking with her father. She was interested in the scheme, but more interested in the involuntary workings of his genius, and she celebrated that till he had to beg her to stop, for she made him ashamed of himself even in the solitude of the woodland stretches they were passing through. Then he said, as if it were part of the same strain of thought, "You have to lose a lot of things in writing a play. Now, for instance, that beautiful green light there in the woods." He pointed to a depth of the boscage where it had almost an emerald quality, it was so vivid, so intense. "If I were writing a story about two lovers in such a light, and how it bathed their figures and illumined their faces, I could make the reader feel it just as I did. I could make him see it. But if I were putting them in a play, I should have to trust the carpenter and the scene-painter for the effect; and you know what broken reeds they are."

"Yes," she sighed, "and some day I hope you will write novels. But now you've made such a success with this play that you must do some others, and when you've got two or three going steadily you can afford to take up a novel. It would be wicked to turn your back on the opportunity you've won."

He silently assented and said, "I shall be all the better novelist for waiting a year or two."

(To be continued.)

THE VISITOR

By Clinton Scollard

WITHOUT my door at morning-tide
  There rang a summons hale and fair;
I roused and threw the portal wide,
  And lo! young April there.

I saw the sunlight in her eyes,
  And her anemone lips aglow;
She beckoned in beguiling wise;
  I could not choose but go.

The grass beneath her quickening feet
  Rippled with silvery green once more,
And many a rill ran singing sweet
  By many a leaning shore.

She led me high among the hills
  By paths that wilding wanderers use,
Where the magician Morn distils
  The honey of his dews.

Bloom-secrecies she showed to me,
  The coils through which all being stirs,
Till, spelled by her soft witchery,
  My heart was wholly hers.

So now when up the year's bright slope
  A call comes ringing o'er and o'er,
I fling the portal wide, in hope
  'Tis April at the door.

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PORTRAIT.

See *The Field of Art*, page 522.

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A Constitutional in the Park.

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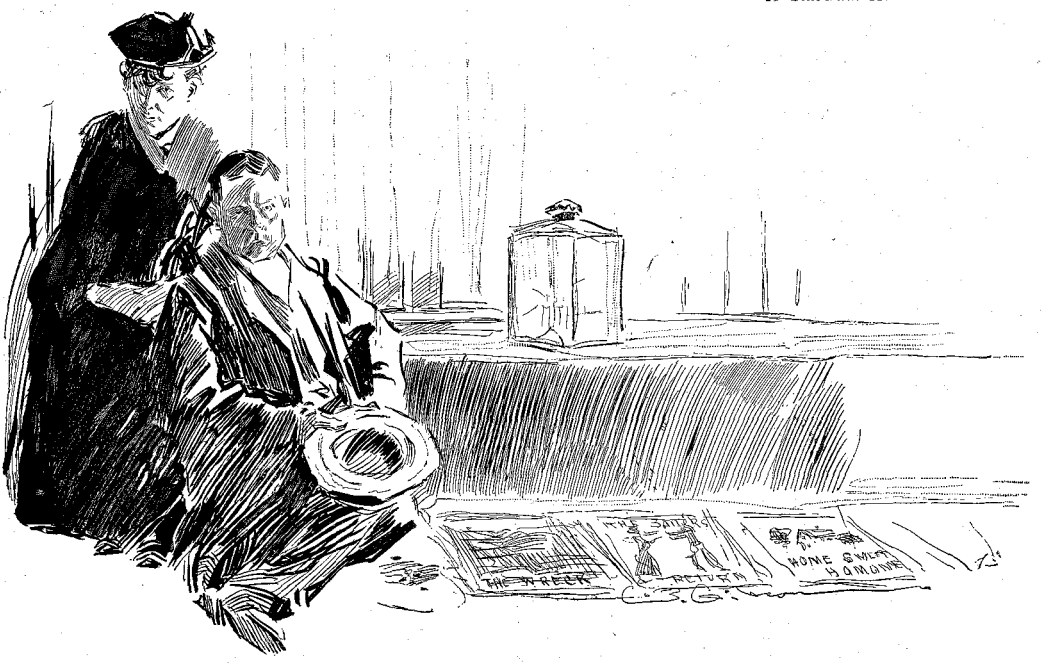
A Sidewalk Artist.



LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

III.—LONDON PARKS

THE first and most natural question asked of any city is, "Show us your people." In answer to this, London may safely begin by pointing to its parks, and especially so during any Sunday during the season, for on that day you can best see how caste has assorted and parcelled the city off into so many exhibits, as carefully arranged as the specimens in the British Museum.

The walks in Hyde Park have their special social value, as much so as the walks in life; and in the park or in life, whichever path an Englishman uses, it is safe to suppose that his ancestors walked there before him. The parks of London are handy. From a Piccadilly club window can be seen sheep enough to fill a barn-yard, and a stone's throw from the Horse Guards is St. James's Park with its duck island, where all kinds of rare birds flock together; and their relatives in far-away countries are no better fed than these happy exiles in the heart of the great city, and the peacocks that ornament the banks of the Serpentine are as happy as the boys who sail the toy-boats on that toy river.

Sunday is Hyde Park's day "At Home," and in the shape of a blue sky she sends her invitation to all London, and her popularity is easily shown by the number and variety of her friends. By long odds the best-looking exhibit is to be seen during church-parade. It extends from Hyde Park Corner to Stanhope Gate, and consists of the well-to-do, most of whom probably first came to the park with their nurses and a little later with their tutors, and they now come grown up and with white hair to pay their respects to the good doctor of their childhood. These good-looking people always struck me as closely resembling

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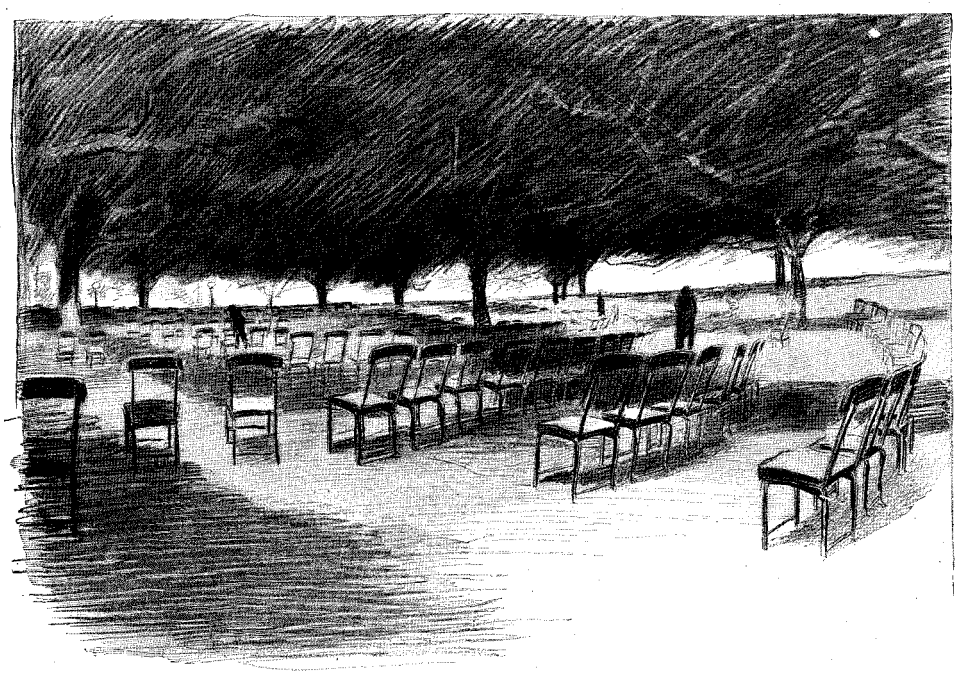
each other. They form what is distinctly a Sunday gathering, and one as serious as a wedding. Seldom a loud voice is heard. There is a feeling of rest throughout the whole scene, and it is impossible to be there without entering into the spirit of it. In the solemn throng that pass and repass I have seen a noisy steamer acquaintance thoroughly subdued and looking like an undertaker in the long coat and high hat that he was probably wearing for the first time. Everyone else seemed to have been there from childhood. The old gentleman in the Row undoubtedly first appeared there on Shetland ponies under the watchful eye of the groom. Here and there under the trees a duchess or an American heiress is holding a reception, and the men about them and the ladies themselves are all Du Mauriers. This must be the reason that to me the scene is always reminiscent. It is not a thing to tire of, and Sunday after Sunday these well-dressed and well-behaved people attend church-parade as seriously as they attend church. A little farther into the park are the shopkeepers and domestics listening to the band. Here you are likely to meet the real-estate agent and tailor with whom you have already had dealings. They are a distinct class, and very different from the first exhibit. They keep their frock-coats carefully buttoned, and are apparently not so much at their ease. Separated from these people by another social gulf, and toward Marble Arch, are the unemployed listening to the park actors and park orators. If you are tall enough to look over the heads of an English crowd you will see in some of these groups strolling players at work. One Sunday last summer two men and a woman were acting a melodrama. The scene was supposed to be the interior of a banker's office, and if threats and rough handling had been of any avail the woman would have been forced to disclose the combination of an imaginary safe. In the centre of the next group a short, red-faced park orator was declaring that a Prime Minister had robbed him. A little of it went a long way; the hat was constantly being passed, and as no amusing argument arose between the speaker and his audience, I found it all very dull, and was glad to go back to the first exhibit and watch the good-looking people until one o'clock, when they began leaving the



After Hours.

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Church Parade.

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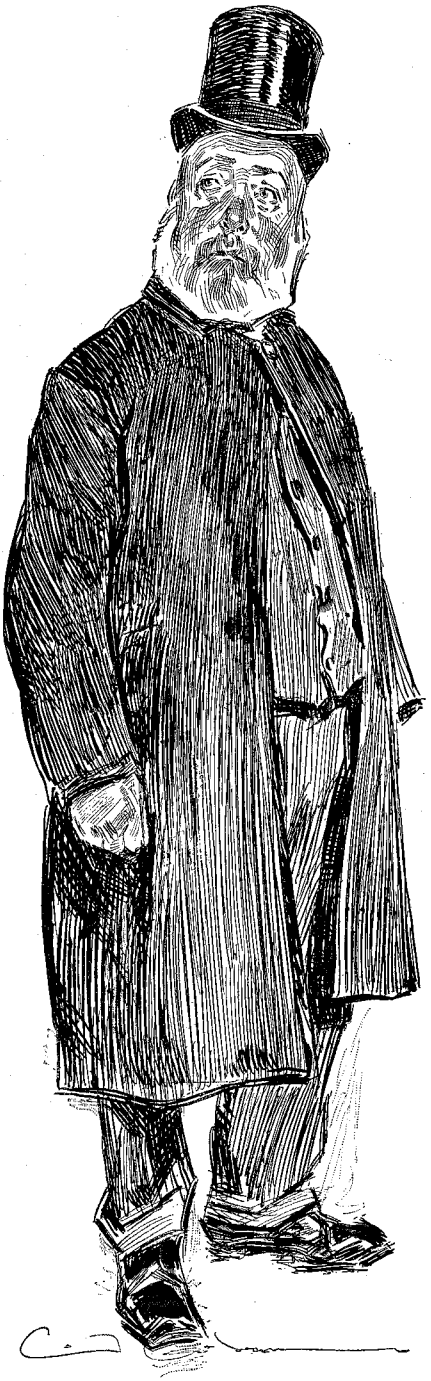

A Park Orator.

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Park Types.

park. This was a sure sign that it was lunch-time, and I was finally left alone, with here and there a dingy loafer walking between long rows of little green chairs, looking for any trinket that might have dropped during the morning from the rich man's table.

The farther away from these shady paths the sadder London is. Among them foreigners feel at home. Little home-sick law students from India may mope in Piccadilly, but in Hyde Park they look happy. Once there the British soldier is no longer warlike; he becomes helpless and happy, surrounded by nature and under the influence of some pink-cheeked domestic.

In the early part of the day the parks are occupied by very young people; the visitors become older with the day. The nurses and their charges leave, and evening finds an old lady leaning on her husband's arm, walking slowly along their favorite path, while their carriage follows at a little distance. And as night comes on they roll back into the great city among the never-ceasing tread of feet, past the sidewalk artist sitting by his pictures on the pavement, looking anxiously at the passers-by —and the park's day is done—a curtain of darkness falls on the great stage; the peacocks go to roost in its trees; the ducks are undisturbed by wet dogs, and the Serpentine's small fish are no longer in danger of bent pins; and the park, London's kind friend and good physician, is resting.

C. D. G.

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BIRD PICTURES

By William E. D. Scott

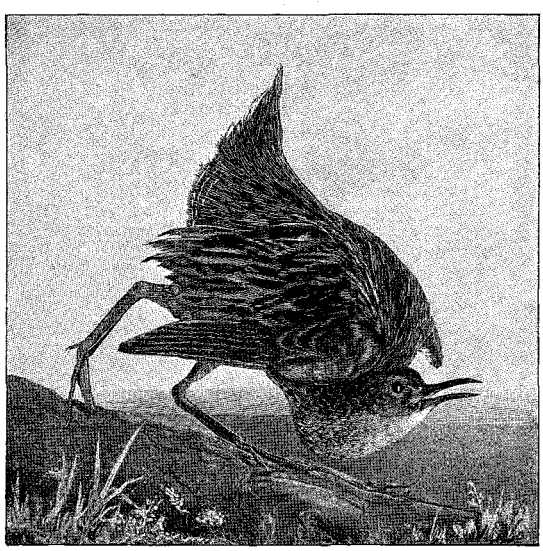
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF STUFFED BIRDS BY A. R. DUGMORE, ESQ.

THE Germans have an old proverb likening any person or object embodying stiffness and grotesqueness to a stuffed bird. It seems a fair comparison, looking at the multitude of specimens on the shelves of the cases in our great museums, both here and abroad, and having at the same time in mind feathered acquaintances of the forest, meadow, river, and seashore. Or, referring to more intimate friends, though it seems almost a sacrilege to attempt to preserve them, who has been at all satisfied with the effort to reproduce the form of the pet canary known for years, or the parrot who has become a familiar daily friend?

It is not difficult to give sufficient reason for this. The people who come into our daily life rarely get portraits, whether by painter or camera, that please. The critic most difficult to deal with is the close and old friend, who has idealized the personality, has seen something the artist failed to discriminate or the camera to detect. The subtle attribute that goes to make the personality of the individual is what we expect, what we hope for, what we rarely realize.

The silent birds and beasts of our great collections, having their due share of beauty and grace, of high and low attributes, in short, or their individuality, are in the main dealt with from the mechanical side, by mechanics, with the result of a certain set conventionality of position and expression, that being duplicated many, many thousand times, has become a thing proverbial for stiffness:

"Er sieht wie ein ausgestopfter Vogel aus."



Florida Clapper-rail.
Rallus longirostris scottii (Senn).

The writer wishes fully to recognize whatever steps have been taken in the British Museum, in the American Museum, and by many professional and amateur ornithologists to raise the standard of this kind of work, and the special attention of the reader is called to an article entitled "Ornithology at South Kensington," by R. Bowdler Sharpe, in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for December, 1887, pp. 165–175. Nor must the efforts in the same direction at the American Museum at Central Park, or the recent writing of Dr. R. W. Shufeldt on this subject, be overlooked, and yet all these are but steps in the right direction, leaving much to be desired.

Not wishing in any way to disparage the many patient workers whose lives have been given to the preservation of birds and other animals, yet one must seek in these

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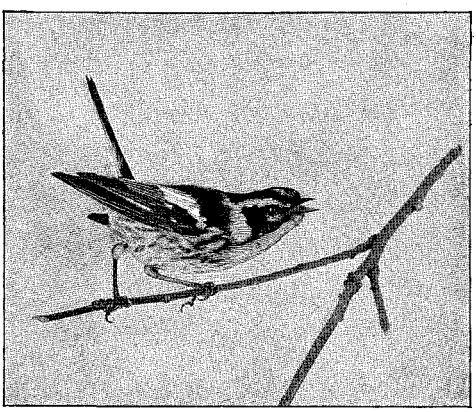
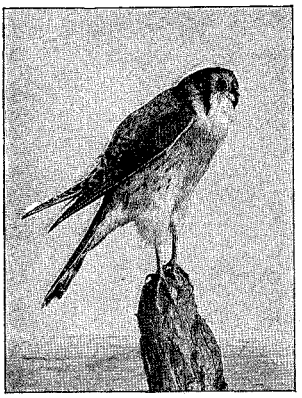
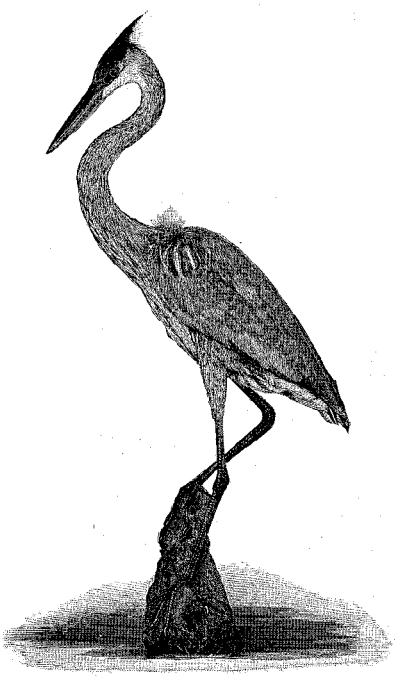


Blackburn's Warbler.
Dendroica blackburniæ (Gmel.).



American Sparrow-hawk.
Falco sparverius (Linn.).

workers themselves some of the causes for much that is bad in this art, for art it is. They have been, largely of their own fault, mechanics, and treated as such. Poorly paid, the love of their work has often been their chief reward; the stipend of the best has rarely reached the wages of a good carpenter or mason. If working for a boss they have been required to turn out about so much result per diem, and he, taking this canary or that hawk to *stuff* at so much a head, from a commercial stand-point, must protect himself and is really not to be blamed. Painters and sculptors are paid as the world appraises their efforts, and the plea here is that art work in attempting to reproduce life-like birds can only be attained when it ceases to be looked upon and treated as mechanical work, so and so many pieces to be turned out in a given time.



Ward's Heron.
Ardea wardi (Ridgw.).

Whether they go properly before or after this view of the subject, two great and vital reasons for the bad results existing are to be found in the lack of general knowledge and special training. To consider the first of these requisites, it seems to the writer that general and wide knowledge and cultivation is fundamental to all good art. The mechanic, the craftsman, the artist is each so much greater for it; so much more able to see, to discriminate, to execute, to convey to the mind of others the impression of his senses through the work of his hands.

The other factor is special training. Great painters serve for years learning to draw and color, to see, to observe, to discriminate, to execute. Constant study of live models is indispensable to the great sculptor or figure painter. Does the man who is to make the

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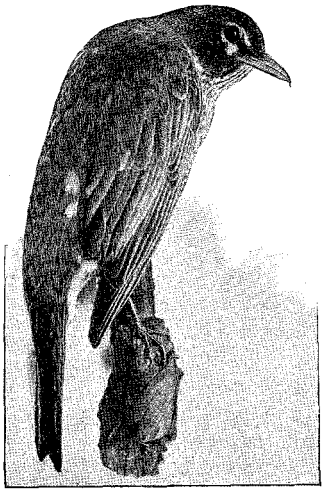
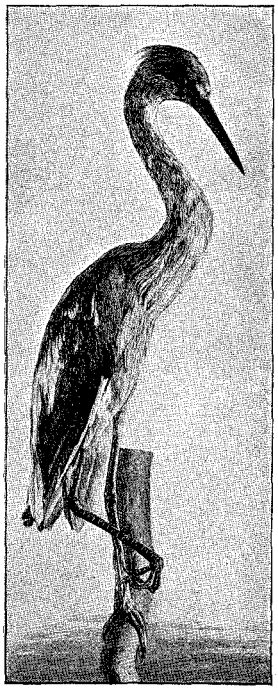
bird live hope to approach that goal less easily? And where are his models? In the trees, in the bushes, in swamps, on lake and stream, on the ocean, and in the air; out of doors. Wild and elusive models, and just so much more difficult to photograph on the mind of the observer. Patience and eternal striving may hope for a reward.



American Robin.
Merula migratoria (Linn.).

It would seem obvious that to make a bird look as nearly alive as possible when stuffed (and this is art) adds much to the scientific value of the specimen. Nevertheless, if we are to judge by the overwhelming majority of results, almost any bird reasonably smooth, and not on the face of it grotesque, is good enough in the eyes of most curators to show to the public what this or that bird is like. Again, the reasons are not obscure. Quantity seems to overshadow quality in the minds of those who have charge of amassing collections.

The conventional T-shaped perch on which all perching birds are placed, or the painted or varnished board that suffices as a stand for such birds as habitually walk on the ground or swim on the water, have made nearly impossible a faithful life-like reproduction. Recognizing this, in recent years there have been attempts, and some very successful, to reproduce the natural environment of the birds exhibited. These are often very attractive and instructive, but generally overwhelming. The frame has become greater than the portrait. The bird, so environed, is in many cases the same conventional, stiff, even grotesque acquaintance, who suggests strongly in his new surroundings the long rows of T-shaped perches on overcrowded shelves. Composition in a picture is fundamental; and in a portrait it hardly seems good art to overshadow the central thought, the individual, by a too detailed background. Perhaps it may be hazarded here that suggestions of environment are all that we can hope to present, and that often a single twig, a bit of grass land, a hint of sandy beach, marsh, river, or ocean, will convey to the public an idea of the life-habits of this or that bird, leaving the bird the great central figure, not overshadowed by an entire limb with all its leaves, or an elaborated section of landscape. *Suggestions* of impressions from nature, not portrayals of its infinite details, should be the aim.



Little Blue Heron.
Ardea cærulea (Linn.).
(Intermediate Plumage.)

To the worker the advice is ventured—beware of the photograph. The camera sees what you do not. If you attempt to copy its results, the end attained will not

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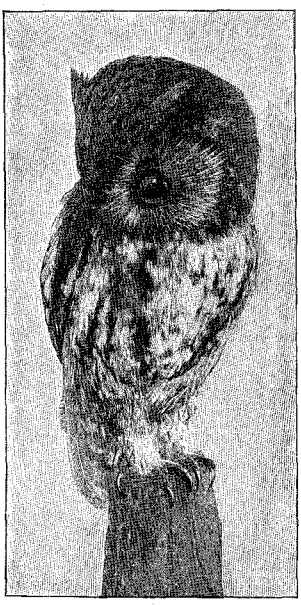
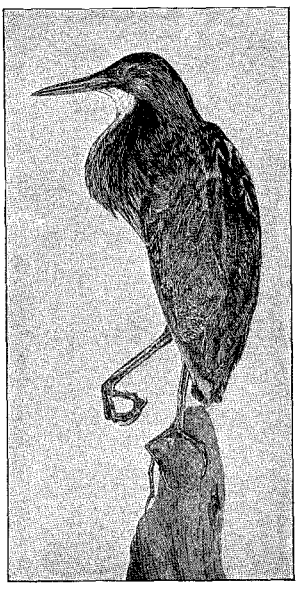


Screech-Owl.

Megascops asio (Linn.).



Bittern.

Botaurus lentiginosus (Montag.).

appeal to those who have not seen with a camera, but who have observed and retained certain impressions of birds through their unaided senses.

Do not imitate. Copy no other man's idea of how a bird looks. It is at its best how he thinks it looks. His impression, not yours. The bane of this work has been copying and imitating, not observing and originating; so that we have the duck, the heron, the hawk, eagle, owl, and thrush of tradition in positions much oftener learned in the house from stuffed birds or pictures than from the real model, which is free to every one who cares to try to reproduce his impression of it gained out of doors.

You can never tell where or when your chance will come to meet and get a vivid picture of this or that one. Therefore be always ready. Store observation upon observation away in your brain. They will all come into play. The results will come to the persistent observer, and the stuffed birds of the future will do much to escape the ridicule cast by common consent on most of those of to-day.

The illustrations accompanying this article are presented with the hope that they represent some of the ideas which are fundamental in it, and that they record a step toward a higher place for this kind of art work. They are reproductions of *photographs of stuffed birds.*

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Odysseus, from an Old Greek Print.

ODYSSEUS AND TRELAWNY

A SEQUEL TO BYRON'S GRECIAN CAREER

By F. B. Sanborn

IN the last years of Shelley and his friend Byron, the beginning of the Greek Revolution turned the minds of these two poets, and of all western Europe and North America, toward the fair land which the genius of Byron had anew revealed to the civilized world. Byron, in the early cantos of "Don Juan" (written in 1820, but not published till 1821), had foreshadowed the Grecian revolt; and Shelley, in the summer of 1821, when that revolt was in full tide of its early success, wrote his drama, "Hellas," turning on those successes, and dedicated to Prince

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Mavrocordato, so famous throughout the national history of Greece. In this poem he makes allusion to one of the most distinguished of the Greek chieftains, Odysseus (Ulysses, born in Ithaca, like Homer's hero, his namesake), with whom Shelley's Cornish friend, Trelawny, was soon after to be disastrously associated :

> A brighter Hellas rears its mountains,
> From waves serener far,
> A new Peneus rolls its fountains
> Against the morning-star ;
> *A new Ulysses leaves once more*
> *Calypso for his native shore.*

This " new Ulysses " was Odysseus Androutsos (the second name was his father's), who, early in 1821, had left the Ionian Islands, where he was born in 1790, and gone to the neighborhood of Mount Parnassus, where both he and his father had been Turkish governors, and there taken command of revolutionary troops. Some rumor of his skirmishes with the Turkish army had perhaps reached Shelley at Pisa, and led to this mention of a hero who till then had only a local reputation for manly beauty and crafty valor, such as gained renown for his father and other Greek *klephts*, robber-chieftains who were the legendary heroes of the mountains once sacred to Apollo, Pan, and the peaceful Muses. The story of this one family, extinct since 1836, when the boy Leonidas, son of Androutsos's son Odysseus, died of cholera at Munich, is full of interest for the Greeks, who dramatize it for their local stage, and also for the readers of Shelley ; because Trelawny, the dear friend for thirty years of Shelley and his pathetic wife, mixed his blood and fortunes with those of this romantic race. Circumstances made me acquainted, early in 1893, while travelling in Greece, with incidents in this story not generally known, and have led me to tell it briefly and consecutively.

The family name of Androutsos was Varouses ; they lived in Livanatai, a small district of Locris, about twelve miles from the seaport Atalanti, near which I sailed in the voyage from Athens to Thermopylæ, which also is not far from the birthplace of the young Varouses, who about 1750 got the name of Androutsos (" Big or Bold Andrew ") from his stalwart valor among the Grecian subjects of Turkey. His father, Athanasios, was a farmer, but the son turned his attention to war and brigandage, and by the time he was twenty had a strong band of followers, *armatoloi*, as they were styled, acting by turns as *gens d'armes* (which the word signifies) and as bandits. He was friendly to the revolt of 1769, but did not fly from Greece when it was put down ; on the contrary, he rose to power among the Turks by his valor and cunning, and, during his occasional residence at Prevesa, in Albania, he was sought as a son-in-law by a wealthy Greek there, Jarlampas by name, and in 1788, or thereabout, married his daughter, Akrivos. She bore him an only son, in the Island of Ithaca, whither he seems to have taken refuge with his Bœotian friend Katsones, who was active in the attempted revolt engineered by the Russian Orloff, in the years 1786–90. During these troubles, Androutsos took up arms against the Sultan, but was obliged to flee into Montenegro ; and in Cattaro, then held by the Venetians, he was given up to the Turks. They carried him to Constantinople, where he was executed. His household seems to have gone back to Prevesa, where his wife remarried with Philip Kamenos, and by this union had four sons and one daughter, Tarsitsa Kamenou, half-sister of Odysseus, who afterward married Edward John Trelawny, and lived with him in the Parnassian cave soon to be described. She was many years younger than her English spouse, if we may trust the romancing Frenchman, Eugène de Villeneuve, who met her with Trelawny at Athens, July 30, 1825, and then thought her " hardly fourteen."

Androutsos had been friends with Ali Pacha, the tyrant of Albania, and when the latter captured Prevesa, soon after the death of Androutsos, he took notice of the son of his old comrade, and had him brought up in his own bloody and treacherous court at Jannina. The story that the young chief outran one of the swiftest horses of Ali, though told by many writers, among them Dr. Howe, was declared by Odysseus, in the presence of George Finlay, to be a mere fable. Yet he was remarkable from childhood for swiftness, strength, and manly grace. His Grecian biographer, Anastasios N. Gouda, a painstaking chronicler, who has preserved many letters of Odysseus, says : " He was of

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lofty stature and the greatest symmetry; thick-haired, not only on his head—heavy eyebrows and bushy mustaches—but also on his breast.* He had a stern and frowning look that showed confidence and daring. His eyes and hair were chestnut, his nose thin and straight, his forehead prominent, his head large, and his shoulders broad. It might be said with truth that Odysseus was the very man celebrated in the popular song quoted by Passow:

A sturdy rock his shoulders broad, his locks are chestnut-brown,
His breast is like a brazen wall—no force can break it down.

"Moreover, he was very strong-handed, fleet-footed, and able to make long marches; they even say he outran some of the swiftest horses. Certainly he had few equals in strength, courage, sagacity, and physical beauty."

When Ali made his cruel campaign against the people of Gardoki, to revenge an injury they had done his Albanian mother, forty years before, he ordered young Odysseus to go along with him, "so that I may see with my own eyes whether thou art a son worthy of Androutsos, or whether it is only in Jannina that thou canst brawl and fire the pistol." The youth justified his descent, fought gallantly, and was wounded in the foot; so that he had no active part in the massacre of the Gardokiotans, perpetrated by the tyrant after their surrender. He declared that he did not even see it, but only from his sick-bed heard the cries of the victims.

Ali Pacha survived till 1822, and his long-continued revolt against the Sultan was one of the aids the Greeks had in their first year's campaign against their oppressors, beginning in March, 1821. He had long before made Odysseus one of his captains of *armatoloi* in his province of Livadia, on the slopes of Parnassus and in the plain of Bœotia, of which the chief town was then Lebadeia, near the old cave of Trophonius, and not many miles from the Parnassian cavern where Odysseus and Trelawny afterward took refuge. And while giving his young follower this important command, which his father held before him, he provided him also with a bride, Helen Karéli, a daughter of one of the richer and more powerful Greek families in Kalaretai, a town not far distant from Jannina. No children of this marriage seem to have survived their father's death, except Leonidas, already mentioned, who was born in the cave on Parnassus, early in 1824.

This, then, was the situation of Odysseus in the spring of 1821; the revolt of Ali Pacha had drawn down the vengeance of the Sultan, whose army, entering Livadia, compelled Ali's captain, against his will, to retire, first to Prevesa, where his mother still lived, and then to the Ionian Islands, under British protection, as Colocotroni had done a dozen years earlier. As soon as the Greek Revolution opened, he left his wife in the little island of Paxi, near Ithaca, chartered a small vessel, and sailed to Patras. There he was initiated a member of the secret brotherhood of the *Hetæria*, and at once sailed for Galaxithi, on the Corinthian Gulf, under Parnassus, where he issued a proclamation in the jargon of that region, calling on his "dear people" to rise against the Turks. This paper, which Gouda prints, was dated April 3d, hardly two weeks after the first rising.† It can be said then, that he was one of the earliest, as Androutsos had been in the last century, to revolt against the slavery to which he was unhappily born. In the next three years he fought, with varying fortune, to drive the Turks out of Greece; and in March, 1824, when Byron was planning and organizing for the Greeks at Missolonghi, Odysseus was in command at Athens, and was then the most conspicuous of the Greek chieftains, Marco Botzaris having been slain, and Karaiskakis not yet risen to his later fame.

It was in the autumn of 1823, while Byron was still loitering in Cephalonia, after sailing from Genoa in July, 1823, with Trelawny and Count Gamba, that his English comrade left him and pushed on to Athens to make the acquaintance of Odysseus.

* This last peculiarity is shown in his portrait, and always on the stage.

† See the *Bioi Paralleloi* of Anastasios N. Gouda, vol. vi., edition of 1876, for memoirs of Odysseus (pp. 121–162). The sketches of the Botzaris and the Colocotroni families immediately precede that of Androutsos and his son. These "Parallel Lives" are a sort of modern Greek Plutarch. "The Hero-Age of the Greek Revolution," by Stephen Xenos (Athens, 1871) is a historic novel with valuable notes. Quite as fanciful, though professing to be history, is the work of E. Yemeniz, "Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance de la Grèce Moderne" (Paris, Michel Levy, 1869).

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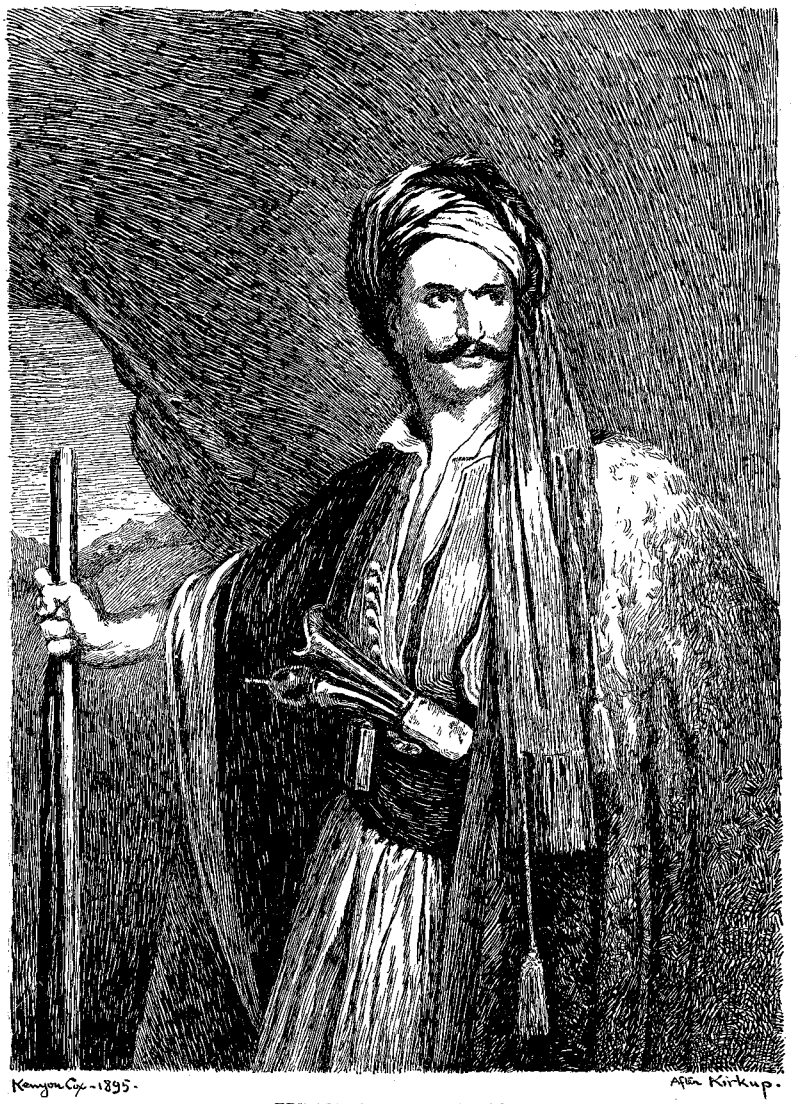

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

Giovani Temple Leader, Esq., of Florence, Italy, owner of the picture, through whose courtesy the photograph used in the above drawing was made, wrote of the painting in April, 1895: "Seymour Kirkup's original portrait (from the life) painted more than seventy years ago, of E. J. Trelawny, who was my intimate friend, and lived with me for many years in my villa on Putney Hill, that is from 1838-1848," etc.

Dr. Millingen, an English physician, who was with Byron in his last illness, gave this account, in 1831, of the two comrades, and how they took to each other at first sight.

"Growing weary of home, Trelawny (January, 1822) passed over to Italy. There he formed the acquaintance of Lord Byron, who derived no little pleasure from the company of so singular a character. He invited Trelawny to accompany him into Spain,* but hearing of the disasters the constitutional party had sustained, he proposed going to Greece.

* George Finlay, who saw much of Byron after November, 1823, when they first met in Cephalonia, gives the satiated poet's own words on this change of plan. They rode out together at Metaxata, and Byron, after some remarks uncomplimentary to the Greeks, went on: "Why, then, should I fight for them? Sickened with pleasure, more tired of scribbling, perhaps, than the public is of reading me, I felt the need of giving a completely new direction to my ideas; and the active, dangerous, glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy. I went to Genoa, and was on the eve of sailing for Spain, when, informed of the overthrow of the Liberals, I perceived it was too late to join Sir

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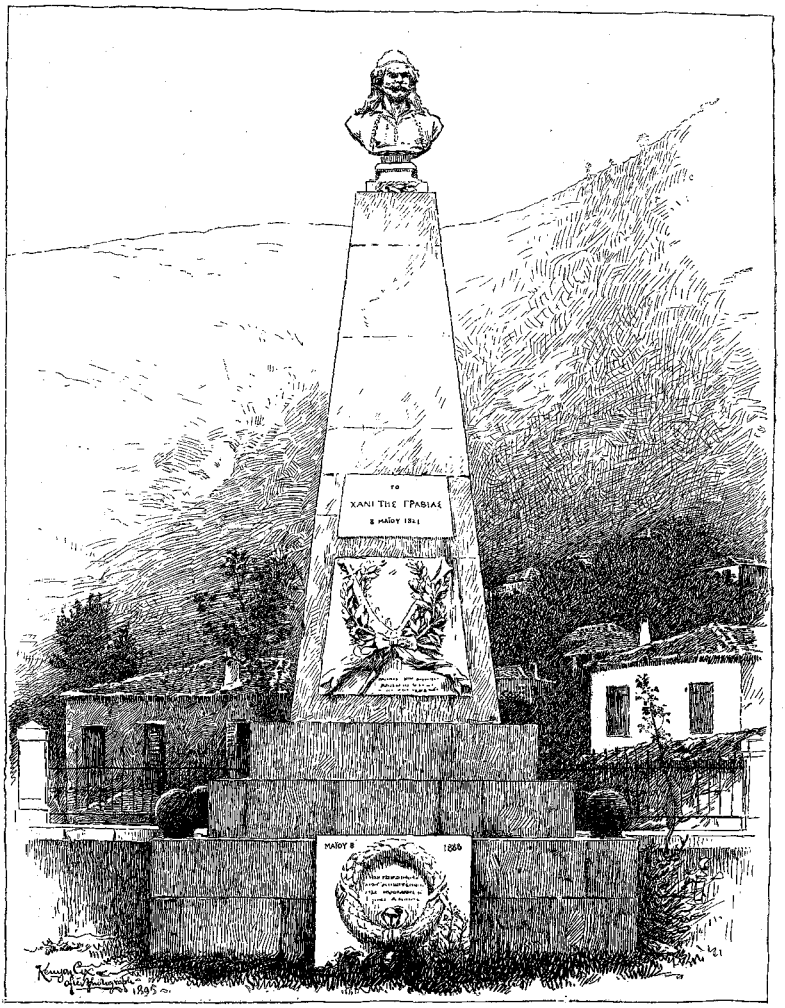

The Monument of Odysseus at the Khan of Gravia.

Arrived at Cephalonia (September, 1823), Trelawny discovered that Byron was not romantic enough to be his companion; and he started for the Peloponnesus, where, having roamed in vain in quest of a hero, he passed over to Athens. There he met with Odysseus, and so powerful is the force of sympathy that, although they could not understand each other's language, they became in an instant intimate friends. According to Trelawny, Odysseus was the personification of every perfection, mental and bodily. He swore by him, and imitated him in the minutest actions. His dress, gait, and air were not only perfectly similar, but he prided himself on being even as dirty. . . . This ridiculous imitation was in other respects very useful to him; for it enabled him to endure the privations and hardships inseparable from the Greek mode of warfare, sleeping on the bare earth, with a stone for a pillow, and sustaining a total want of every bodily comfort."

This joy of companionship with Odysseus found expression in a letter from Trelawny to the widow of his friend Shelley, who went to England soon after Byron sailed from Genoa (July 17, 1823) with

Robert Wilson, and then it was that I altered my intention, and resolved to sail for Greece." There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the lives of Byron and the heroic Sir Robert Wilson.

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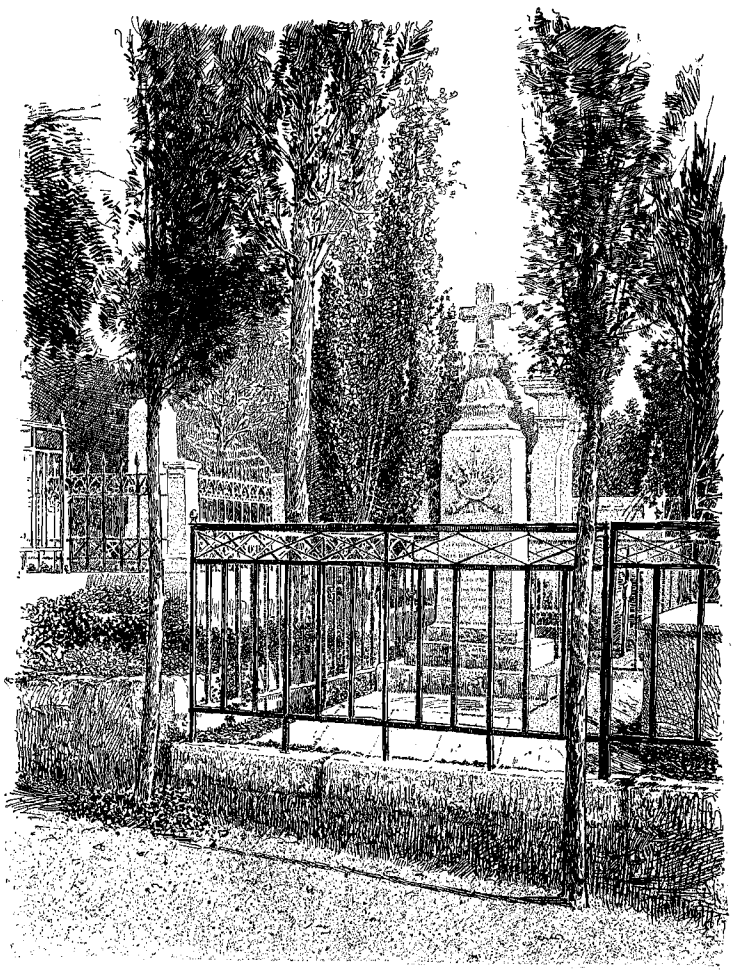
Trelawny—"Lord Byron with £10,000," said she, "and Trelawny with £50."* Soon after Byron's death, at Missolonghi, Trelawny wrote (April 30, 1824): "I have had the merit of discovering and bringing out a noble fellow, a gallant soldier, and a man of most wonderful mind, with as little bigotry as Shelley, and nearly as much imagination; he is a glorious being. I have lived with him—he calls me brother—wants to connect me with his family. We have been inseparable now for eight months—fought side by side. . . . Dear Mary, I am serious—turn your thoughts this way. No more a nameless being, I am now a Greek chieftain, willing and able to protect you; and thus I will continue, or follow our friends (Shelley and Byron) to wander over some other planet, for I have nearly exhausted this."

A word as to the situation in Greece when Trelawny arrived there. The Greeks held possession of a great part of the mainland, and many islands; Odysseus, then at the height of his fame (he was thirty-three years old), was in command at Athens, where he had strongly fortified the Acropolis, and soon after fought successfully in Eubœa, with Trelawny at his side.

George Finlay, who spent much of his after-life in Greece, and another Englishman, Captain W. H. Humphreys, were all in the country before Byron arrived, in January, 1824; both these young men were friendly to Odysseus; and Humphreys, who served under him, praised him warmly. "He was distinguished from his meanest soldier," says this writer, "only by his striking personal appearance. His sunburnt face and breast, rude attire, immense bushy mustache, and bent brow (to be matched only



The Tomb of Odysseus at Athens.

* Byron had joined the Greek committee of London, and was urged by them for a long time to go to Greece; he hesitated, and finally summoned Trelawny (June 15th) thus: "You must have heard that I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I want your aid, and am extremely anxious to see you. They all say I can be of use in Greece; I don't know how, nor do they; but, at all events, let us go." This was not the speech of a very ardent Philhellene; but once there, he behaved admirably—far better than Trelawny, though not so good a soldier. Our American Dr. Howe fought and fed the war better than both these Englishmen; but Byron's name helped vastly.

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by that of a Redgauntlet) * made him the fine characteristic picture of a mountain chieftain. He was an excellent horseman, had all the tastes of a gentleman, and was fond of shooting, of horses, and dogs, as few of the Greeks are. In conversation, his expressions in Italian, of which he knew only a few words, were indicative of his forcible mind; his language in his own tongue was very elegant. He possessed the perfect military eye—observable in the spots he fixed on for halting at night, and in his pointing out as we passed the advantageous positions which the country afforded." No wonder, then, that these three Englishmen were anxious that Byron, who controlled much British money, and could give the tone to European opinion, should meet their hero; and for this purpose Byron was invited to a conference at Amphissa (then called Salona), the largest town at the foot of Parnassus, on the side of the Corinthian Gulf. Writing to Colonel Stanhope, afterward Earl Harrington, at Athens, from Amphissa, March 12, 1824, Humphreys said:

"I only arrived here this morning, and do not start for Missolonghi till to-morrow; but General Pannouria and Mons. Negris have both written letters to Mavrocordato, and Lord Byron likewise, soliciting his presence at the congress, which they are here equally anxious for. Blackett has just arrived from Missolonghi, and was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Finlay, who mentions Lord Byron as already *inclined* to come to Athens; so I shall have, with your letters, little difficulty in attaining my object, if I can get there—for I find the greatest difficulty in getting horses to proceed."

It was not the wish of Mavrocordato, however, that Byron should meet Odysseus, and he did not. Finlay, who had gone from Athens to Missolonghi in the end of February, on the same errand of persuasion, says: "Lord Byron and Mavrocordato were alone when I communicated my mission. His Lordship instantly complied. Mavrocordato declined an immediate answer, and, alluding to a foolish affair that had lately happened in Athens, with an English sloop of war (which the ignorant soldiery of Odysseus construed into an attempt to carry him off), hinted at the possibility of Odysseus intending to retaliate the supposed treachery on Lord Byron." Finlay adds that an alleged plot of the brave gypsy-general, Karaiskakis, to join the Turks, was contrived by Mavrocordato to alarm Byron, in March. "The affair of Karaiskakis was a farce, performed to prevent Byron from going to Salona; and I suspected Mavrocordato of having a hand in it." Had the poet gone to Salona, probably he would have escaped his fatal fever; but when Finlay himself set out the fever had begun, and on April 19, 1824, Byron died. From Amphissa Finlay went on to Athens; and there Trelawny sent him this remarkable letter, in which the erratic spelling of the "half-Arab Englishman," as Mrs. Shelley called him, is preserved.

Trelawny's First Letter from the Cave.

May 27, 1824.
THE CAVERN OF ULYSSES, M'T PARNASSUS.

DEAR FINLAY:

I trust you are still with my captain. I arrived here yesterday with a splendid suit—and 55 horses—loaded with stores for Odysseus—a small brigade of mountain guns—300 of Flannel cartridges and grape-shot, and 20 picked artillery men, accompanied by a Capt'n Fenton, an approved good Artillery Officer; he was chief engineer to Gen'l Mina—that's enough—and to seal all he is a Scotchman of the right good sort—independent—will do anything, and wants nothing in payment but lice—of which we have enough.

What are you about? going on another Ambassadorship? 'tis premature to go to America. After this campaign—at present you will do nothing—tell Odysseus Mavro wants to go on that mission, but he must prevent that. I have pretty well finished the Prince—as I would all Royalty if I could. I have "scotched him," but not killed, and do not wish him to be revived by the sun of America. Byron brought him to life once.

Tell O I will get lots of powder, and otherwise attend to his proper interest with Gordon—Blackquire,† as by that means I am best serving Greece (so I think). Is he not a noble fellow—a Bolivar? let's make a Washington of him;

* Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, had the same peculiarity.

† Trelawnese for *Blaquière*.

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The Cave on the West Side of Mount Parnassus, above Valitza.

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there are elements in him to form one. I am thirsting to be with you, and only await till the return of my courier I forwarded to him eighteen days back. I want to complete some plans for rendering this cave the most beautiful as well as strongest fortress in the world—tell him to send me (a white litter). I have Gilo with me and all the tools and necessary things to do every thing.

My particular events—since we separated—must be told not written. Stanhope was ordered home by the King through influence of the Legitimate ambassadors. Gordon was hourly expected when I left Zant; I left, as did Stanhope, letters to enlighten him as to who is who in Greece. The other commissioner unknown. Blackquire no authority; he is, I suppose, by this time with you. I got your hundred paid, 50 I have spent, the other £50 I will bring you. Give a few dollars to Tindale for my women at Athens; if you think it necessary, pay their removal to Calauria or Egina.

Mavro leads the life of a dog at Missolonghi; the soldiers would have all come off with me, and fiered the city had I set them on; he is impotent. Millingen has been at Death's door, but—Death would not let him in. He is out of great danger and sends his love—cannot write.

Do your utmost to get immediate supplies for O. I want him to defend Thermophile, and Fenton, Gilo and myself to fortify it. Don't let him take any Germans—they are all—charletans.

Your True and sincere friend,

TRELAWNY.

P.S.—I inclose you three letters. Lord Guilford sent 4,000 dollars for the service of Greece. Mavro has it. Byron spent nearly 30,000 dollars. Mavro must account for all the money he has extracted from the friends of Greece.

Although Trelawny wrote many letters from this cavern, during the year that he occupied it, either as a guest or tenant, no one of them has before been published, I think. He sent to Mrs. Shelley, in August, 1824, a fuller description of the "Cavern Fortress on Mount Parnassus," as he styled it, desiring her to print it in London; but it was never done. Indeed, so little did Mrs. Shelley understand it, that she wrote to Leigh Hunt (August 22, 1824): "Trelawny has made a hero of the Greek chief, Ulysses, and declares that there is a great cavern in Attica, which he and Ulysses have provisioned for seven years, and to which, if the cause fails, he and this chieftain are to retire; but, if the cause is triumphant, he is to build a city in the Negropont, colonise it, and Jane (Williams) and I are to go out and be queens and chieftainesses of the island" (Eubœa). In truth, the cave is more than thirty miles from Attica, and in Phocis, not many miles from Velitsa, which is the nearest town. A similar mistake, but more natural, has been made by Spiridion Tricoupis, the Greek historian, and by Stephen Xenos, a later Greek novelist historian—for they both suppose the cave to be that called Korykios, often visited and described, on the other side of Parnassus, just above Delphi. The cavern of Odysseus is seldom visited, and little known, even in Greece; its exact situation is given by Finlay and Humphreys, however, who saw Trelawny there more than once. Humphreys says: "A steep and difficult ascent leads to the foot of the crag; a vast projecting arch, extending deep in the massive rock at one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular height from the ground, forms this impregnable hold. In the interior are houses, numerous magazines, and an extensive *terre-plein*, all completely open to the sun and light, but sufficiently sheltered by the arch to render it inaccessible from above. It is, indeed, a most romantic situation. Numerous eagles, once the undisturbed possessors of the cave, are constantly soaring above. The view from the arch is beautiful, extending over the rich plain of Livadia" (Bœotia and a corner of Phocis), "surmounted by the rising mountains of Eubœa, and the intervening sea." This shows precisely how the cavern fronted, toward what was then called Negropont, some fifty miles eastward, and the channel of Talanta, on which is Livanatai, the birthplace of Androutsos. The new line of railway (unfinished) from Thebes to Dadi, Lamia, and Larissa, now runs within a few miles of this cavern, which can be visited, though with some difficulty, in half a day from Dadi.

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In the second edition of his "Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author," by Trelawny (London, 1878), he gives a fine view of this mountain-fortress—drawn from memory, for he never saw it after the summer of 1825—and in the same book he thus describes it:

"In one of the precipices of Parnassus there is a cavern, at an elevation of 1,000 feet above the plain; this Odysseus had, with much ingenuity, managed to ascend and convert into a place of safety for his family and effects during the war. The only access was by ladders, bolted to the rock; the first ladder, 45 or 50 feet in length, was placed against the face of the rock, and steadied by braces; a second, resting on a projecting crag, crossed the first; and a third, lighter and shorter, stood on its heel on a natural shelf in the fractured stone. This third ladder led to a trap-door, through which you entered a vaulted guard-room, pierced with lancet-holes for musketry, and opening on a broad terrace, 80 feet in length, screened by a parapet-wall breast-high, with embrasures mounted with cannon. The height of the natural arch spanning the cave is 30 feet above this lower terrace, so that it is particularly light, airy, and cheerful. Ascending by steps to a yet higher terrace of solid rock, the breadth and height of the cave diminish, till the end is reached. The towering mass of rock above the cave projects boldly over its base. To make it perfect, there was a never-failing supply of the purest water, filtering through fractures in the rock above, into a capacious cistern built on the upper terrace. This was our citadel, and, by removing the upper ladder, it became impregnable without the aid of a garrison."

In this stronghold, supplied with arms and ammunition from those sent in 1823–24 by the English committee, and other Philhellenes, as the above letter shows, Leonidas, the son of Odysseus, was born; his mother, Helen Karéli, his grandmother, Akrívos Kamenou, and his child-aunt, Tarsitsa Kamenou, who afterward married Trelawny, being present at his birth, in 1824, and generally remaining in the cave until it was surrendered to the Greek Government, in 1826, or thereabout. Trelawny went and came at will, till he was shot there by "Capt'n Fenton," whom he praised so much in the letter of May 27th, and by a young Englishman, a friend of Dr. Howe, the American Philhellene, W. G. Whitcombe by name. This attempted assassination occurred in June, 1825—the precise date is a little difficult to fix, for Trelawny, never very exact, makes several conflicting statements on that point. Dr. Howe, who was in the service of the Greek Government, then at variance with Odysseus, but who abhorred the plot of Fenton and Whitcombe, has more than once told me the story, which also appears in his "Greek Revolution," and in my "Life of Howe."

In September, 1824, Odysseus was stripped of his command in Attica, which was given over to his lieutenant, Goura. He seems only to have returned once after this to his fortress, in February, 1825, after he had made a truce with the Turks, in order to protect the people of eastern Greece from being massacred, he told Trelawny. "On our parting, he called some of his principal followers, and said, 'I call you to witness, I give this Englishman the cavern, and everything of mine in it;' then turning to me, he said, 'Do what you think best, without referring to me.'" Trelawny in vain sought to withdraw him from his truce with Omer Pacha. "As we sat on the turf by a broken fountain, he placed his rough hairy hand on my bosom, saying, 'You have a strong heart in a strong body; you find fault with me for distrusting my countrymen. I never doubted you. I trusted you from the first day, as I do now on the last we may ever be together; though I cannot understand why you give money, and risk life, to serve those who would shoot you for money—as they will me if they can.'" This was indeed their last interview; he was arrested by Goura, to whom he fled from the Turks, two months later, in April, 1825, and in June he was tortured and assassinated.

While in Athens in 1893, I had access to many books in many languages, and to some manuscripts of authenticity bearing on the career of Odysseus, who is so far from being held as the Arnold of Greece, that he is a legendary popular hero. Many of these books are out of print, and only to be found in old libraries; among them the early works of Captain Hum-

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phreys, and of James Emerson, afterward better known as Sir J. Emerson Tennent. From these authors, and one or two others of the same period, valuable contemporary evidence may be quoted. Humphreys says :

"Goura, in the winter of 1824–25, instigated and guided by his secretary, Sophonopulo, a villanous character, had been supplanting Ulysses at Athens; and though he obeyed the orders of Ulysses to come to him at Napoli, it was his last act of obedience, and he soon assumed the chief command. It was talked of to give Ulysses command of the forces against Dervish Pacha; but, after having been shot at while sitting by a window in the house of Nikitas, at Napoli, his demands refused, and his nomination delayed, Ulysses, accompanied by Trelawny and Karaiskakis, had left Napoli in disgust, and, with about one thousand men, joined the Greek camp at Albani, near Amphissa. He soon learned that the government afforded no support to his soldiers, and that Goura was nominated to replace him in the command at Athens. Ulysses then made a seizure of government money, disbanded his soldiers, retired to his fortress on Parnassus, and the rumor spread that he was treating with the Turks."

Captain Humphreys goes on : "I had not seen Goura for more than a year, when with Ulysses, we played the jerreed together at Athens. He is a fine-looking fellow, and brave; but the brutal acts of cruelty of which he has been guilty are disgraceful to human nature. Our army hardly amounted to 3,000 men, for numbers had deserted to return to Athens; but we drew rations for 11,600, which, when regularly supplied, were sold by the captains. Karaiskakis, our most enterprising captain, acted independently of Goura, and we generally, after some delay, followed his steps; for Goura's men had no confidence in his leading. Taking advantage of a day's inactivity, I made a rapid night march to the cave of Ulysses, to visit my countrymen (Trelawny and Fenton) in their far-famed wild dwelling; as I had not seen them for many months. I passed the precipitous defiles in a rainy night, for the road by the plain was open to the Turks. My party consisted of an Italian officer, two men, and a lad, my pipe-bearer. We led a rough life on the heights of Parnassus, bivouacking in its sequestered valleys; for we used to halt in some grass-grown dell, where was a supply of water, and where our fires were not likely to be discerned by the enemy. The cave could defy all open attack; immediately in front of its crag rises another range of rocky mountains, between is a deep and precipitous ravine, down which rushes a rapid stream. We found Trelawny there, whose appearance and lofty bearing, his character and wild adventurous life, well accorded with the situation. He was reading the last novel that had reached Parnassus from the author of Waverley; two small young deer, natives of the mountain, were kept there as a present for Scott, when it should be convenient to send them."

Sir James Tennent said of Fenton : "Among the inmates of the cavern was one Mr. Fenton, a native of Scotland, who had arrived, a mere adventurer, in Greece; and, during his intercourse with the European residents of the Morea, had proved himself totally divested of every principle or feeling of a gentleman. He had even stooped so low as to offer himself to a person in power as the assassin of Ulysses, for a remuneration of a few dollars—I believe, not more than $60. The proposal had been accepted, but a disagreement in the terms, or some other circumstance, had prevented its execution."

In confirmation of this direct statement, and even more explicit in naming the "person in power," Humphreys wrote (June 17, 1825) to Captain Hamilton of the British war-vessel Cambria, "The villain Fenton was some months ago engaged *by Mavrocordato, to murder both Ulysses and Trelawny*. I was then with Ulysses, before he joined the Turks; and Fenton at that time carried on the intrigue under the pretence to us (true or false) of entrapping Mavrocordato. A Mr. Jarvis, an American, now in Nauplia, was Mavrocordato's chief agent in the affair; it passed over, but the other day Trelawny was attempted to be assassinated by the same Fenton; and immediately after Ulysses was killed (how, heaven knows) at Athens. I am arrested and imprisoned among thieves and assassins, because I came for a surgeon for Trelawny."

A British sloop of war, the Rose, came

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opportunely to Nauplia, where Humphreys was confined, the middle of June, and he was soon set free, as a British subject. At Zante, for which he then sailed, Philip Green, British vice-consul at Patras (who was friendly to the Turks), heard from him this story, which Green sent to England, July 13, 1825): "Mr. Humphreys arrived at Zante from Napoli, July 9th; he brings an account of the death of Odysseus, through the treachery of Goura, formerly his own right-hand man. He had been confined in a tower of the Acropolis, and wishing to effect his escape, concerted a plan for that purpose with Goura and others, who apparently connived at it; but having let him down a precipice, cut the rope when he was half-way, and their victim was killed on the spot. Upon the discovery of his mangled remains the next morning, a mock inquiry was instituted as to the cause of his death, which was attributed to the accidental breaking of the rope. Mr. Trelawny has narrowly escaped being assassinated by Fenton and Whitcombe, both Englishmen. There is no doubt that the attempt was premeditated, and the hope of obtaining possession of the riches of Odysseus was the chief inducement, at least with Fenton; but the truth will be difficult to arrive at, because Trelawny's attendants, hearing the report of fire-arms, rushed out and despatched Fenton on the spot. They would have inflicted similar summary punishment on his accomplice, had not Trelawny interfered, by whose order he was merely placed in confinement. It appears that the attempted assassination was planned by Fenton, who proposed a trial of skill in pistol-shooting, during which the conspirators attempted to shoot Trelawny. Fenton's pistol missed fire; but Whitcombe's, loaded with two balls, took effect, one entering his back and passing out at his breast, shattered his right arm, while the second entered his neck and injured his jaw-bone. This affair occurred after the death of Odysseus, and in the cave on Parnassus; whence Mr. Humphreys proceeded to Napoli for medical assistance, and persuaded Mr. Tindal, an English surgeon, to visit the wounded man; but this latter, from what cause does not appear, altered his mind when half-way, and turned back. In the meantime, the Senate at Napoli arrested Humphreys, and he only obtained his liberty through the arrival of the Rose, English sloop of war. Trelawny, with the other partisans of Odysseus, is closely blockaded in the cave on Parnassus."

The precise day of Fenton's crime and death is hard to fix; it seems to have been June 5th, while Odysseus was killed June 16th. These dates have been variously and erroneously stated, even by Finlay, usually so careful in his narration. Trelawny, who was far less exact, gives the impression that it was June 3d, although he also says, "It was *on the same day* that Odysseus was trapped, captured some distance from the cavern, was taken to the Acropolis of Athens, imprisoned in a tower, and put to the most excruciating tortures, to extort from him a confession of where he had hid his treasures. He was *afterward* hamstrung, and thrown from the tower in which he was confined." But we know that Odysseus gave himself up to Goura April 19th, and was fast prisoner on the day of the shooting in the cave. That he was tortured before death is the testimony of Tricoupis, of Stephen Xenos, and of his epitaph in Athens, put on his monument by his widow, and soon to be cited. General Gordon puts his death as June 17th, and Finlay probably meant to give it more exactly as June 16th—for he must have died in the night before the body was found.

I pass over Trelawny's own striking account of the shooting, the death of Fenton, and his pardon of Whitcombe, because it is so well known, and also because his unsupported evidence is not always to be trusted. Byron once said to Finlay, "Trelawny would have been an excellent fellow if he could have spelt his own language and spoken the truth;" and he said to Dr. Millingen that "Trelawny cannot tell the truth even to save his life." In the main, however, his story, except as to dates and details, is confirmed by others, among them Sir James Tennent, in whose journal occur these pages:

"*Napoli, July* 22, 1825.—Sailed this morning on His Majesty's corvette, the Sparrowhawk, Captain Stuart. I have already mentioned the name of Mr. Trelawny, the gentleman who had espoused the sister and fortunes of Odysseus. . . . A few days before Fenton made his attempt, the cave was visited by a young

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English gentleman, whose age (nineteen) and romantic spirit were easily prevailed on by Fenton to become his accomplice, under a promise that, if successful, he should be made a prince of Livadia. It was in the latter end of May, about the 25th, that this young Englishman arrived at the cavern ; and four days after Fenton proposed to him that they should fire at a target, while Trelawny stood umpire. As soon as Trelawny, unsuspectingly, advanced to examine their first shots, the conspirators both made their attempt at the same moment. Fenton's pistol missed fire, but the young Englishman's took effect with two balls. . . . He fell immediately ; but his attendants, alarmed at the report of the pistols, rushed forward and instantly poignarded Fenton, who died on the spot. They then, by the direction of Trelawny, who still breathed, placed the Englishman in irons at the recess of the cave. Totally deprived of the assistance of a surgeon, Trelawny's recovery was long doubtful ; but nature at last prevailed. He is still confined in a weak state in the cavern, without any medical attendant, and without the power to leave it ; as every inlet is in possession of the troops of Goura. To attempt his rescue, Captain Stuart is now sailing for Athens, where he hopes to meet assistance from the local government to effect his purpose. . . . On our way we touched at Hydra, to receive on board Major Bacon, a personal friend of Mr. Trelawny, who had volunteered his services in his rescue."

Sir James left the Sparrowhawk at the Piræus and went on to Smyrna, July 27th. While waiting there he made this final entry, concerning the inmates of the cave on Parnassus :

"*Saturday*, *August* 13, 1825.—The Sparrowhawk arrived at Smyrna, with Mr. Trelawny and his wife on board, having succeeded in effecting their rescue, after, with difficulty, prevailing on Goura to grant them an exit from the cave ; which, however, is still in the hands of Ulysses's wife and her adherents. Trelawny is still weak, but is gradually recovering. Before his departure he had generously set the Englishman at liberty, in consideration of his youth, and from a regard for the feelings of his family, who are stated to be of the first respectability."

Trelawny, after these exciting adventures, led a wandering life in many countries. His career in the United States, where he spent nearly two years, is little known, but from the impressions of Wendell Phillips, who met him in Philadelphia in 1834, it was not much to his credit. His intimacy with Miss Kemble, which began in New York in the summer of 1833, continued for half a dozen years after her marriage with Pierce Butler. He did not go to America to follow Miss Kemble (who went over in August, 1832), but, according to Mrs. Shelley, to take part in the Nullification War in South Carolina, of all things in the world ! He seems to have had relapses into the wildness of his early years, and the recklessness of his first months in Greece, but he had one or more children to bring up ; his mother and sister were living in England ; and he long maintained a reputable standing in London, as is seen by the houses he visited. He married for a third time, after 1840, having previously been refused by Mrs. Shelley. He took a farm in Monmouthshire, and, as he said, made it pay. He bought a little house and land near Worthing, and about fifty miles from London, when seventy-eight years old, and died there of old age August 13, 1881. He sat for his portrait to Kirkup, in Florence, in the splendid Albanian dress ; to Keats's friend, Severn, in Rome ; to D'Orsay, in London, in 1836 ; and, finally, to Millais, in his eighty-second year, as the model for the "Old Sea-Captain." He was a little too vain of his personal advantages and continued to be a striking figure in English society, or on the hem of it, almost up to his death. He was cremated in Germany, and his ashes were buried beside Shelley's in the lovely Roman Cemetery, where he built a tomb for himself and his friend in 1822.

While Trelawny reached so great an age, notwithstanding his wild life and his fearful wounds, outliving by nearly half a century the more famous men with whom his name is associated, Odysseus was murdered at the age of thirty-five. For many years his shattered bones lay buried near the foot of the Acropolis wall, where he met his death, and where he had once ruled Athens. But in 1865, after the Greek Government was settled in order,

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under the present King George, Helen Karéli, the widow, caused the removal of the remains to the principal cemetery of Athens, south of the Acropolis, and across the Ilissus, where, in 1891, Dr. Schliemann was buried under a huge monument. The monument of Odysseus is not far from this ambitious structure, but is modest and inconspicuous; it stands in a small enclosure on the first path running west after you enter the north gate. Over the third grave on the left of that short path is a marble tomb, on which rises a gravestone, on a basis surmounted by a cross and adorned with Christian and military emblems—cannons, muskets, a flagstaff, bayonets, a sword, a yataghan, a trumpet, etc.—the whole structure less than eight feet high. On the marble *stele*, below the emblems, in a space perhaps 30 × 20 inches, is a rhymed poem in modern Greek, of which this is a fairly good version, both in metre and in meaning:

ODYSSEUS ANDROUTSOS.

Ended the long sad years, praise to our Chieftain Ulysses!
Here lies buried in peace Androutsos' illustrious son;
Down from his martyr-cross, to the shrine of a tomb, which this is,
He hath descended—the reign of bitter ingratitude's done.

Eager among the first to proclaim his nation's Uprising,
He with his hundred Greeks opened fair Victory's dance;
Then at the Khan of Gravia, Omer Pacha pulverizing,
Left a dead Turk where his steps marked his retreat and advance.

Triple the clasp of the Turk, when he our freedom would smother,
Two east and west on the mainland—on the Morea the last;
He broke the hold of the foremost, far he thrust off the other,
Then on the third his command slaughter and pestilence cast.

Mangled in treacherous death, lo, where our Chieftain is lying!
Slain not by powder and ball, neither by stroke of the sword;
Under the Parthenon wall, strangled, they left him dying;
Now from his grave he implores on them the grace of our Lord.

He was born about 1790, and he fell a sacrifice the night before June 17, 1825.

I find a rude magnanimous ring, in these rough Greek verses, more appropriate to this mountain chieftain than the smooth elegiacs in which it is the Grecian custom to honor their dead.

Before this tomb was erected, with its proud, forgiving epitaph, the Athenian newspapers announced the public funeral of Odysseus, at the cathedral church of the Metropolis. Dating her invitation March 1, 1865, and signing it "Helen, the widow of Odysseus Androutsos," the aged dame asks his old soldiers and her own friends to be present, March 5, at 10 A.M., to witness the funeral rites in the great church, "after a period of forty years since the death of her husband." She was still alive in 1876, when Gouda published his second edition of the "Parallel Lives;" but must have died soon after (I think, in 1879), and is buried in an uninscribed tomb beside her husband. Relatives of hers reside in Athens and Corfu, bearing the names of Papageorgios, etc., but no relative of Odysseus is now known to survive.

The character of Odysseus has been variously drawn. He was not a Washington, nor even a Bolivar, as the enthusiasm of Trelawny suggested to the cooler mind of George Finlay. The latter sets him down as cruel and treacherous, fond of money and of power, like most of his comrades the Capitani of Albania and Greece. He could hardly have been bred in a worse school than that of Ali Pacha; nor were the years of revolution well fitted to develop an amiable, unselfish character, like that of Trelawny's other admiration—Shelley. On the other hand, there is little reason to charge him with treason, and compare him to our Arnold. He seems to have joined the Turks for his own purposes, not for theirs, and they never felt confidence in his aid. He left them of his own accord, without having done his country much harm; and his people are now quite unwilling to drop him from their roll of heroes. Without being worshipped like Botzaris, he holds as high a rank as Karaiskakis, who was a better general, and who died in battle for Greece as Botzaris did. Romance has ever attached to the name of Odysseus, in spite of his crimes, and such must still be the case.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A NEWSPAPER — a careful Boston newspaper—in telling the other day of the address of a woman missionary of long experience in Turkey, to a Boston audience, represented her as saying of the Armenian massacres, that the victims being Christians, "recognized that these things could only exist with the approval of God, and that they were ready to accept the slaughters as the result of the divine will." It is very possible that she did not speak the precise words imputed to her, but the doctrine they express is familiar, and seems to the present lay writer to be sufficiently erroneous and misleading to be worth a remonstrance. The idea that the Armenian massacres and all horrors of the sort, as well as the plague in India, and famine, pestilence, and sudden death in all their manifestations occur "with the approval of God," is not only abhorrent to our sense of divine goodness, but altogether unnecessary to our belief in omnipotence. We are taught, it is true, that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without the divine knowledge, but knowledge is one thing and approval another. The least reflection must apparently convince any thinking person that the world abounds in things, actions, and occurrences, which a good God must regard with the profoundest disapproval. If He does not put a stop to them it is not because He approves but because that is not Inscrutable Wisdom's way of doing things.

"With the Approval of God."

No, good missionary, if you have told the poor Armenians that their slaughter is approved by God, you have told them what is not true; if you have assured them that God has afflicted them for a wise purpose, you have asserted what is exceedingly doubtful and what you cannot possibly prove; if you have advised them, as you say, to submit meekly to extirpation as being God's decree, you have given them bad advice; and if you had assured them that God permits nothing that is not for the welfare of his creatures, how had you the face to ask Boston to contribute to the relief of "the smitten people?"

You were right in asking for the money, but sadly out in the theology that led you up to it. If you would know what is God's will, shut up some of your theological treatises and come and look around. It accords with the observation of the wisest of mankind that when God made the world he made certain laws to govern it, and that, as a general thing, he leaves those laws alone and lets things work out according to them. Human bodies are heavier than water, therefore if even the kindest and best person falls in where the water is over his head and cannot swim, he drowns. It is God's will that fishes should be able to live under water, but He has made no provision for sub-marine men, and divers must take their own risks. It is God's will that pure water should be wholesome for human beings. Impure water He has reserved for the benefit of other forms of life. If a man, good or bad, drinks impure water it makes him sick; but if he dies it is not because God approves, but because he had ignorantly violated one of God's rules. God does not accept ignorance as an excuse for the violation of his physical laws, however it may be with moral ones.

As to the Armenians: It accords with God's laws that if a Kurdish soldier hits an Armenian hard in the head with a weapon, the Armenian shall die. But if the Armenian can hit the Kurd first, and hit him hard enough, why is it not equally agreeable to the Divine Will that the Kurd should die? Armenian or Kurd dies in accordance with natural laws; but that he dies with God's approval in any other

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sense, is still less true than in the case of the drowning man. For the Kurd is a brute and an oppressor; and though God has endowed brute force and oppression with certain powers, the strongest of all the tendencies He has given us is to rise up against it.

Is even the mere instinct of self-preservation opposed to the will of God? If we suspect that there is sewer-gas in our houses, we do not bow to any supposed will of God and try to be patient under it. We get the plumbers in and rip up the premises and try to get it out. If we get diphtheria germs in our throats, we don't kiss the rod. We call in the doctor and try the latest serum. If we fall into the water we thank God that we have learned to swim. What should we do if Kurds come to knock us on the head and carry off our women? Would you tell us to kiss the rod, and that whatever happened was with God's approval? Oh, good, but illogical, missionary! You would say to us: "Fight! fight! kill! Die, if you must, but die hard. Since whatever happens, happens with God's approval, see to it, if you can, that it happens with your approval also!" Perhaps you can't say that to the Armenians; possibly the odds are too great, the conditions too desperate. But, at least, don't say that they are massacred with God's approval, nor tell us that you have bid them perish meekly.

A Note in William Morris's Poetry.

IN all that has been written of William Morris I have seen little of one characteristic note in his poems. I mean their view of death, or of the part it plays in life. The vanity of things, the shortness of living, the "weeping and laughter of man's empty day" have been the themes of all poets since the Preacher; but the part filled in life itself by the thought of death has in Morris a peculiar expression that I think is unlike any other. It might be possible to classify most of the expressions of this idea, indeed, as lawyers classify under leading cases: they trace back to Ecclesiastes, to Omar, to the soliloquy in "Hamlet," or to some other of the primary concepts of its different forms. Morris's has no such ancestry.

> So, set 'twixt pleasure and some soft regret,
> All cares of mortal men did they forget,
> Except the vague wish that they might not die,
> The hopeless hope to flee from certainty,
> Which sights and sounds we love will bring on us
> In this sweet fleeting world and piteous.

And later, in "The Life and Death of Jason:"

> O death, that maketh life so sweet,
> O fear, with mirth before thy feet,
> What have ye yet in store for us
> The conquerors, the glorious?

Or:

> If it shall happen unto me
> That I have thought of anything,
> When o'er my bones the sea-fowl sing,
> And I lie dead, how shall I pine
> For those fresh joys that once were mine,
> On this green fount of joy and mirth,
> The ever young and glorious earth.

So, too, in the most familiar of his poems:

> I cannot ease the burden of your fears
> Or make quick-coming death a little thing.
> . . . . . .
> Grudge every minute as it passes by
> Made the more mindful that the sweet days die.

And in "The Earthly Paradise:"

> Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
> But Death himself, who crying solemnly,
> E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
> Bids us "Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die."

It is impossible to read five pages without coming on a passage of like tenor. Death making life sweet and adding to the zest of it, life made keen by death; this is the burden of a refrain not singular in subject, but in something not easily to be defined in its spirit; not tragic; perhaps in his own word "piteous," yet not altogether sad; a matter-of-course acceptance of the idea that the enjoyment of life and the thought of death are as inseparable as body and shadow, or soul and body, but certainly worthy of note in analyzing the quality of Morris's poetry.

I sometimes imagine, when I think of the strong hold his poetry took upon many of us who were young in the early seventies, when it first came to be widely known, that I can see in this note of it the reason why we so hotly claimed for it an even higher place than that which it is likely to fill, or our maturer judgments would give to it. For this intensely sensuous self-consciousness, so to speak, of life, which carries the imminence of death with it as a corollary, is eminently a part of youth's outfit and its chief fund of pathos, much less drawn upon as the years advance to a strenuous time when there are other supplies. And it is characteristic of Morris that

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he was young to the last, in his dreams and his work alike.

I once heard it said of him that if he was a great poet, he was the only one whose work had furnished no passages likely to become familiar by quotation. I do not in the least believe in the implied theory, which indeed seems to me especially shallow; but the fact may be true as to Morris. Nevertheless, there are many and long passages that recur to me constantly, and I have certainly no exceptional verbal memory; and there are certain of them which seem to contain in themselves the whole essence of his quality, with its defects and its virtues. Such is the passage in the reply of Orpheus to the Sirens, beginning

> O the sweet valley of deep grass,
> Where-through the summer stream doth pass.

And such are especially, for some reason that I cannot define, two passages at the end of "The Death of Paris," which have no relevancy to anything here.

> Then, as a man who in a failing fight
> For a last onset gathers suddenly
> All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
> And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry
> Of "Helen, Helen, Helen!"—yet the sky
> Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
> And merry was the world though he was dead.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I cannot tell what crop may clothe the hills,
> The merry hills Troy whitened long ago—
> Belike the sheaves, wherewith the reaper fills
> His yellow wain, no whit the weaker grow
> For that past harvest-tide of wrong and woe;
> Belike the tale, wept over otherwhere,
> Of those old days, is clean forgotten there.

THE influence of German scholarship upon American intellectual life is so much less direct and personal—perhaps so much less in all respects—than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, that some of its conspicuous figures lately passed away may almost be said to have outlived the American acquaintance with them.

Heinrich von Treitschke.

In the late sixties and early seventies American colleges were full of young professors who had brought back from post-graduate studies in Germany not only German learning but often a personal enthusiasm for their teachers and something of the feeling of disciples. So that we got in those days, in print and otherwise, a good deal of personal impression and reminiscence, and a general idea, not only of how the leading figures in German academic life taught and lectured, but of what manner of men they were. With some of the great physicists, and no doubt with the theologians, this may continue; but in the case of teachers of the humanities, and history, and economics, while more Americans numerically may sit in their lecture-rooms (I don't know what the statistics show as to this), they do not come out thence with quite the feeling that they used to have, that they must go out at once and spread this knowledge, and the knowledge of this man—if he was a man of any kindling power—to the uttermost parts of the earth. I am far from lamenting the fact, for which in part the Germans and in part our more catholic knowledge are responsible; but that it is a fact can hardly be disputed.

Among these departed figures of last year there was one whose later political had perhaps dimmed the memory of his early academic activity, who made so strong an impression as a personality that I am surprised not to have seen him more often described. I mean Heinrich von Treitschke, the historian, and for years a member of the Reichstag. I cannot fancy anyone who ever sat in his lecture-room forgetting him, or the peculiarly stimulating influence his lectures had along all the lines of one's mental activity—for it extended into general literature, philosophy, theories of life, far outside the ordinary interpretation of the limits of his specialty. He was one of the most fierily eloquent men, certainly, who ever sat in a professor's chair; and his audiences responded in so unacademic a fashion, with kindling excitement and bursts of uncontrollable applause, that more than once in my time they had to be reminded that they were in a *wissenschaftliches Auditorium*. His lecture-hour was just at dusk, I remember, at Heidelberg, in 1868–69, and I shall never forget the tall, dark figure, alive with a kind of electrical energy, striding quickly through the dim-lighted, low-ceilinged hall where his packed audience was already seated, springing up the steps of the platform, pulling nervously at his gloves, and almost before the top step was mounted beginning quickly and sharply—with a singular monotonous intonation and a peculiar staccato division of the syllables, said to be due to his entire deafness—"Mein-e Herr-en"—and pouring out vivid words like a pent-up torrent let loose. The hour that followed seemed like ten minutes,

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and you went out into the Universitätsplatz with your head full of nascent ideas and your eyes dazzled with the quick lights that seemed to have been thrown on all your favorite subjects of speculation.

This was entirely the influence of Treitschke's personality and his oratory; I have often tried in vain to reproduce any of the same sensation from his books. I doubt greatly whether he ever attempted to write down any of his lectures, or whether any were ever stenographed—if, indeed, with their torrent-like and peculiar delivery they could have been. His gift was that of the orator, as clearly as that of anyone I ever heard; but of the scholar-orator, or orator on purely intellectual themes, which may account for the fact that his Reichstag speeches, though eloquent, had not the effectiveness of his academic lectures.

He was absolutist; he was militarist; he denounced as silly sentimentalism some of the very things that make up the traditional sympathies of American youth (like the Polish revolution, for example, which was one of his *bêtes noires*); he was as wrongheaded as a man can be, in our opinion, on some of the chief matters in history and life; yet I should have no hesitation in asking any fellow-student who heard him understandingly for confirmation, after nearly thirty years, of all I have said about his extraordinary powers as a mover of younger men, and a stimulator—indeed, a very sower of the seed—of thought. There was one lecture on Byron and his influence on European thought which I will wager many men remember clearly now—not because it kept to its topic, but because it might better have been called a lecture on any man's *Sturm und Drang* period, and because it was like a bugle-call—something as little associated with the ordinary ideals of a German lecture-room as was Treitschke himself.

"TRAVELLERS' tales," although they have always been regarded with suspicion, were received by our ancestors in a singularly confiding spirit, and Marco Polo, and "that arch-liar" even, Sir John Mandeville himself, were treated with more or less respect. But as if to make up for their readiness to believe in "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire," when at a distance, other generations were singularly distrustful of most things near at hand. They displayed to a singular extent the wonderful scepticism that, in all things directly touching the person, generally accompanies ignorance. The state of mind was very much that of the honest farmer in the city who is in constant dread of being "buncoed."

The Credulity of Knowledge

Ignorance doubts itself, and consequently everybody and everything else. It is only complete knowledge that is more nearly credulous, and advance toward it has been shown as much by what men are willing to believe and the readiness with which they believe it as by anything else. When the marvels of the Rœntgen rays were announced, the attention of the world was brought up with a round turn by a discovery almost dramatic in its suddenness and surprise. Such sharp demands are becoming more and more frequent, but if there is anything more wonderful than the amazing nature of such inventions it is the way in which they are received. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world, did news of such startling novelty receive such instant and implicit belief, and never before would such confidence have been possible. The records of science are covered with accounts of the misfortunes of innovators; and it is not necessary to go back to the time when admittedly the best way to deal with an inventor was to roast him, for it is not so very long since, by contumely, scorn, and ostracism, his lot was made hard enough to serve for any illustration. But whereas it once seemed as if every invention was taken as an affront to their intelligence by men at large, nowadays everyone seems to take a personal pride in every advance; and unconsciously we are in the habit of considering ourselves rather clever fellows to have managed to belong to such a generation. We are anxious to give proof of our perspicacity—just as anxious as men always have been—only our way is different. We try rather to prove this by the amount that we are willing to believe, while others apparently sought to display it by doubt and denial. If we are living in the penumbra of many beliefs we have clearly passed out of a greater darkness, and can at last see more clearly, and, as we have heard since childhood, "seeing is believing."

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THE FIELD OF ART

DRAWING — LONG ISLAND MOTIVES — SYSTEM IN DECORATION

IT may seem paradoxical to say, what is nevertheless quite true, that of the great qualities of the pictorial art the one that is the least appreciated is drawing. We all take drawing for granted as one of the necessities of good art, and we all think ourselves able to criticise it in a rough-and-ready way, and we fall foul of what we take to be bad drawing with great vigor; but how many of us appreciate the beauty of fine drawing as such and are ready to forgive, in a painting, weak color or lack of relief if the drawing be but beautiful? We may not understand the niceties of color, but rich or delicate coloring produces its effect directly upon our nerves, and we enjoy though we may not comprehend. Many of us even enjoy bright color for its brightness, without regard to its lack of subtlety. The case is the same with light and shade. From the full appreciation of Leonardo's delicate modulations, Rembrandt's sombre grandeur, or Corot's infinitely refined sense of values, down to the mere gratification of our desire for the illusion of relief, all of us find something that is pleasing. It is not even an exaggeration to say that mere qualities of texture and handling and richness of surface are appreciated by more people than is fine drawing.

The prevailing point of view is well expressed in the old saying, repeated *ad nauseam*, that color comes by nature, but drawing can be taught. "Anyone who can learn to write can learn to draw," said Chapman's "Drawing Book," from which some of us got our first notions of the art of design. According to this view drawing is a mere matter of a good eye and a little hard work—of the ability to see sizes and shapes and to take measurements—a thing we could all do if we would take the pains. The appreciation of the beauty and significance of line is so rare—the appeal of these qualities to our nervous organization is, in most cases, so feeble—that the world has hardly yet found out that great draughtsmen are rarer than great colorists, and that there have hardly been half a dozen of the first rank in the history of painting. Of the supreme force of Michelangelo and the supreme grace of Raphael we have indeed some dim notion; but how large is the audience for such work as that marvellous collection of pencil drawings by Ingres in the Louvre? The man whose perception is so delicate that he can pass a long morning before these little masterpieces with an ever-growing delight in their beauty, their subtlety, and their simplicity, and an ever-growing admiration for the refined genius that produced them, that man may flatter himself that he really has acquired some sensitiveness to the finer qualities of art.

Without desiring to place Mr. Cushing on a pedestal beside Ingres, it may fairly be said that the drawing of the head of a young woman, reproduced on page 493, has something of the qualities of the work of that renowned master. It is just, it is delicate, it is subtle, it is reticent in the use of material. The restrained grace and infinitesimal modulation of the line, and the production of a quite sufficient rotundity with so little use of shadow are technical qualities of a high order and show the born artist, the *gifted* person, rather than the product of routine and drill. Such qualities can no more be taught to, or acquired by, the average student than can the delightful sense of personality, the faculty of setting forth the characteristic charm of the sitter, which equally mark this refined bit of drawing. That such work cannot have been

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done without long and thorough training is as obvious as that no one ever mastered the art of verbal expression or the mechanism of verse without strenuous study, but it is still true that the draughtsman, like the colorist and the poet, is born and not made.

THE lingering beauty of the fall is ever graciously reminding us of how great are the neglected pictorial treasures of "this fair land of ours." This is not a patriotic phrase; it expresses a conviction which has been only deepened by comparison with the characteristic and inspiring aspects of nature that have helped to produce the great landscape schools of Europe.

As far as true pictorial motives are concerned, there is no need to go to France for mystery, to Spain or Mexico for color, on the plea that there is nothing to paint here. There is plenty to paint in America. That the painter has to disentangle his motives from surroundings of sordid prose does not make them less paintable, it rather adds to their effect by contrast; while those who are inspired by the sense of a mission have plenty to incite them to paint. And the sense of a mission is not such an inartistic thing as some people declare. What is an artist but somebody who has something to say that he can't keep to himself? Our artists cannot be blind to the suggestions around them. All that is needed is for the public to learn to demand in art what they really enjoy in actuality.

Long Island, in the region of Bensonhurst, has not a name for either poetic or picturesque qualities. Yet a couple of early spring weeks there brought a succession of pictures of far-reaching suggestiveness. There is still an open, grassy space of No Man's Land overhanging the beach near Bensonhurst, where a grove of paintable old yews stand round in the grass and project their rugged Ruysdael forms and dark, warm colors against the tremulous paleness of the sea beyond. Such contrasts are of infinite value as motives. To one with a feeling for the modelling of trees (somewhat neglected of late), the fascination of the fantastic, well-knit and subtle forms of these boles and branches must prove irresistible, while what would seem a most tempting opportunity for a noble use of modern technique, with its fine observation of values is offered by the fine contrasts and subtle delicacies of color and chiaroscuro. Or take the sea by itself, on one of the hazy, luminous days. It proves a purer gray somehow, when one emerges from the framework of the grove, and every one of the hundreds of little sails fluttering on the broad, full bosom is a different study in grays and whites—the whole scene as suggestive as a passage of music in its richly modulated harmonies. And there is a clearness underlying the veiled softness, in some way distinctly American. Sunset brings a red ball at the horizon, bright rose-red reflections in the warm sand or under the dark rustic work of the long jetties, a water-surface spread with evanescent greens and tender peach-blows; moonlight or twilight an imaginative weirdness, that makes the presence of Coney Island, only a few miles away, seem almost impossible. Yet the weirdness is as much due to the handiwork of American man, as to the pictorial possibilities of the American climate. One of the characteristic features of the Long Island beaches is the many long wooden piers, or jetties, built out into the water—for noisy summer pleasure, alas! But they indubitably have a picturesque quality, which appeals strongly to one in early spring, while they are still deserted. Especially in the twilight, as they stand outlined against a deep orange strip of sky behind faintly visible hills. They are as Japanese as anything out of the prints of Hokusai and Hiroschige. Reminiscences of Japan—the Japan one knows from books and prints—often startle one, indeed, in features of American scenery, and in the curious way things, such as bridges and wharves and wooden gate-ways make themselves when not interfered with by the book-knowledge of architects. Would this help to account for the spreading appreciation of Japanese art?

Of great interest, too, is the comparison between the exquisite half-lights moving swiftly through the richly colored English mists, and the soft, moist haze of heat, or vivid play of light and shade, of American spring. On certain keen May days—all clearness and sparkle—to cross the bay on a ferry-boat is a thing not to be forgotten. Nor was the plain without its beauties when the heat came with its glamour, veiling the ugly houses, while the spring verdure was still fresh and feathery. Fringes and copses were blue in the haze; not blue by courtesy or comparison; a magic blue, more vivid than anything one has ever seen painted, like a scene of operatic fairy-land, against the yellows and salmons of the

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afternoon atmosphere. Yet real enough, and as full of passages and gradations as anything in England, in an entirely different key of color, evoking an entirely different train of ideas, images, and comparisons.

THE new enterprise that is agitating the painter mind just at present is the old enterprise of filling wall-space with decorative pictures. The demand for decoration as an adjunct to architecture is of recent origin here in America. Within a few years the needs of public buildings, libraries, and mammoth hotels have called for the services of the painter, and he has responded with perhaps more promptness than fitness. It was not to be supposed that he could turn from the easel-picture to the wall-space and instantly fulfil the requirements of the latter. Many of his mural paintings considered separately have been very satisfactory, but considered as a part of a whole they have often failed in conformity and harmony. This has resulted almost entirely from lack of a systematic plan covering the whole building to be decorated. In place of general supervision there has been individual license. We have learned much of good in the fine arts from France, but we have also taken from her the pernicious practice of giving out the wall or ceiling spaces of one building to many artists, regardless of their varying styles of work. The Pantheon, with panels by Puvis de Chavannes, Bonnat, Cabanel, Laurens, and others, each one different from the other, is an illustration to the point. And what could be more absurd than the Hôtel de Ville with, for instance, a flaming ceiling by Besnard, drab friezes by Lerolle, and smoky-gray *écoinçons* by Carrière all in one room; or Breton and Raffaelli on the same staircase. There is variety in it, to be sure, and so there is in a crazy-quilt; but what is needed in decoration is not variety but quiescent unity, unostentatious oneness of effect.

The works of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey, and Mr. Puvis de Chavannes are not in the same room of the Boston Public Library, but are there many good reasons why they should be in the same building? A library is not a picture-gallery, and a representation of all styles of art is not a necessity in its decoration. Whispers come to us from the Congressional Library at Washington that some of the pictures not only swear at each other, but at the building generally. What else could be expected? Many men of many minds were allowed to work in many styles. Evidently a well-ordered system was lacking.

If these large buildings are to be decorated in a proper manner, a scheme of form, light, and color, planned and controlled from cellar to roof by some one person, would seem absolutely necessary. And the scheme once established, the pictures by different painters should be painted to fit into it like cubes into a mosaic. Let Mr. A., who paints sage-greens, or Mr. B., who does an arrangement in red, or Mr. C., who affects the prismatic, conform to the scheme, or else stay out of it altogether. The true artist never yet suffered by architectural or decorative restrictions. Indeed, his best work has been done under them. The great painters of the Renaissance had wall-space, subject, and, oftentimes, form and color dictated to them. Their very skill in adapting themselves to the limitations showed their genius. When Signorelli was called to Orvieto to complete the chapel begun by Fra Angelico, he took up the color scheme of the latter and completed it harmoniously, notwithstanding the wide difference between the art of the two men. When Filippino completed the work of Masolino and Masaccio in the Brancacci chapel, he again followed the style of his predecessors; and Andrea del Sarto, Pontormo, and Franciabigio worked together perfectly in the court of the Annunziata. The argument is not for monotony, but for unity of scheme and purpose. There is variety enough in the Ducal palace at Venice, but there is also unity, because all the painters who painted there belonged to one school and had substantially the same idea regarding decoration. There is good reason why a marked individuality in style should not be welcomed in collaborative work. A dozen authors who write the different chapters of a book all conform to the plan of the editor, and together they make a united whole. Why should not painters work in the same way, conforming to the scheme of the architect or whoever heads the enterprise? The axiom of the whole being greater than any of the parts is as true in art as in mathematics, and the great aim of decoration should be the *ensemble*. An *omnium gatherum* of wall-paintings, however good they may be separately considered, is not decoration.

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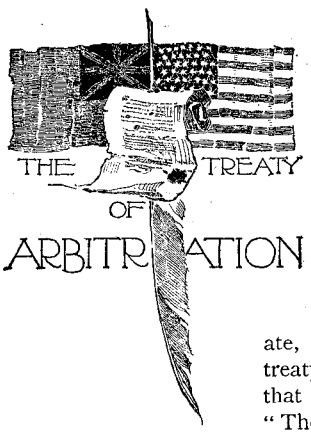
ABOUT THE WORLD

IN formulating an opinion on the new treaty of arbitration between England and America, the unprejudiced citizen will doubtless take some middle ground between the enthusiasts — who describe the agreement as the most momentous occasion in the century's advance toward a higher civilization — and their opponents, who regard the whole matter as a scheme to betray us to the British. No one seems to have phrased the situation more veraciously than President Cleveland, in his message to the Senate, when the articles of treaty were presented to that body for ratification. "Though the results reached," he said, "may not meet the views of the advocates of the immediate and unlimited and irrevocable arbitration of all international controversies, it is, nevertheless, confidently believed that the treaty cannot fail to be recognized as making a long step in the right direction. . . . It is apparent that the treaty that has been formulated not only makes war between the parties to it a remote possibility, but precludes those fears and rumors of war which of themselves so often assume the proportions of a national disaster."



The text of this notable document covers eight pages and consists of 1,800 words. After a preamble sounding with amenities, the fifteen articles of the original treaty, unamended by our Senate, go on to provide for three different classes of arbitral tribunals. In disputes involving claims of less than $100,000 and touching on no territorial rights each party nominates an arbitrator, and the two arbitrators choose an umpire. If they cannot do so, King Oscar of Sweden does it for them.

In large disputes, involving more than $500,000, the tribunal described above tries its hand first, and decides the matter if its decision is unanimous. If it is not unanimous, the question may be submitted to five "jurists of repute," two to be selected by each party, and the umpire by these four. Here, too, King Oscar's kindly services are expected if no umpire can be selected by the four jurists. Finally, the third and most important class of tribunal is in requisition when controversies arise involving the determination of territorial claims. Such are to be submitted to a tribunal of six members, three of whom shall be justices nominated by the President, and three judges nominated by the Queen. "Their award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. If there is less than the prescribed majority the award shall also be final unless either party within three months protests that the award is erroneous. If the award is protested, or if the members of the tribunal are equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one of the parties in dispute."

After providing for the details of expenses, the times and places of meeting, etc., the articles go on to say that the treaty shall be in force for five years, and may then be abrogated only on a year's notice from one of the parties interested.

Undoubtedly this remarkable blow at the institution of war—it is a severe blow, quite independently of the Senate's final action in

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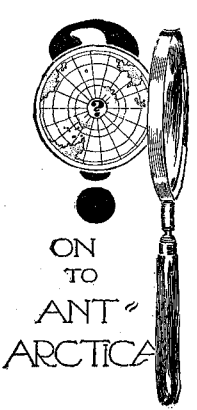
ratifying or not ratifying the treaty—was made possible by the great Arbitration Conference held last April in Washington. At that gathering the very decisive voices from a vast number and variety of people, dominated largely by the religious and academical spirit, were given in favor of peace by way of arbitration. Undoubtedly the conference and this effort which followed it have accustomed the public mind to the idea of deliberation and peaceful overtures to a degree that will render very unlikely such a state of affairs as the Jingo element among us was able to bring about last winter. The forces opposing the ratification of the treaty were very various, extending all the way from the blindest personal or partisan feeling against the administration to a very reasonable and conservative hesitancy to commit any class of questions to preordained arbitration, which were, in the eyes of Monroe and the "Fathers," matters for Uncle Sam's direct control. But in any case it was probably merely a matter of time when some such agreement as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney have drawn should come to be international law. We have already arbitrated eleven different disputes with England, generally with a fair degree of satisfaction on both sides, and a much greater number with other countries. It will surely be a great saving of time and nervous energy, entirely aside from the arguments of "sentimentalism," when there is some business-like formula providing for a prompt and peaceable settlement of Anglo-American differences.

THE forces which guide the main currents of the world's interests have often a curiously haphazard quality. It would be difficult to say why in a period of unprecedented activity among Arctic explorers, the vaster mysteries of the Southern Pole should have been absolutely neglected for an entire half century—from Ross and Wilkes to Borchgrévink and Kristenson. Doubtless the enthusiasm of explorers lay along the lines of least resistance, the North Pole seeming so much nearer to inhabited lands, and the Arctic regions offering so much more opportunity for human existence in their vastly greater resources of animal and vegetable life. Antarctica had given not the slightest trace of vegetable life until within the last few years the explorers found a slight growth of cryptogamous lichen on Possession Island and the coast opposite, about Cape Adare; and no land animals exist at all, so far as human knowledge goes, in Antarctic latitudes far nearer the Equator than certain northern zones that are supplied with foxes, bears, and even grouse.



But the motive which has begun a new period of Antarctic exploration is very evident and definite indeed. The supply of right whales has practically given out in the North, owing to the over-demand caused by the high price of whalebone. The oil, to be sure, is not worth nearly so much as in the palmy days of New Bedford and her sturdy whalers, by reason of the cheap production of its rival, petroleum. But the bone is sold at $5 per pound, and a right whale may have in his capacious jaws a whole ton of the precious commodity. With each animal furnishing a small fortune for a seafaring man, it is not surprising, in these days of harpoon guns and steamships, that the Arctic Ocean has been plundered of its whale wealth. So whalers are turning their attention to the waste of unexplored waters. Ross thought he found right whales in 1842, but Borchgrévink and his contemporaries failed to come up with them.

For this coming summer several expeditions are in course of preparation against the secrets of the great icy South. A Belgium naval lieutenant, M. de Gerlacke, will conduct one party in a steamer, which has been equipped under Nansen's eye to resist the ice pressure. A scientific staff will make expert investigation in the meteorological, geological, magnetic, and marine phenomena of Graham and Victoria Lands. With their Sigslee trawls they will be able to fish at a depth of more than two miles. The expedition expects to spend two seasons in Antarctica, and will pass the intervening winter in Australia.

A New York expedition, under Frederick A. Cook, will sail, too, via the Shetlands and Joinville Island, in a 300-ton whaler, equipped for three years' service. The ship will skirt along the ice barrier until it can find an opening, and then seek the most southerly point where ice will permit a landing. Still

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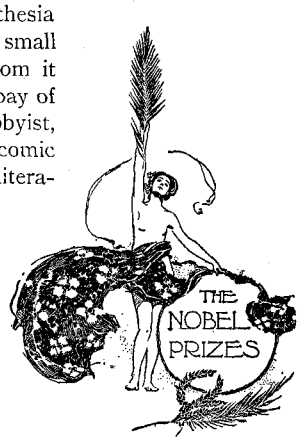
a third party is being arranged in Philadelphia. These daring scientists have reduced their parties to the minimum number capable of doing the expert work, in order to make the food supply last as long as possible. They are apparently making their plans on the supposition that the much-talked-of Antarctic continent actually exists. The most conservative geographers hold this theory as yet only on approval, as there are evidences both pro and con, with the affirmative in the ascendant. Almost all the explorers have believed in an Antarctic continent, which, if it exists, contains some four to six million square miles, or twice the area of Europe. The strongest indication of such a continental body is the decided shallowing of the sea on the borders of the supposed *terra firma*. From a very great depth it comes gradually to less than two hundred fathoms. Then the conformation of the huge expanse of ice—with capes and humps and hills—suggest mountains underneath; but Professor Heilprin calls attention to the fact that no distinct inland peaks and eminences, such as one sees in skirting the ice-bound coast of Greenland, have been reported from Antarctica. Then many of the surmises of the most authentic sailors have been shown to be false, as when Ross, in 1842, sailed over what Wilkes, in 1839, reported as a chain of mountains.

No man has ever been in the higher south latitudes in winter; and yet it is practically certain, from the readings of minimum thermometers left by explorers and found by their successors, that the winters there are mild, comparatively speaking. The summers, however, are not mild; they are wet and chilly, with none of that genial, though short, period of sunshine which in the Arctic Circle coats the land with wild flowers, grasses, and dwarf willows, nearly a thousand miles nearer the North Pole than the southern zone, on which such flora can exist.

In the meantime the restless and indefatigable Lieutenant Peary has studied out a systematic attack on the North Pole which, in his opinion, can be undertaken with almost perfect safety and a large chance of eventually planting Old Glory on the Pole itself. Give him $150,000 and ten years leave if necessary, says Lieutenant Peary, and he will engage to accomplish this patriotic feat. With a shipful of concentrated provisions he would go through Whale Sound, take on board some particularly fat and healthy Esquimaux, and proceed to Sherard Osborne Fjord or further. When the ice is sound, he will go northward by sledge, leaving frequent cachés on the track, living all the time like Esquimaux in snow-houses. All through the winter this would be kept up, so that in a year the eighty-fifth parallel, at the northernmost point of the Greenland Archipelago, should be reached. Then the explorers would rest on their oars and make a dash for the Pole when they find the most promising meteorological conditions. In the meantime the ship would be cruising about behind the party, getting as near to them as the ice would allow, and making any possible additions to the supplies on the homeward track. With three men Lieutenant Peary thinks this can surely be done with success and safety. With six men it would be dangerous, and with twelve he thinks it would be foredoomed to failure, owing to the difficulty of carrying sufficient food.

WE are accustomed to complain bitterly that the realest and greatest contributors to human happiness and progress receive a dismally small share of the material rewards that the earth has to offer. For years and years Herbert Spencer's books were published at a loss to himself; the man who gave Anesthesia to the world made a small fraction of profit from it compared with the pay of an accomplished lobbyist, or the manager of a comic opera company; in literature, the famous examples, from Milton and "Paradise Lost" down, are too hackneyed to cite. This favorite grievance of the world is considerably less of a grievance by the action of a single man: the Swede, Alfred Nobel, who has just left an enormous fortune for the reward of just such achievements as Milton's and Spencer's and Morse's. The accounts in the Swedish and French papers differ as to the exact extent of the estate bequeathed, but it will certainly amount to something more than $10,000,000. The details of the will, which have just been made public, provide that the



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entire income from this fortune shall be divided annually into five prizes, to be awarded as follows:

"The first, to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics

"The second, to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or improvement in the domain of chemistry.

"The third, to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or of medicine.

"The fourth, to the person who shall have produced the greatest work in the ideal sense in the domain of letters.

"The fifth, to the person who shall have exerted the greatest or the best action for the fraternity of peoples, for the suppression or diminution of permanent armies, and for the formation or spreading of Peace Congresses."

The testator has left instructions that considerations of nationality shall not be taken into account in awarding the prizes. The Swedish academy is charged with the task of giving the literary prizes, and a committee of five members of the Norwegian Storthing will select the man who has done most for the promotion of peace. As each of these prizes will amount to at least $60,000, the responsibility of the decision will be no enviable one; and with the great latitude allowed for selection, there may be a range of choice for the last prize, for instance, from the Baroness von Suttner to Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Olney—or, for that matter to Herr Krupp—if the Storthing accepts the theory that war gets more impossible as its implements become more deadly.

This last clause is all the more remarkable for the fact that Herr Nobel himself achieved his most lasting fame as the inventor of dynamite. He was the son of lower middle-class parents, who went from Sweden to St. Petersburg to make a gigantic fortune in petroleum oil, and to protect it from all rival monopolists. In other words, the Nobels are the Rockefellers of Europe. This son, Alfred, lived and died a bachelor, and seems to have been a modest, somewhat retiring, man, wrapt up in his business enterprises and his inventive work, especially in the discovery of new explosives. The press is tremendously eulogistic of Herr Nobel and his work, and several editors take occasion to criticise King Oscar severely for failing to appear at the funeral of his wealthy and philanthropic subject.

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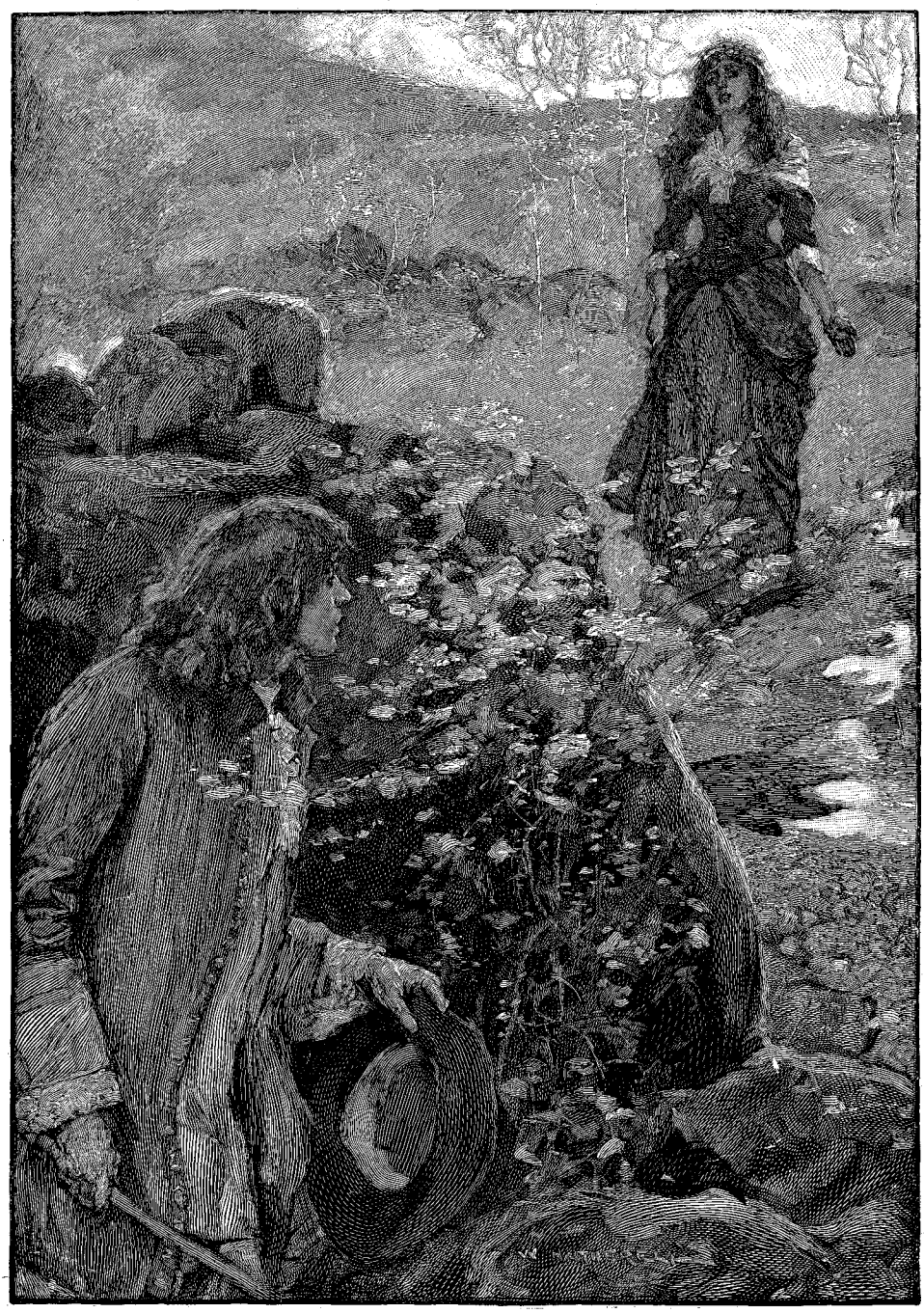

SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—V.

JOHN RIDD AND LORNA AT BAGWORTHY WATER-SLIDE.—*Lorna Doone, Chapter XVI.*

By the side of the stream she was coming to me.

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